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CARRY NATION
THE WOMAN WITH THE HATCHET

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UP FROM METHODISM

(1926)

A METHODIST SAINT:
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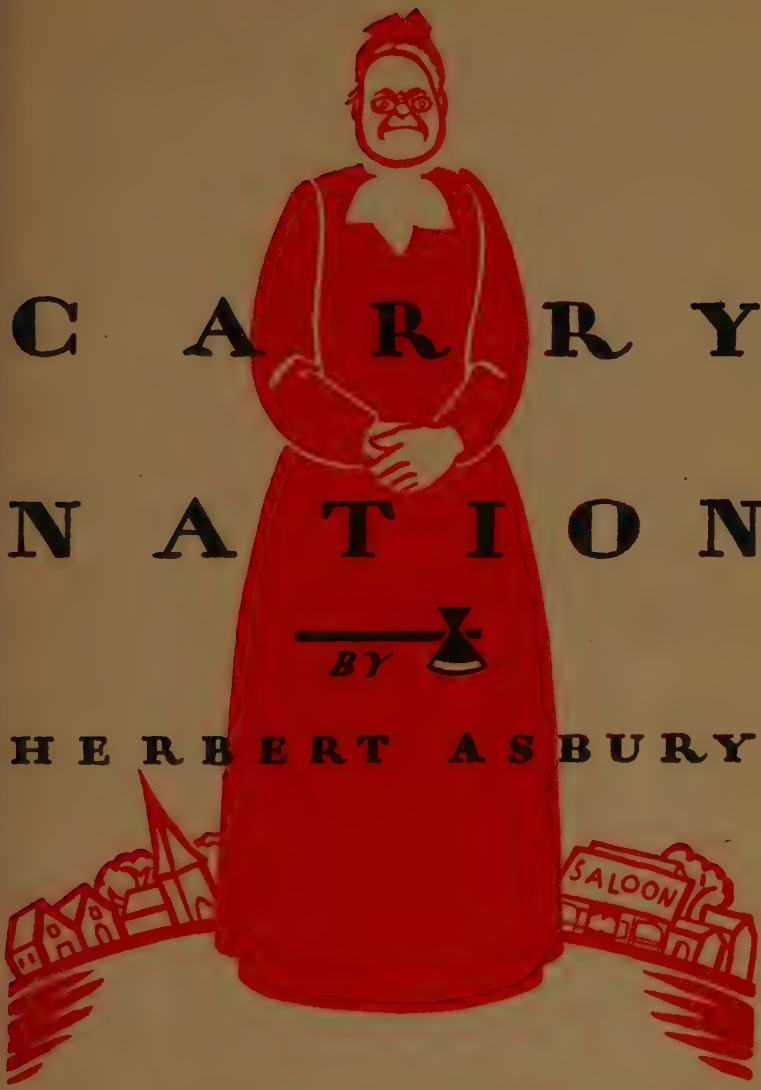
THE BON VIVANT'S COMPANION
BY JERRY THOMAS

(1928)

CARRY NATION

BY

HERBERT ASBURY



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NEW YORK .. 1929

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TO

I. N. HAHN

Acknowledgements are due to the following newspapers, magazines, and photographers for permission to reproduce the illustrations that appear in this book: To the New York *World* for *Carry Nation and her Niece, Miss Callie Moore, David Nation, Smashing a "Joint" Described Pictorially*, and *Carry Nation Reading the Bible at Wichita Jail;* to the New York *Herald Tribune* for *"The Lady or the Tiger?" — Revised Version;* to *Life* for the two cartoons entitled *Look Out, Boys!* and *A Western Growth;* to the *National Magazine* for *Highlights in Carry Nation's Life;* to Underwood & Underwood for *Carry Nation when She Sailed for Europe on the Steamship Columbia in 1908;* and to Brown Brothers for *Carry Nation.*

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I have invented none of the dialogue in this book. All statements attributed to Carry Nation, or to anyone else, are from her own autobiography and other writings; from court and prison records; from letters, interviews and accounts of her activities published in magazines and newspapers during her lifetime; or, in a few instances, from the recollections of persons who knew her and saw her in action.

Carry Nation's maiden name was Moore, and that of her first husband was Gloyd, but it was after she had married David Nation that she became famous. To avoid confusion I have called her Carry Nation throughout.

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INTRODUCTION

THERE WAS nothing obscure or mysterious about the development of Carry Nation's character and her transformation from a commonplace young woman of unusual meekness and self-effacement into the most industrious meddler and busy-body that even the Middle West, hotbed of the bizarre and the fanatical, has ever produced. She followed the well-beaten trail of mental instability and extravagant religious zeal, and she was urged onward, and from her viewpoint upward, by a deep-rooted persecution mania and a highly developed scapegoat complex. Like other fervent religionists whose enthusiasms and cravings for eternal glory have been translated into action, she believed herself to be a confidant of the Lord, and to possess a thorough knowledge of His plans and purposes. In the dark watches of the night instructive visions, in which she talked familiarly with Jesus, floated before her tortured mind, while during her waking hours signs and portents confronted her on every hand. She discerned the hand of God in the economic hardships and marital unhappiness of her early years, and she was convinced that the Lord had chosen her to be a martyr to the cause of prohibitory enactments, not only against liquor and the saloon, but tobacco and fraternal orders as well, and everything else that in her jumbled theology could be classified as sinful. She was likewise persuaded that she was the appointed guardian and saviour of the

American home, and invariably signed herself "Your Loving Home Defender." She proclaimed incessantly that she represented the "distracted, suffering, loving motherhood of the world," and declared that "mothers with their hands tied have beheld the mutilation [by the saloon] of their sons and daughters till Almighty God heard their groanings and sent me to answer the prayers of those grand women — the W. C. T. U." She was enormously proud of the devastation and destruction that she left in her wake, and always referred to it as "hatcheting," or "hatchetation." She often wrote, "I did a little hatcheting in that town," or "My strength was that of a giant, and my hatchetation was better than usual." She was so fond of the last-named term, indeed, that when she appeared in a specially written version of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," with a scene in which she smashed a saloon, she insisted upon calling the play "Hatchetation."

Accusations of fraud and commercialism were freely made against Carry Nation, especially during the height of her career when she earned considerable sums of money by lecturing and selling her souvenir hatchets, small ornaments of pewter which she disposed of at from ten to twenty-five cents each. These charges were based principally upon the well-known fact that she confined her forays almost entirely to speakeasies and blind-tigers. But they were utterly unfounded, for she combined an extraordinary generosity with an entire lack of business sense; money flowed through her hands like water. When she died she left a farm in Arkansas, some real estate in Oklahoma, and a few thousand dollars; no more of a fortune than thousands of women amass in less spectacular pursuits.

Carry Nation's favorite description of herself was "a bulldog running along at the feet of Jesus, barking at what He doesn't like," and she was quite certain that she had learned His likes and dislikes from His own lips. She knew, for example, that Jesus abhorred alcoholic beverages and deplored their use, for He had told her in a vision that it was not wine into which He had changed water at the wedding feast of Cana, but non-intoxicating grape juice. And with His divine power He had prevented its fermentation. Carry Nation argued that since dogs are obviously made to be cuffed and beaten by mankind, she hoped and expected to receive similar treatment whenever she sallied forth in her guise of heavenly canine. So she found glory and a divine purpose in the beatings, persecutions, imprisonments and physical sufferings that followed her spectacular raids upon the saloon. "Oh! The grief He has sent me!" she wrote. "Oh! The fiery trials! Oh! The shattered hopes! How I love Him for this! 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.'" She regarded a saloon-keeper or a bartender as the Devil in a particularly revolting form, and when her stones, hatchets and iron bars thudded against mirrors, bottles, kegs and fixtures, she was not destroying private property but the very furnishings of Hell. When, as frequently occurred, she was bruised and cut in her scuffles with these minions of the infernal powers, she thanked God, and to the end of her days she hoped that her death would be violent. Her friends expressed the fear that she would be shot by an angry saloon-keeper who had seen his business wrecked by her flashing hatchet, whereat she raised her clasped hands to Heaven and cried, "Oh, I want to be shot! How glorious to be a Martyr to the cause!" And she quoted the

eleventh and twelfth verses of the fifth chapter of St Matthew, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in Heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

In her amazing and frequently incoherent autobiography, "The Use and Need of the Life of Carry A. Nation," she boasted proudly that "I never saw anything that needed rebuke, exhortation, or warning, but that I felt it was my duty to meddle with it." And meddle she did indeed; if not with her good right arm, then with her lashing tongue. And a verbal attack by Carry Nation was almost as disturbing as one of her celebrated assaults with hatchet and iron bar, for she possessed a flow of invective and an assortment of billingsgate that would have paralysed a fishwife and brought blushes to a character in a Jim Tully novel or a Eugene O'Neill play. She was violently opposed to extravagance in dress, and scathingly characterized well-dressed women as "mannikins hung with the filthy rags of fashion"; she saw clubmen as "diamond-studded, gold-fobbed rummies whose bodies are reeking masses of corruption"; she addressed a judge as "your dishonor," policemen as "rum-soaked, whisky-swilled, saturn-faced rummies"; and she customarily saluted a jail-keeper and his wife as "Ahab and Jezebel." She often loosed her destructive vocabulary upon politicians and office-holders, for she was shrewd enough to discern the stream of corruption that polluted American politics, and to see the vast difference between the private and public views of official higher-ups. "Government," she commented, "like dead fish, stinks worse at the head." Roosevelt she denounced as "blood-thirsty, reck-

less, and a cigarette-smoking rummy," and she early discovered that William Jennings Bryan "was for Bryan and what Bryan could get for Bryan." She cherished an especial grievance against William McKinley, and when she publicly said that she had no sympathy either for him or for his assassin, she was pursued by an angry mob and forced to flee for safety into a saloon. She firmly believed that McKinley might have recovered "had not his blood been poisoned by nicotine."

For the most part she confined her destructive attention to saloons and other rum-selling joints, but there was scarcely any phase of human life, from kissing to eating, into which she did not poke her disapproving nose. Did she see a young man smoking a cigarette? She would walk a mile to snatch it from his mouth, and he was fortunate if she did not slap his face into the bargain. Did she observe a maiden expose a few inches of her ankle, or glimpse the gleaming bosom of a lady of fashion? She forthwith shrieked a lecture on modesty, and quoted Scripture to uphold her prediction that the offender was destined to stew in the infernal fires. Did she come upon a man wearing a Masonic pin? From her lips rolled a torrent of abuse of fraternal societies, which she firmly believed originated in Hell and grovelled before Satan as Grand Master. Masonry she described as an order "whose members swear to have their tongues cut out, their throats ripped across, their hearts torn out and given to the beasts, and their bowels taken out and burned to ashes." Did she find a young man embracing his sweetheart, even though he had progressed no farther than imprinting a chaste salute upon the fair one's willing lips? Carry Nation has to her credit many a blighted romance, for to her mind love-making before marriage was a sin of

sins, reeking with horrid possibility. Menacing the lovers with quivering forefinger and glittering eyes, she cried an oration on seduction and the gratification of lusts that sent them scurrying away, hiding their blushes as best they could, for she was nothing if not frank. But she was as violent in her likes as in her dislikes, and she earned the sympathy and support of thousands of women by her ardent advocacy of equal suffrage, and by her stirring diatribes against corsets and long skirts.[1]

Carry Nation was unquestionably peculiar, but she was not unique save in the form which her fanaticism assumed; for as her editor and lecture manager, Harry C. Turner, expressed it, "all of God's people are peculiar people." And there were sound reasons for Carry Nations peculiarities, the most dominating of which was the well-defined strain of madness which pursued its tortuous course through the distaff side of her family. Her grandmother, as well as an uncle and an aunt and several of their children, were victims of hereditary mental weakness; and her mother was obsessed for years by the splendid delusion that she was Queen Victoria. Carry Nation's daughter, weakened mentally and physically by excessive child-bearing and an erosive sore which ate away almost half of her face and locked her jaws for eight years, was at last confined in an insane asylum; and Carry Nation herself, in her girlhood, was afflicted with periods of fearful depression, and with spasms and convulsions which she ascribed to "consumption of the bowels." During her middle years there were long periods in which she suffered an almost complete loss of memory, and in her

[1] It is improbable, however, that she would have approved the revealing garments which are now so popular. She urged skirts of ankle length, or, at most, no higher than the shoe-tops.

sixty-fifth year she died of an ailment of the nervous system.[2]

It was a not unusual combination of circumstances that caused Carry Nation to pour the vials of her hatred upon the saloon, tobacco and Masonry. Her first husband was a heavy drinker, a cigarette smoker and a Mason. She loved him to distraction, but he made her desperately unhappy, and she was soon convinced that his fellow Masons were largely responsible for and encouraged his addiction to tobacco and alcohol, for they drank with him, and when he went on a spree they hid him away in their lodge rooms while Carry Nation scurried frantically about the town searching for him. She had been married only a few months when she was compelled to leave him because of his drunkenness and failure to provide for her support, and six months after the birth of their afflicted child he died a drunkard's death. Her mind was unable to withstand the shock of so much misery; and the hardships which followed, and continual brooding over a long period at length brought her to the unalterable belief that all the sorrows of the world were due to the saloon. From that conviction it was but a step to the obsession that she was called of God to destroy the institution with her own hands.

And without Carry Nation and the tremendous furor that she aroused, the anti-liquor agitation might conceivably have reached an entirely different conclusion —

[2] At the Evergreen Hospital, Leavenworth, Kansas. According to newspaper dispatches, she died of paresis, but the owner of the hospital, as quoted in a letter to the author from J. E. Voorhees, Clerk of Leavenworth County, ascribed her death to "nervous trouble due to her unusual activities causing a weakening of the heart." If Carry Nation had paresis, the infection from which it developed was probably congenital, for her morals were beyond reproach.

America might even have had temperance and a rational solution of the problem, instead of the present welter of speakeasies, wholesale corruption and murderous bootleggers and enforcement agents. Even the most cursory examination of Carry Nation's career is sufficient to show that she gave direction and increased impetus to the anti-liquor movement; that she, more than any other one person, transformed it from an apologetic weakling into a militant giant of overwhelming power, and that the prohibitionists are vastly indebted to her for their final legal, if not actual, success.

H. A.

New York
June 29, 1929

CARRY NATION

THE BACKGROUND OF A CRUSADER

CARRY NATION was born on a farm in Garrard county, central Kentucky, on November 25, 1846, in a rambling ten-room house of hewn logs, weather-boarded and plastered, which sprawled its ungainly bulk within the shadow of the mighty cliffs that towered high above the swirling current of Dick's River. A wide-columned porch broke the severe lines of the building, and from the front door to the main highway ran a broad, gravelled avenue, lined with cedars and althea bushes and ending in an old-fashioned stile. Nine of the ten rooms were on the ground floor, and one of them was that rural holy of holies — the parlour. Golden-hued paper of large and intricate pattern covered the walls of this sacred chamber; brightly polished brass dogirons more than three feet tall stood before the cold fireplace, and red plush furniture glowed sedately above the sombre carpet. In one corner was the cabinet wherein all books except the Bible and approved religious tracts were hidden away under lock and key from Saturday to Monday, and in another was the easel which bore the inevitable crayon portrait of the head of the house.

In accordance with the prevailing custom of the frontier, which survives to this day in country districts throughout the United States, the parlour was kept closed and darkened; members of the family never ventured across the threshold, and the doors were opened and the shades raised only upon occasions of the utmost importance. Sunlight filtered painfully into its musty and gloomy interior when the minister called, and Carry Nation, her parents, and her brothers and sister sat stiffly erect while the oracle, comfortably ensconced in a rocking-chair, expounded the law and the Gospels. Again, the doors were flung wide when the angel of death smote the household, for it was in the parlour that the corpse lay in a black coffin upon wooden trestles, while relatives filed by and tortured themselves with frequent looks at the deceased; and sympathetic neighbours maintained silent vigil at the head of the casket, "sitting up with the corpse." The parlour was a place of horror and fascination, but only when escorted by an adult was Carry Nation permitted to invade its sacred precincts and gape at its wonders.

But she had free access to the family cemetery, which occupied a corner of the garden behind the house; and there, unmindful of the purple flag bordering the gravel walks, and blind to the delicate beauty of the sweet jasmine which spiralled up and over the picket fences, she played for hours about the flat marble gravestones, or lay prone upon the mounds striving with morbid curiosity to glimpse the dead bodies beneath the sod. They were projected much more vividly upon her mind when, at the age of five, a physician kindly showed her a skeleton, and the leeches which he used in bleeding his patients. Nor were there any restrictions upon her intercourse with the score of slaves who were chief among her father's posses-

sions. During the formative years of early childhood her training was almost entirely in the hands of the Negroes, and she was almost ten years old before she ate at "white folks' table." She followed the Negro men in the fields and about the stables, and herself operated a tiny spinning wheel in the Long House where the slave women spun and wove. At night she sat and ate with them around the fires in their cabins, imbibing their superstitions and listening in frightened rapture to their ghost stories and circumstantial accounts of a Satan hoofed and horned. "I would listen until my teeth would chatter with fright," she wrote, "and would shiver more and more as they would tell of the sights in graveyards, the spirits of tyrannical masters, walking at night, with their chains clanking; and the sights of hell, where some would be on gridirons, some hung up to baste, and the devil with his pitchfork would toss the poor creatures hither and thither." And while the youthful Carry slept after one of these jolly sessions, decapitated spirits slithered from the graves behind the house and stalked about with horrid groans and rattling chains.

Carry Nation's father was George Moore, himself a native of Garrard county and a descendant of an Irish pioneer who built a blockhouse on the site of the present town of Crab Orchard, not far from Carry Nation's birthplace, where the hunters and trappers formed in companies for the dangerous journeys to Lexington and other large settlements.[1] Until the Civil War swept away his

[1] Garrard County is noted in Kentucky history for the combativeness of its citizens and for the numerous feuds which have been fought within its borders. It is separated from Boyle and Mercer counties by Dick's River, which was named for an old Indian chief who in pioneer days established a hunting camp on its shore. The two branches of the river, Gilbert Creek and Hanging Fork, come together between Danville and Lancaster, on

possessions, George Moore was a prosperous stock trader, planter and slave-holder; but he was a rover, and before Carry Nation was sixteen years old she had lived in a dozen counties of Kentucky, Missouri and Texas. A man of little learning, when his daughter was born George Moore wrote her name in the family Bible as "Carry," and she was so christened. Her middle name was Amelia. So long as she was Carry Amelia Moore, and later Carry Amelia Gloyd, her name was a matter of no great importance; but when she began to achieve renown as Carry Nation she saw clearly that her father's unconventional spelling had in reality been one of the Lord's mysterious performances. "C. A. N. are the initials of my name," she wrote, "and then C. (see?) A. Nation! And, all together, Carry A. Nation! This is no accident, but Providence. This does not mean that I will carry a nation, but that the roused heart and conscience will, as I am the roused heart and conscience of the people."

For her father Carry Nation had a love that amounted almost to adoration. In her early childhood her secret ambition was to resemble him, and to that end she once attempted to file her teeth because his molars had been worn down by a lifetime of struggle with frontier cookery. "If I ever had an angel on earth," she wrote, "it was

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the boundary line of Boyle and Garrard Counties. It was on Gilbert Creek, about the middle of the eighteenth century, that the Rev. Elijah Craig stopped with his flock, which had travelled in a body from Virginia, and founded the first church organization on the Dark and Bloody Ground. The whole of this area was the scene of much excitement during the great revival of 1797–1801, when the camp-meeting was introduced into the West by the brothers McGee, one a Methodist and the other a Presbyterian, and a wave of religious enthusiasm swept through Kentucky and Tennessee and northward in the Ohio Valley.

my father. I have met many men who had lovable characters, but none equalled him in my estimation. He was not a saint, but a man — one of the noblest works of God. He was impetuous, quick, impatient, but never nervous; he could collect himself in a moment and was always master of the situation. He was a thorough business man, but his social qualities exceeded all others. To the honour of my father be it said that he gave up all his property to pay his debts, never withholding, where he could have done so. I can see that a responsibility to God was the fundamental principle in my father's life."

When George Moore's young daughter was not playing with the slave children, she was at his heels, proffering advice and upbraiding him for transacting business on Sunday. Once when he started a drove of hogs to market on the Lord's Day she said:

"Pa, you will lose on those hogs. You ought not to do that on Sunday."

"Stop that!" he cried. "Every time you say that, I do lose!"

And she recorded, somewhat unctuously, that on that particular transaction he lost heavily.

In later years, while she was unsuccessfully operating a hotel in Texas, he visited her, and seeing her serve her customers he left his meal and began to wait on table also. Next morning he said to her:

"Daughter, I have not slept all night for thinking of you. The last thing last night was you in the kitchen, and the first thing this morning. I have always hoped to have something to leave you, and it is such a grief to me that I cannot help you. Carry, it seems the Lord has been so hard on you."

"No, Pa," she replied. "I thank God for my sorrows.

They have been the best for me, and don't you worry about not leaving me any money. You have left me something far better."

"What is that, daughter?"

"The memory of a father who never did a dishonourable thing."

His eyes filled with tears, and he seemed much happier. He died some two years afterward, and with the first money that she earned as a temperance lecturer and theatre attraction, Carry Nation paid his debts.

2

Carry Nation's mother was Mary Campbell, daughter of James Campbell, a native of Virginia and a lineal descendant of an early Duke of Argyll. He is said also to have been related to General William Campbell, who married Patrick Henry's sister, and to Alexander Campbell, a famous religious leader who founded the church of the Disciples of Christ, better known as the Christian Church. Carry Nation was always very proud of her noble blood, and occasionally when she raided a saloon she varied the monotony of her temperance songs by singing, "The Campbells are Coming." James Campbell worked as a carpenter in his youth, but in his later years he was a man of considerable means, owning numerous slaves and many acres of rich farming land. In his early twenties he rode into Kentucky from Virginia with another young man named Buckner Miller, "and," wrote Carry Nation, "they had many experiences, always endeavouring to stop at houses for the night where there were young ladies."

Although he was a consistent church-goer and a Baptist deacon for many years, James Campbell does not

appear to have been particularly religious. On the contrary, he possessed sporting proclivities, and was an enthusiastic huntsman. He kept a large pack of dogs, one of which, Sounder, was a famous hound of the period. He was not baptized until he had reached middle age, and then he delayed the ceremony several hours because he heard Sounder barking in the forest along the Dick's River, and insisted upon learning what had so excited the animal. But in his relations with his family he was stern and forbidding, and brooked no nonsense or disobedience from his children. Carry Nation often made lengthy visits to his home in Mercer County, but she was always very much afraid of him. Once when he rebuked her for stumbling upon the stairway she hid from him for several days. The young bloods of the countryside frequently called of an evening upon his six daughters, and if their intentions were known to be serious and honourable they were entertained in the parlour, while Mr. Campbell sat just outside the open door. When ten o'clock came he strode into the room, and producing a huge key from his pocket, solemnly wound the huge grandfather's clock. He then turned to the gentlemen and asked them if he should have their horses put up for the night.

It was at her grandfather's that Carry Nation experienced her first contact with liquor. Her father was a teetotaler, but her grandfather had no quarrel with rum, and frequently refreshed himself with toddies, juleps and cobblers, and even with drams of raw spirits. Every morning, while the tea-kettle bubbled merrily on a trivet hung over the red coals in the dining-room fireplace, he filled a tall glass with butter, brandy, sugar and hot water; and as his children and other relatives sat around waiting for breakfast he went to each in turn, saying, " Will you have

a taste, my child?" He gave each a spoonful, and himself drank what was left. This was a common custom of the western country, for in those early and unregenerate days the temperance movement was not regarded seriously; it was generally looked upon as something to keep ministers and meddlesome old women out of mischief. Whisky was not only a recognized and important part of the household provisions, but along the frontier it was often used in lieu of money. Practically everyone, even preachers and children, drank a hot toddy before breakfast and before retiring, and on Saturdays the family barrel was brought out and the slaves who had dutifully performed their tasks during the week were rewarded with drinks from a large tin cup.

James Campbell's wife, who may have brought the strain of mental weakness into the family, was a Miss Bradshaw. During most of her adult life she was an invalid and rarely stirred from her room. She died before the scalp of a single saloon dangled from her distinguished granddaughter's belt. The first husband of her daughter Mary, Carry Nation's mother, was William Caldwell, who freed his slaves and removed to Illinois, where he died, leaving his wife with two small children. They died at her father's home several years before she married George Moore, by whom she had six children. Her peculiarities, which in later years became so serious, probably began to develop soon after the birth of Carry Nation, for the latter's earliest recollections were of her mother playing the grand dame. For a long time Mrs. Moore was content to believe herself only a lady-in-waiting to the Queen of England, but as her ailment progressed she became convinced that she was in reality Queen Victoria, and her demeanour became increasingly

regal. She wore handsome costumes of purple velvet, and a crown of crystal and cut glass, and members of her family were required to wait upon her with much ceremony; during her worst periods they were permitted to enter her presence only by appointment.

In obedience to the whims of her sick mind, her husband purchased for her private use a splendid carriage, rubber-tired and richly upholstered in plush, and a team of great dapple-grey horses, with silver mounted harness. In this magnificent equipage Mrs. Moore was driven about the countryside by a coachman attired in a high silk hat and a uniform of black broadcloth trimmed in purple; and was followed by a small Negro boy who opened gates and lowered bars. Outriders flanked her carriage, and when she went abroad on important errands a huge slave called Big Bill, clad in a scarlet hunting jacket, rode ahead with a trumpet, on which he blew mighty blasts to herald her coming. She was very talkative, and whenever she found it necessary to reprimand a slave or one of her children, she employed a rare flow of language, which was seemingly without beginning, middle or end. The hereditary transmission of this gift, and of the delusions of power and infallibility with which Carry Nation was certainly afflicted, were Mrs. Moore's most important contributions to the character of her daughter, for she was always too busy with her own grand hallucinations to provide much parental supervision. On August 12, 1890, she was admitted to the State Hospital for the Insane at Nevada, Missouri, where she died of heart-disease on September 24, 1893. The records of the institution gave the diagnosis of her ailment as "recurrent mania," and show that her mother, brother and sister were also insane.

A BRAND FROM THE BURNING

WHEN Carry Nation was about six years old her father sold his Garrard county property and removed with his family and slaves to Boyle county, about two miles from Danville, an important horse mart and the site of Centre College, a Baptist institution which is chiefly known for having once defeated Harvard University at football. A year later the Moores again took to the road, and stopped in Woodford County, Kentucky, buying a farm on the pike between Midway and Versailles. At Midway Carry Nation received her first secular schooling, and also attended a Sunday School for the first time. In later years she was inclined to give much credit for her success to "a very faithful teacher who taught me the Word of God, and planted seed in my heart which are still bringing forth fruit." But the seed from which really grew her more mature theories of God and salvation were implanted by the Negro slaves with whom she continued to be on exceedingly intimate terms.

The Sunday School of which she was a member was for white children only, but when she went to regular church services, in conformity with a custom of the times, she usually sat with the Negroes in the gallery reserved for them. She also attended their prayer-meetings and other

religious exercises, and dizzily followed them through the maze of their weird theology. She was tremendously impressed by their singing, shouting and inspired gamboling. Her favourite religious song was "Let Us Sit Down and Chat with the Angels," and the possibilities of the idea were so fascinating that long before she reached her teens and had visions which she knew definitely were of the Lord, it was her habit to sit beneath a tree, or if possible upon a grave, and herself hold converse with the divine messengers. "The Negroes told me that no one could help shouting," she wrote. "I did not wish the spirit to cause me to jump up and clap my hands that way, for these impulses were not in my carnal heart; so, for fear I should be compelled to do so, I held my dress down tight to the seat on each side, to prevent me from jumping up. But I would often blush with shame when committing sins, and I had a great fear of the judgment; it would terrify me to hear that Jesus was coming to the earth. I would often ask myself, 'Where can I hide?'"

And she had ample cause for blushing with shame and wishing to hide from Jesus! For in common with many other great moral conquerors whose crusades have so profoundly affected their own and succeeding generations, she knew the ways of evil, and as a child she trod the shining paths of sin. She was untruthful, sly and dishonest. She frequently lied to her mother to avoid restraint and to escape punishment, and if there was anything about the house that she wanted and was forbidden to have, she simply stole it, and invented fantastic yarns to account for its disappearance. When she visited her aunts and her grandfather, she stealthily opened their boxes and bureau drawers, and took therefrom money,

perfumery, powder and, especially, silks, ribbons and laces, which she made into clothes for her dolls. In her headlong dash to a felon's doom she was encouraged by the slaves, and particularly by her nurse, Betsy, who often dispatched her to steal sugar, butter, needles and thread, and other articles from the household supplies.

In addition to possessing these criminal propensities, which she frequently described in detail because "so many little children may be doing what I did not knowing what a serious thing it is," she was wilful, stubborn, hard-headed, and so "sot in her ways" that she was practically immovable, even by repeated scoldings and spankings. Moreover, even as a child she was meddlesome and dictatorial; when she found other children at play she insisted upon directing their enterprises and altering their schemes to conform to her own notions; and when a mock funeral was held over a defunct bird, cat or mouse, it was Carry Nation who planned the ceremony and mimicked the preacher. She was subject even in her earliest childhood to moods of depression, and was desperately unhappy at a period when the normal child is bright and gay. In later years she recalled that "I would often have been willing to have died, if I had thought it would have been an eternal sleep." But when thoughts of death assailed her she was more than ever afraid and miserable, for she feared that the Negroes and the preachers might be correct about the Judgment Day, and that when the final reckoning was made and she stood shivering in her shroud before the Lord, she would be adjudged an abandoned and hopeless sinner, and consigned forthwith to the blazing torments of Hell.

The flow of Carry Nation's spiritual life was thus at a very low ebb when in 1855, at the age of nine years, she

removed with her parents to Belton, in Cass county, Missouri, where some ten years later occurred the great emotional tragedy of her life. Part of the trip from Kentucky was made by boat, and she contracted a heavy cold from which developed the disease that she described as "consumption of the bowels," but which was more probably a serious intestinal and digestive disturbance, aggravated by nervousness and her habit of moody and depressive introspection. She was very ill for almost a year, and during that period everyone who saw her, from her mother and the minister down to the meanest of the slaves, solemnly discussed her misdeeds and her chance of salvation. Even her father, who, although a member of the Christian or Disciples Church and a frequent attendant upon the services, had not hitherto been particularly devout, became concerned for her future, and warned her that she had best prepare her soul for a possible flight to Heaven. And so it was that while she lay ill, with the wings of the Angel of Death whirring above her, she began to realize the enormity of her sins and to experience twinges of remorse.

After a few weeks in bed the sick child was taken in a carriage to Sunday School, for the first time since her arrival in Missouri, and there the preacher gave her a small book which said that one who stole little things was just as much a thief as one who took something of great value. Various small articles were mentioned, and it so happened that they were exactly what Carry Nation had been stealing. "I was greatly shocked to find myself a thief," she wrote. "It had never occurred to me that I was as bad as that. My repentance was sincere, and I was made honest by this blessed book, so much so that even after I became grown, if any article was left in my house

I would give it away, unless I could find the owner." But although she was now cured of stealing she was still selfish, and she wept and worried over this flaw in her character until the minister again came to her rescue. He gave her a book called "The Children of the Heavenly King," which told the story of three boys who were entrusted with the task of guarding a mountain pass while a good king waged war against another monarch whose sins were fearful to contemplate. The youngest of these lads, Ezra, possessed an extraordinarily sweet and unselfish disposition, and he performed the duties which his brothers neglected. So when the good king, in the natural course of events, was victorious, little Ezra was richly rewarded, while his brothers were cast into dungeons. "I resolved to be like little Ezra as nearly as I could," wrote Carry Nation, "and I would often give away my doll clothes and other things that I wanted to keep myself."

Having conquered the sins of dishonesty and selfishness (the minister did not undertake to cure stubbornness and hard-headedness), Carry's physical condition began to improve, and a few weeks after her tenth birthday she was able to accompany her father to the Christian Church at Hickman's Mill, a few miles away in Jackson county, Missouri, where a protracted meeting was in progress. During the sermon the youthful and impressionable Carry felt curiously uplifted by the magic words of the minister, a grey-haired veteran of a hundred revivals, and she was conscious of a strange exaltation as she listened to the throbbing music of the hymns. When converts were called for after the services she began to weep, whereupon her father quickly stepped to the pulpit and spoke to the preacher. The latter stopped his harangue and looked searchingly at the child, holding out his arms in invita-

tion. Under his burning gaze and the wailing rhythm of the music, she wept even more bitterly, and finally felt a strange power clutch at her heart and impel her to step from her pew into the aisle. Her father and the minister raised their voices in a shout of triumph, and the sick little girl went slowly forward and sank exhausted on the mourner's bench.

She had been converted.

The next day, with scant consideration for her illness, her father took her to a running stream about two miles from Hickman's Mill to be baptized. "I felt no fear," she wrote, "although it was quite cold and there was some ice in the water. I know God will bless the ordinance of baptism, for the little Carry who walked into the water was quite different from the one who walked out. I said no word. I felt that I could not speak, for fear of disturbing the peace that passeth understanding. Kind hands wrapped me up and I felt no chill."

Carry Nation was now definitely a child of God, and even at the tender age of ten she felt vaguely that the Lord had set her aside to embark upon a special mission for the regeneration of His sinning children. But it was some forty years before He, assisted perhaps by her tragic marriage and certain important menopausic influences, specifically identified her task.

2

During the five years that followed her conversion and baptism Carry Nation was a semi-invalid, and for much of that time she was bed-ridden. She experienced a few brief periods of comparatively good health, but she was so weak that she was unable to participate in the normal activities of childhood; and with little to occupy either her

a Grayson county storekeeper for bedding and provisions. *En route* to Missouri they were frequently stopped by both Northern and Southern troops, who robbed them; and when they passed near the battleground of Pea Ridge, in Benton county, Arkansas, they gave most of their pillows, quilts and mattresses to wounded Confederate soldiers who had been lodged in the farmhouses. Eventually they arrived in Cass county, but scarcely had George Moore unloaded his belongings than Colonel James Lane of the Union Army, in an attempt to drive out the bushwhackers and guerillas by depopulating the country, ordered every family in several counties of Western Missouri to move into army posts. The Moores went to Kansas City, where George Moore obtained work and supported his family until the close of the War, when they returned to Cass county.

The only benefit that resulted from these wanderings was to Carry Nation's health. Perhaps because of the changes of climate and water, she returned from Texas cured of "consumption of the bowels," and thereafter experienced no more physical ailments than fall to the lot of ordinary mortals. But economically the travels of the family were a death-blow. When peace was declared and George Moore again took up the burden of existence in Cass county, he had neither servants nor live-stock, his land was overrun by a rank growth of weeds and underbrush, and his buildings had fallen into ruins. He managed to eke out a precarious living by an occasional horse trade and by selling land, but he sank steadily into a morass of poverty and wretchedness from which he never rose except for very brief periods, and in which Carry Nation struggled in vain until she began to smash saloons and amass a modest fortune by lecturing, selling souvenir

hatchets, appearing as an added attraction with burlesque shows, and by other temperance activities.

3

With her sickness cured and her health, physically at least, normal for the first time since she had left Kentucky, Carry Nation became pathetically eager for an education. But she was destined never to fulfil her ambition. She studied whenever an opportunity offered, she read whatever books she could obtain, as well as her Bible, and when she was seventeen she spent several months in a boarding school at Liberty, Missouri. But she was summoned home by the serious illness of her mother, and never again, as a pupil, crossed the threshold of a schoolhouse. Mrs. Moore's condition, aggravated by the misfortunes of the Texas migration and the hardships of the War, had grown steadily worse, and she brooded constantly because she no longer possessed her handsome carriage. She was convinced that the loss of the equipage had compelled her to abdicate the throne of England. At length it became impossible for her to perform the ordinary duties of her household, and the entire burden was thrown upon the shoulders of her daughter, who thereafter cared for the sick woman and did the housework, cooking and washing for a large family.

Overwhelmed by these multitudinous tasks, and depressed by the realization that she would never acquire secular learning, but apparently was doomed to spend her life stooping over a cook-stove or a wash-tub, Carry Nation was driven into an intensive renewal of her religious habits, which she had somewhat relaxed during the excitement of the preceding few years. She became an ardent church-goer, and read the Bible with great zeal;

but she was so embittered by the scurvy tricks that Fate had played upon her, and so mentally and emotionally turbulent, that sermons and prayer-meetings, and even the Scriptures, gave her no relief. She shrewdly discerned and worried about the cant and hypocrisy which underlay the piety of many of her friends and neighbours, and presently, to her horror, infidelistic thoughts began to creep into her mind, and she often doubted whether the Bible was the work of God or man. Worse, "I did not love to read it, for it often seemed to be a contradiction." But she kept these impious reflections to herself, and wrestled with the problem without even the assistance of the minister, for she thought infidelity a disgrace if not a mortal sin. She forced herself to read the Bible, for she wanted desperately to believe it the Word of God. And, of course, she did so believe, after a period of almost incessant prayer and meditation, during which she thrust all improper thoughts from her mind. Thereafter the Bible was her sole guide and counsellor, and so thorough was her knowledge of it that she could find within its pages divine authority for anything she undertook.

After she had emerged from her Slough of Despond, and had finally set her feet squarely and triumphantly upon the pathway to salvation, Carry Nation began the formation of her creed. Within a few years she had developed a curious jumble of doctrine which combined features of almost every sect in Christendom, and she was therefore certain that whichever Christian church received the heavenly accolade when Gabriel blew his trump, she would pass safely through the Golden Gates. She subscribed to the Baptist and Disciples belief in baptism by immersion, she upheld the Arminian doctrine of the Methodists and also, curiously enough, the predes-

tination tenet of the Presbyterians; and from the Catholics she took the sign of the Cross, the crucifix, and the practice of abstaining from meat on Friday. But she found nothing good in Christian Science and Spiritualism. In both she saw the lying miracles of Satan, and the former she defined as "the presence of all lies, and the absence of all truth." Every night before Carry Nation retired she prayed and read the Bible, and she never offered her supplications except upon her knees. "I believe," she wrote, "in 'advancing on your knees.' Abraham prostrated himself, so did David and Solomon, Elijah, Daniel, Paul, and even our sinless Advocate. Why did the Holy Ghost state the position so often? For our example, of course. There are no space writers in the Scriptures." So profoundly did she believe in this mode of progression that she followed it throughout her life, even more literally than perhaps the Holy Ghost intended. She frequently prayed in a corner of her room, and then, with bowed head, walked on her knees to her bed, and crawled between the sheets.

Soon after the Civil War a colony of Spiritualists emigrated to the Middle West under the leadership of their medium, Mrs. Jane Hawkins, and stopped in Cass county. They decided to establish a permanent settlement, and George Moore took Mrs. Hawkins and several of her followers to look at a farm for which he was agent. When they viewed the land from the hill-top Mrs. Hawkins said:

"How peculiar! That is the very place I saw in a vision in Connecticut."

The Spiritualists bought the farm and commenced building operations, and when they applied for a post office and were asked to name their town, they chose "Peculiar." And Peculiar, Missouri, it remains to this day.

Mrs. Hawkins took a great fancy to Carry Nation, and tried industriously to convert her to Spiritualism. She recited at great length the miracles she had performed, and then asked:

"Could Jesus Christ have done more?"

The tales of the medium, and the strange things which occurred during a few seances at which Carry was an honoured guest, threw the young girl into great confusion, and several times she was on the verge of joining the colony. But once more she was saved by a book. Rummaging through the attic of her home, Carry Nation came upon a thin volume called "Spiritualism Exposed." She read it through, and never again visited Mrs. Hawkins.

"This blessed lesson," she wrote, "showed me to my entire satisfaction that modern spiritualism is witchcraft."

TRAGEDY

CARRY NATION recorded in her autobiography that in her youth she "was a great lover," and that her love affairs played an important part in her life. "There are pages in my life," she wrote, "that have had much to do with bringing me in sympathy with the fallen tempted natures. These I cannot write, but let no erring, sinful man or woman think that Carry Nation would not understand, for Carry Nation is a sinner saved by grace." But she cited no specific instances of her amatory prowess, and the facts of her girlhood belie her statements. It is quite likely that she either employed the word "love" solely in a Biblical sense, or that her assertions, with their vague suggestions of moral irregularity, were braggadocio, and part of the defence mechanism of a life singularly devoid of requited affection. Carry Nation had but one sweetheart, and he was the man she first married. For as a maiden she was not calculated to attract men; she was no homelier than the ordinary run of young women, but her mother and five aunts had carefully trained her to regard every man as a libertine and a potential if not actual seducer; and she was prim, prissy and suspicious. When she was not too busy with her religious exercises and household duties she accepted the attentions of young

men, and even went to parties with them, and sometimes to country dances and to balls in the larger towns, but she tolerated no familiarities and brooked no amorous nonsense. She never danced a round dance (waltz or two-step) with a man, for she could not think "this hugging school compatible with a true woman." None might hold her hand or sit near her; when a gentleman called he sat at one end of the sofa and she at the other, with the huge family album between them; and she firmly and not always politely declined to accompany them on buggy rides, or on the hay rides which were so popular in the Middle West, because she feared that their bodies might touch hers. "This," she wrote, "was not because I did not like their society, but because I had been taught that to inspire respect and love from a man you must keep him at a distance. This often made me awkward and reserved, but it did me no harm."

She was not impressed by the beauty of a gentleman's face or form, but solely by the qualities of his mind, and she found no allure in the gay raiment with which the young bloods of the period bedecked themselves when they went questing for mates. Not for her was the light badinage which she heard on every hand; and she pursued her occasional social activities with a heavy heart, for she was disgusted with the "silly jokes and giggling" with which her friends entertained each other. To her conversing with a man meant an exchange of carefully prepared opinions on subjects of solidity and importance, and when she had company she took charge of the talk and directed it so that knowledge of permanent value would result. And when the conversation languished, as sometimes happened, she read aloud, or imposed that task upon her caller. Many a young man went to see her

primed for a bit of amorous dalliance and the usual thrust and counter of airy persiflage, and reeled homeward after a few hours with his head buzzing with extracts from the Bible and Josephus, to say nothing of miscellaneous dippings from Sir Walter Scott and the classics of poetry.

In 1865, when Carry Nation was nineteen years old, Dr. Charles Gloyd, a young physician whose father was a Justice of the Peace at Newport, Ohio, came to Belton with the intention of teaching until he could decide where to practise his profession. Through the influence of Carry Nation's father he obtained a country school near Belton, and boarded with her family. At first he was just another person for whom she had to cook and wash, but when she learned that he spoke several languages and possessed a very superior education, she began to stand in awe of him. The awe soon turned to reverence, and the reverence to adoration, but no words of love passed between them until one evening when he came upon her in a darkened hallway. He seized her hand and softly stroked it, and as she stood trembling in apprehension he spoke endearingly and kissed her upon the lips. Carry Nation was shocked and horrified. Never before had she been kissed or her hand been held, and now she had undergone both of these disturbing experiences within a few minutes. For a moment she was unable to speak, and then she snatched her hand from his grasp, covered her face with her palms, and cried out:

"I am ruined! I am ruined!"

But a repetition of the disaster convinced her that she was far from being ruined, and a wave of gratitude and love swept over her when Dr. Gloyd assured her that his intentions were honorable, and that he would at once ask for her hand in marriage. He did so next day, but Mrs.

Moore was greatly displeased and violently objected, for she had planned to marry her daughter to a prosperous young farmer of the neighbourhood. Carry Nation was forbidden to sit alone in a room with Dr. Gloyd, to accompany him to social functions, or to converse with him unless in the presence of her father or mother. The lovers were thus driven to subterfuge; they met clandestinely and carried on their courtship by writing letters. On the table in his room Dr. Gloyd kept a volume of Shakespeare's poems and plays, and at breakfast several times a week he performed the difficult feat of bringing the poet's name into the matutinal conversation, whereupon Carry Nation knew that he had left a letter for her within its leaves. She obtained the sweet missive while sweeping his room and making his bed, and read it surreptitiously.

This continued for three months, when Dr. Gloyd went to Holden, in Johnson county, Missouri, where he established an office and sent for his father and mother. He continued to correspond with Carry Nation, and often visited her in Belton, but her parents were still bitterly opposed to his suit. They warned their daughter that her lover was addicted to the use of intoxicants, and freely predicted that he would die in the torments of delirium tremens. It is customary for Carry Nation's detractors to say that she drove Dr. Gloyd to drink, but it is untrue, although she was perfectly capable of doing so and, had he not already been a drinking man, would doubtless have accomplished much in that direction. The truth is that Dr. Gloyd learned to drink heavily during the Civil War, in which he served as a captain of the 118th Ohio Volunteers. Carry Nation refused to believe that he drank to excess, and, anyhow, she was confident that if he possessed any bad habits her great love would conquer them.

So, with the characteristic "hard-headedness" of which her parents had so often complained when she was a child, she had her own way, and on November 21, 1867, she and Dr. Gloyd were married in Belton. But her wedding morn gave promise of the sorrow and trouble that were to come. The weather was cold and dank, a disagreeable mist fell slowly from the skies, and there were no brightness or ray of sunshine on the day which Carry Nation had expected to be the happiest of her life. Moreover, when Dr. Gloyd appeared for the ceremony it was obvious that he had been drinking; his face was flushed and his gait unsteady, and he mumbled the words of the service with downcast head. With Carry Nation's sensitivity to divine impression, it is not to be wondered at that she felt a foreboding of evil and disaster. She went to Holden with her husband, but almost immediately she found that he had changed; he was morose and sullen, and not at all the lover she had expected. "He seemed to want to be away from me," she wrote. "He used to sit and read, when I was so hungry for his caresses and love. I have heard that this is the experience of so many other young married women. They are so disappointed that their husbands change so after marriage."

Matrimony failed to perform the miracle of curing Dr. Gloyd, for when he married Carry Nation he was a confirmed alcoholic, and smoked immoderate quantities of tobacco. He continued to smoke too much, and drank even more than before, and the spree which had begun on his wedding day was prolonged almost without interruption until his death. At the very time when his bride felt that he should be almost constantly in her arms, he was cold and distant, and had neither time nor inclination for her society. For a little while Carry Nation

accepted his plea of illness, but she learned the truth on the fifth day of her married life, when Dr. Gloyd staggered into the house, threw himself on the bed and went to sleep. She leaned over him to smooth his rumpled hair and straighten the pillow beneath his throbbing head, and the reek of whisky struck her full in the face. She knew then what had transformed him from a gay sweetheart into an irritable, misanthropic husband, and it is doubtful if she ever afterward knew a completely happy moment. "I cried most of the time," she wrote. "My husband seemed to understand that I knew his condition, for twice, with tears in his eyes, he remarked, 'Oh, Pet, I would give my right arm to make you happy!'" But instead of making her happy he made her miserable, and touched off the spark that eventually started her on her career of smashing and destruction. He seldom came home until long after midnight, and sometimes not at all; and night after night Carry Nation never closed her eyes, but sat by the window straining to hear the sound of his footsteps upon the deserted pavement, while downstairs the sign in front of his office rattled and groaned mockingly in the wind. His medical practice dwindled to nothing, for when sick people called him he was away drinking, and there was no one in the house save a lonesome, weeping, distracted bride. And often there was not enough food.

Carry Nation's unhappiness was soon increased by pregnancy, and driven almost mad by the thought that she was to bear a drunkard's child, she became a familiar and pathetic figure as she scurried frantically through the streets of Holden searching for her husband. But she found him infrequently, for when he was drunk he fled into the Masonic Lodge, which no woman was permitted

to enter. To the Masons, and even to the church folk, she was a nuisance, because she besought the former to rescue Dr. Gloyd from rapidly approaching ruin, and implored the latter to pray for him, and to direct the might of the Lord against the saloon-keepers who laughed at her pleas not to sell him more liquor. God Himself was apparently unmoved by her petitions, though she spent many weary hours on her knees. The Masons likewise were deaf to her entreaties. They continued to drink with her husband and protect him behind the doors of their lodge rooms, while the best the minister and members of his flock could offer were horrified exclamations such as "Oh! What a pity for a young man like Dr. Gloyd to throw himself away!" But this was scant comfort to a young woman frightened and bewildered by the pangs of pregnancy, whose mind, already confused by inherent defects, was in a constant ferment of worry over a drunken husband. Conscious that she could not avert the wreck of her home and the collapse of all her rosy dreams of connubial bliss, Carry Nation began to sit alone and brood — and out of her brooding and misery grew an implacable hatred of the saloon, fraternal orders and tobacco, which throughout her life remained the symbols of her unhappiness. "The world," she wrote, "was like a place of torture. I know now that the impulse was born in me then to combat to the death this inhumanity to man."

Reports of Carry Nation's miserable life and of Dr. Gloyd's excessive drinking reached Belton, and her father visited her during the summer following her marriage. He found her with insufficient food and clothing, and on the verge of a nervous breakdown through worry and constant weeping. He took her home with him, although she protested bitterly against the separation from her

husband, for despite his weaknesses she still loved him dearly. Once in Belton her mother said that she could never again have anything to do with Dr. Gloyd, and Carry Nation was helpless, for the time was near for the birth of her child and she knew that if her mother cast her out her husband would not support her. She wrote to him almost daily, imploring him to reform and sign the pledge, and promising that if he would do so she would return to him as soon as their child had been born. Her letters were filled with frantic yearning for a home of her own, and a desperate fear that she would lose his love. Twice he visited her at Belton, but her mother received him as a stranger, and he was not permitted to talk to his wife alone. Mrs. Moore also refused to notify him when Carry Nation was confined, and he did not know that he was a father until his daughter was six weeks old, when Carry Nation and her half-brother drove to Holden to get her trunk and other belongings, for her parents had decreed that the separation must be final. He begged her to remain, declaring that if she did not he would be unable to control his appetite for liquor, and would be a dead man within six months. She wanted to stay, even though it was clear that he was drinking more than ever and that his protestations of reform were empty gestures, but she dared not disobey her mother. And so she returned to Belton. Some six months later she received a telegram that he was dead. His father had died a few weeks previously, and his mother, old and feeble, was left alone with scant means of livelihood.

Carry Nation collapsed from grief and despair when she heard of her husband's death, but when she recovered she once more over-rode her mother's strenuous objections and went to Holden, for " I wanted to be with the

mother of the man I loved more than my own life." She was determined to bear a cross, and that it should be the problem of supporting herself, her mother-in-law, and her infant daughter, who had been named Charlien in memory of Dr. Gloyd. With money obtained by the sale of her husband's medical library and instruments, and three town lots which her father had given her as a wedding present, she built a small three-roomed house and rented the larger home which she had occupied with Dr. Gloyd. But the rental was not sufficient income, so she went to Warrensburg, Missouri, and entered the State Normal School, where she took special work to prepare herself for a teaching career. She had no money, but friends gave her board and lodging, and she began one of the happiest periods of her life, for she felt that at last she was acquiring the education that she so fervently desired. After a year's study she received a teaching certificate, and was employed to instruct the primary grade in the Holden Public School. There she taught for four uneventful years, but at length was dismissed because she attempted to introduce unconventional ideas of pronunciation among her small pupils. " A Dr. Moore was a member of the school board," she wrote, " and he criticized the way I had the little ones read. For instance, in the sentence, ' I saw a man,' I had them use the short a instead of the long a, and so with the article a, having them read it as we speak it naturally. He made this serious objection, and I lost my position." And she added, significantly, " Dr. Moore's niece got my room as teacher." This was a severe blow to Carry Nation, for not only did it interrupt what she considered a very promising career, but it put her on the pedagogic blacklist, so that she could not obtain a school elsewhere. Nor could she find any other sort of work at

which she could earn a living. After several weeks of anxiety and worry, she decided that her only hope of economic security was to marry again. She let her intentions be known, but when no likely candidate presented himself she had recourse to divine wisdom, and beseeched God to find her a husband. She prayed:

"My Lord, you see the situation. I cannot take care of mother and Charlien. I want you to help me. If it be best for me to marry I will do so. I have no one picked out, but I want you to select the one that you think best. I want to give you my life, and I want by marrying to glorify and serve you, as well as take care of mother and Charlien."

About ten days later, as she was returning one afternoon from the post office, she saw David Nation, lawyer, minister of the Christian Church, Union veteran and editor of *The Warrensburg Journal,* who had come to Holden that day on business. He was standing in a doorway with his back to her, but as she passed he turned suddenly and spoke, and "a peculiar thrill passed through my heart which made me start." She thus knew immediately that David Nation was the answer to a widow's prayer, and that God had chosen him to be her husband. Next day she received a courteous letter from him, and six weeks later, about the middle of 1877, they were married. Mr. Nation was nineteen years older than his bride, but he was "very good-looking," and, indeed, presented an imposing if not startling appearance with his high-crowned black felt hat and the flowing whiskers which dangled in the breeze far below his chin.

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Carry Nation lived with her second husband for twenty-four years, but it was a period of turmoil and tribulation, for they did not love each other and found but few common interests. She frequently accused David Nation of deceiving her in various ways, and their household was the scene of continual bickering and squabbling. Although himself a minister of the gospel, he was annoyed by her excessive and militant religion, and he looked with great disfavour upon her plans for reforming mankind. This Carry Nation characterized as the most serious trouble that ever developed between them. "My Christian life was an offence unto him," she wrote, "and I soon found out that if I yielded to his ideas and views I would be false to every true motive. He saw that I resented his influence, and it caused him to be suspicious and jealous. I think my combative nature was largely developed by living with him, for I had to fight for everything I kept." David Nation finally divorced her in a spasm of violent revolt against her saloon-smashing and lecturing activities. It is interesting, but fruitless, to speculate upon the turn that her mania for meddling reformation might have taken had her first husband been normal, or had she and David Nation been held together by even the slightest bond of affection. In all probability her obsessions would not have been so highly developed, and would have expressed themselves in a less spectacular and destructive manner. She would doubtless always have been the village nuisance, but she might not have become a national affliction. For what Carry Nation needed most throughout her life, and never had, but which might have deflected her boundless energy into different channels, were romance and a home of her own in which she could have been happy and content. She often said that her bitterest

sorrows came from not having the love of a husband, and that "I never saw a loving husband that I did not envy the wife. It was the cry of my heart for love. Oh, how the heart will almost break for a loving word!"

THE FIRES OF TRIBULATION

THE SOLE reason Carry Nation married again was to ensure a good living for herself and her dependants, but she was doomed to disappointment, for in worldly prosperity, as well as in happiness, her second marriage was no more successful than her first. Two years after she became David Nation's wife they traded their Missouri property for seventeen hundred acres of land on the San Bernard River, in Brazoria County, Texas, part of which had been planted in cotton. They left Missouri for their new home with a car-load of furniture, and several head of cattle, horses and hogs. But they had scant knowledge of farming, and none at all of cotton, and from the beginning of their new enterprise they were as helpless as children, and met disaster at every turn. Eight of their nine horses died during the first spring, a neighbour with whom they had quarrelled threw all of their plows and other implements into the river, and a dishonest farm hand stole most of their money. Greatly discouraged, David Nation abandoned his standing crops and went to Columbia, the county seat, a small town of five hundred population about fifty miles from Houston, hoping to resume the practice of law. Carry Nation was left with the care of the farm, as well as of her daughter, Charlien,

then seven years old; her step-daughter, Lola Nation, who was eleven; Mrs. Gloyd, and a destitute old man who had been taken into the Nation household for charity's sake. She succeeded in harvesting the cotton with the aid of Negroes whom she paid with bedding and articles of furniture, but she had no way of getting the crop to market.

David Nation had taken their few dollars to pay his board and lodging while he pursued the will-o'-the-wisp of a law practice, and Carry Nation and her family soon found themselves facing the dismal prospect of actual starvation, with few of their neighbours either able or willing to help them. For more than a month they had nothing to eat save corn meal, fat bacon, and sweet potatoes, which was the only vegetable that had been planted in the garden. They had no bread, milk or butter, and on such an inadequate diet the children became anæmic and fretful, and when they grew weary of whimpering for food they sat listlessly in dark corners, weeping. For a week of this period Carry Nation was seriously ill of chills and fever, and it was three days before anyone could be found who would accept a bushel of potatoes in exchange for sugar, tea and bread. When she was able to stagger from her sick bed the supply of bacon had been exhausted, and for the next week there was no food in the house excepting corn-meal mush and sweet potatoes, and only a scanty store of either. And a few hours after they had devoured the last morsel of these poor provisions, Carry Nation received word from her husband that he had been unsuccessful and had no more money, and would be thrown into the street unless she came to his assistance. Although she could scarcely walk and should have been in bed, the distracted woman loaded Mrs.

DAVID NATION

CARRY NATION

CARRY NATION READING THE BIBLE IN WICHITA JAIL

Gloyd and the hungry children into an ancient buckboard and started for Columbia, her one remaining horse plodding slowly over the dusty roads. They reached the town late at night and huddled in their wagon until dawn, when Carry Nation succeeded in selling her cotton, though at a ruinous price. So they had breakfast.

Neither David Nation nor his wife could find work in Columbia, and in desperation Carry Nation took over the Columbia Hotel, a rickety, ramshackle old structure, overrun with vermin, the plaster fallen from the walls, and with scarcely a whole pane of glass left in the windows. She had sufficient money to employ teamsters to haul her furniture from the farm, but none remained to make necessary repairs or purchase food for the expected guests. So she hired the wife of an Irish ditch-digger named Dunn to work in the kitchen, and from Dunn himself she borrowed three dollars and fifty cents. With this sum she went into the hotel business. She fumigated thoroughly, set traps for the rats and mice, pasted cloth and newspapers over the walls and broken windows, and made curtains out of old sheets. The materials for this work cost two dollars and fifty cents, and with the remaining dollar she bought meat, coffee, sugar, rice and potatoes. Thereafter she used the money collected from transients at one meal to purchase supplies for the next, and for several months neither she nor any other member of the family except Mr. Nation, who ate with the guests, had any food except broken bits and leavings. She herself did most of the cooking and all of the dining-room work, Mrs. Gloyd and Lola Nation cleaned and swept and made the beds, and Charlien did the buying. David Nation sometimes sat behind the desk in the hotel office, but after all he was a lawyer, and he spent most of his

time in quest of the lawsuit that never materialized. Each evening after supper Carry Nation washed her table cloths and bed-linens, and she also washed and ironed for the boarders. She was astir before dawn every day, and until long after midnight she was in the stuffy basement bending over a wash-tub or an ironing board.

A more difficult or depressing task than she had set herself could scarcely be imagined, and under the terrific strain of the back-breaking labour she began again to experience the periods of distraction and utter gloominess that had so afflicted her during her early girlhood, when she suffered from "consumption of the bowels." They were often followed by insomnia and extreme nervousness, when she went about weeping bitterly, unable to check the flow of tears. She was also subject to loss of memory, and for weeks at a time was unable to recall the names of familiar places and people, and had no recollection whatever of important transactions. Sometimes she even forgot her own name and that of the town in which she lived. "During these severe afflictions," she wrote, "I began to see how little there was in life. I wondered at the gaiety of people. It seemed as if a pall hung over the earth. I would wonder that the birds would sing, or that the sun would shine." She had little time to read the Bible or go to church, but she prayed incessantly, and at night, when she told her troubles to God before crawling wearily into bed, she frequently became so hysterical that her supplicating cries could be heard a block away, and the building trembled as she dragged herself despairingly about the room, "advancing on her knees." Sometimes when she could not sleep she sat for hours in utter silence before her window, staring with burning eyes at a saloon across the street, brooding over what might have been

had her first husband never seen such a place. She felt that her cup of woe was filled to overflowing, but even greater trials were in store for her. About a year after she began to operate the hotel Charlien became ill. Typhoid fever wracked the child's puny frame, and when she became convalescent she displayed unmistakable symptoms of mental weakness. Carry Nation realized vaguely that a portion of the taint may have come from herself, but she felt more inclined to blame her daughter's father, and most of all liquor and the saloon. She wrote in her autobiography:

This my only child was peculiar. She was the result of a drunken father and a distracted mother. The curse of heredity is one of the most heart-breaking results of the saloon. Poor little children are brought into the world with the curse of drink and disease entailed upon them. How can mothers be true to their offspring, with a constant dread of the nameless horrors wives are exposed to by being drunkards' wives? . . . If girls were taught that a drunkard's curse will in the nature of things include his children, and also that if either parent allowed bad thoughts or actions to come into their lives, that their offspring will be a reproduction of their own sins, they would avoid these men. And men will give up their vices before they will give up women.

Charlien recovered from the fever after a few months, but she had to be carefully watched, and added to her mother's misery by suddenly developing a violent distaste for Christianity. She owned to faith in God, but she refused to attend church or Sunday School, and would not read the Bible. When Carry Nation attempted to

instruct her or compelled her to peruse the Scriptures, she flew into tantrums, and occasionally became so violent that it was necessary to restrain her, or confine her behind locked doors. Horrified by the thought that her daughter might become an infidel, Carry Nation implored God to visit terrible bodily affliction upon the child; her own hardships and sufferings had not unnaturally directed her reading to the Book of Job, and she had great faith in the power of mental and physical agony to bring errant mankind to a sense of its religious duties and its dependence upon the Heavenly Father. She was herself, she felt, being tested in the fires of tribulation, and would presently emerge refined and glorified; and she prayed that an even more dreadful blaze be kindled beneath her daughter's soul. Her petition soon bore fruit, for a few days later Charlien appeared at breakfast with her face greatly swollen, and an examination disclosed a great erosive sore that within a week had eaten away her whole right cheek, leaving the teeth and jawbone bare. "Something told me," wrote Carry Nation, "that this was in answer to my prayer." She was now convinced that her household had been divinely honoured, and whenever she could find time she sat beside the little girl's bed and told her that she must learn to fear and obey God lest He inflict even greater tortures upon her. But when physicians told her that her daughter would die, she prayed in an agony of remorse to "let me keep a piece of my child."

This prayer was likewise answered, for within ten days the wound had healed excepting for a hole about the size of a quarter. But Charlien's jaws were tightly closed, and she had to be fed through a tube. To do this it was necessary to knock out several front teeth. Despite continual prayer and a score of operations in Galveston,

Houston, San Antonio and New York, for which Carry Nation paid by borrowing money and piling mortgages upon the little property she had been able to accumulate, Charlien was unable to open her mouth for eight years. Then Dr. J. Ewing Mears, a noted Eastern surgeon, operated in Philadelphia, and telegraphed Carry Nation that her daughter was "all right." But to the frantic mother this was an ambiguous message, and she immediately borrowed four hundred dollars and went as quickly as possible to Philadelphia. There she found Charlien chewing a piece of gum, for the girl could now open her jaws half an inch. With tears streaming down her face Carry Nation watched her daughter chew, and then she said:

"Well, if that isn't just like God! He has not only opened your mouth, but He has given you a new jawbone. You know the bone from this side was taken out."

"Yes," said Charlien. "I told Dr. Mears that, but he said that it could not be."

But Carry Nation insisted that the bone had been removed by a surgeon in San Antonio, Texas, who had unsuccessfully attempted to construct an artificial joint. "So in answer to prayer," she wrote, "God had wrought this miracle." She returned to Texas within a few days, and Charlien followed some six months later, after visiting her father's relatives in Vermont. Soon afterward Charlien became the wife of Alexander McNabb of Richmond, Texas, and Lola Nation also married. Charlien had wholly recovered from her physical ailments, but her mind became increasingly weaker, and throughout her life she was a source of constant expense and anxiety to her mother. Finally, during the late summer of 1904, she was adjudged insane and sent to a private sanitarium at San

Antonio, while her husband wrote to Carry Nation that he intended to place her in a state institution as soon as possible. But Carry Nation had a horror of public madhouses, and she hurried forthwith to Texas, to find that on October 13, 1904, Charlien had been committed to the State Lunatic Asylum at Austin. Carry Nation finally obtained her daughter's release and sent her to relatives in Oklahoma, and several years later they went to Washington together. As a tragic climax to her years of suffering, Charlien developed "a great craving for stimulants which I had to guard her against, for she seemed to have no control over herself."[1] On June 11, 1907, she was placed in the Richard Gundry Home at Catonsville, near Baltimore, Maryland, the diagnosis being chronic mania. Some three years later, on November 25, 1910, she was discharged as improved. In her mother's will she was bequeathed sixty dollars a month "so long as she is not confined to an insane asylum."

2

Carry Nation never earned more than a bare living with her hotel enterprise in Columbia, Texas, and her husband failed utterly to make any progress toward acquiring a law practice. So about 1881 they removed to Richmond, in Fort Bend County, where David Nation renewed his quest of a lawsuit and his wife once more embarked in the hotel business, operating a property consisting of half a dozen small cottages and a large wooden house of twenty-one rooms. Carry Nation's tasks were now even more numerous and laborious than in Columbia, but her profits were correspondingly greater, and she

[1] From the 1909 edition of Carry Nation's autobiography, page 327.

probably would have been very successful had not her daughter's illness been so expensive. Her troubles were increased rather than lessened by the latter's marriage, for Charlien and her husband lived at the hotel, as did Lola Nation and her husband, and Mrs. Gloyd, who was now more than eighty years old and very feeble. Carry Nation was thus mainly responsible for the support of six persons besides herself, as well as for the comfort of her numerous boarders and transient guests. " My cares were now so heavy," she wrote, " that I could not attend religious worship as I wished. I had great heaviness of heart because I had no time to meditate and study the Scriptures. I saw I was only living to feed the perishing bodies of men and women. I would frequently go upstairs and prostrate myself on the floor, crying to God for deliverance from my present surroundings, telling Him over and over that if he would free me I would do for Him what He couldn't get anyone else to do. How literally this has been fulfilled! . . . My life beyond dispute has been marvellous, and no one that will stop to consider but will know and must admit that an unseen power, one superhuman, has upheld me."

Beset by insomnia and the creeping horrors of a shattered nervous system, terrified by thoughts of her daughter's illness and aversion to Christianity, and with her body wracked by incessant labour, Carry Nation's mind began again to seethe with dreams, warnings and visions similar to those which had wandered through her consciousness during her girlhood sickness, but of vastly greater clarity and impressiveness. The receipt of mandatory and instructive messages from angels, glimpses of the Heavenly Kingdom, and conversations with God and Jesus amid the snowy spaces of the clouds, became

commonplace and continued throughout her life. But they never failed to exalt her, and increasingly confirmed her profound conviction that she had been placed on an equal footing with the Twelve Apostles and the early martyrs of the Church. Two dreams which she first experienced in Richmond also recurred frequently, and one or both nearly always preceded every important crisis in her career. To both she attached great importance. In one she was suspended over a precipice by a thin rope held by a hand which protruded from a cloud, and the sensation of danger which the dream aroused usually remained with her from one to six months. In the other she encountered two snakes lying on the grass on either side of a road. One was fat, venomous and threatening, and struck at her with its fangs, while the other was listless and obviously under-nourished. It was several years before she thoroughly understood the significance of this vision; then she wrote that she was "impressed that the one that was in the attitude of striking me was the Republican party, and this has always been my deadly foe." The anæmic snake, presumably, was Democratic. Her hostility to the Republicans, which was lifelong and often expressed in extravagant language, was not the result of careful study of political principles; she knew no more of such matters than the ordinary run of politicians, and, indeed, frequently embarrassed prominent Democrats and Republicans by inquiring just what was the difference between their parties. But when she began her crusade against rum the Republican party was in power, and the government licensed and collected taxes from breweries, distilleries and bar-rooms, so that she conceived the Republicans as the official hell-born protectors of the saloon. And as such, of course, she felt that the party was

the instigating agency behind her numerous arrests, imprisonments and other persecutions. Yet in 1901, when she was asked to become the head of a new political organization, the National Home Rule Party, and head its ticket as the candidate for President, she replied, "I am a Republican born and bred, and while I do not favour some of them, namely Mark Hanna and William McKinley, I will stick to the old party." She maintained this attitude until 1908, when she became an enthusiastic member of the Prohibition Party.

In still another recurring dream which Carry Nation considered very significant she was walking in a beautiful woodland valley when flowers in the form of words began to fall from Heaven, and lay scattered in great piles upon the grass at her feet. She did not read them, but they seemed to be indelibly graven upon her mind. This dream, she always believed, was the origin of her extraordinary vocabulary. It was in Richmond, also, that Carry Nation received the first part of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, the second being bestowed upon her some ten years later in Medicine Lodge, Kansas. The Methodists held a conference and revival in Richmond during the summer of 1884 (in his petition for divorce David Nation said that up to this year she had been a good wife), and Carry Nation attended every preaching session. On the first Sunday of the meeting she was present at Sunday School, two regular church services, an afternoon prayer-meeting, and a special praise ceremony late in the evening, when, with triumphant shouts of victory arising from the congregation, emotional sinners confessed past wickedness and cried promises for the future. Several testified, and then the minister, a visiting divine noted for his sonorous and impressive voice, read

the sixty-second chapter of Isaiah, . . . "Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." . . . The words of the prophet had scarcely begun rolling from his lips when Carry Nation felt an unaccountable stirring of her soul; she trembled violently and began to weep, while a beating and a fluttering as of wings thrummed in her ears. Her vision blurred for an instant, and when it cleared she saw angels standing in the aisle, while a shining halo pulsated gently above the head of the preacher, and an aura of golden light enveloped his body. Presently he vanished and in his place stood an angel, expounding the veritable Word of God. But his words, though beautiful, were indistinguishable, and soon he, too, disappeared. Then Carry Nation felt the church leave its foundations and float gently into the skies, and so she was "caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." And then the vision faded and Carry Nation regained her mundane senses to find herself in the same pew, leaning exhausted against the cushions while the minister droned on with the sixty-second chapter of Isaiah, . . . "prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people." . . . Carry Nation looked around to see if her experience had made any impression upon the remainder of the audience. But one man was asleep and none of the others seemed at all astonished. Apparently they had not seen or felt anything unusual.

But Carry Nation concluded that she had seen something which no mortal had beheld since the days of Saint Paul, and she more than ever consecrated herself to the Lord, telling her friends that "from henceforth all my

time, means and efforts should be given to God." During her waking hours she talked of little else, and at night she dreamed and enjoyed her visions. She was so concerned for the souls of mankind that she began all conversations with "Do you love God?" and she propounded the question to every person she met, from the drummer who registered at her hotel to the old Negro who delivered eggs at her kitchen door. She flew furiously about the town searching for sinners, lecturing them on their misdeeds and practically dragging them to church and repentance; and when she called upon her neighbours she returned home heavy-hearted and filled with gloom and despair, for their talk was of servants, house cleaning and the new fashions, all of which seemed to Carry Nation barren and vain. "I liked to direct their minds to speak of the Scriptures and the ways of doing work for God," she wrote. "I soon found out that I was not welcome. I was looked upon as an intruder, was often avoided, and I could see the frowns and glances of impatience at my presence." Her excessive religious activity and her curious moods had always been the subject of much comment in Richmond, but they soon became too much even for a small south-western town, and her friends began to fear for her sanity. They decided to admonish her that her mind might give way under the strain of so much emotional excitement, and the task of so doing was delegated to a merchant from whom she purchased supplies for her hotel. He stopped her in the street one day and said:

"I have something to say to you, Mrs. Nation."

"Do you love God?" she demanded.

"That is it, exactly," said the merchant. "Your friends are becoming very uneasy about the state of your mind.

You are thinking too much on religious subjects, and they asked me to warn you."

Carry Nation laughed heartily.

"Your words are indeed a blessing to me," she said, "for if I had a religion that the world understands, it would not be a religion of the Bible." And in later years she said proudly, "I was often considered crazy on the subject of religion."

Carry Nation had taught for several years in the Methodist Sunday School, but with her increased enthusiasm and passion for the Lord she soon had the school in an uproar, and the preacher announced from the pulpit that a new church rule barred anyone not a Methodist from conducting a class. She promptly attempted to transfer her membership from the Christian to the Methodist Church, but she was rejected, although she was permitted to occupy a pew and attend services. She then taught in the Episcopal Sunday School, but was soon dismissed because she refused to teach the catechism. Thus prevented from teaching in the only two churches in Richmond, she organized a Sunday afternoon class, and when the Methodists refused to let her use their church, she sat the children on planks in the dining-room of her hotel. She had an average attendance of about thirty, including several Catholic children. Curiously enough, one of her principal supporters was a saloon-keeper, Henry Frost, who often visited the school and always left a dollar in the collection box. Sometimes Carry Nation marched her class to the graveyard, where they sat on graves and headstones and studied their lessons. It may have been, as she wrote, that the purpose of these extraordinary pilgrimages was "to impress the little ones with the purpose of the Gospel," but it is also likely that she was influenced by

recollections of her childhood, and her own delight in graves and corpses.

A blighting drought struck that part of Texas several years after Carry Nation's epochal voyage in the detached church, and Charlien suggested that her mother pray for rain. Carry Nation immediately appointed herself, a minister's wife, and two other ladies as a special committee to arrange for a prayer-meeting and offer supplications for additional moisture. But when she urged that divine aid be invoked at once, the minister's wife began to weep and said:

"I have read of so many thunderbolts lately that I am almost afraid to pray."

"That is doubting God in the beginning," said Carry Nation. "If you ask for bread will He give you a stone? I am willing to trust God and let him send the rain any way He pleases."

The committee agreed not to impose any conditions, and next afternoon the citizens of Richmond were summoned to the Methodist Church. "After the meeting," wrote Carry Nation, "we were standing on the platform in front of the church when a sprinkle of rain out of a cloudless sky fell on the platform, and on the shutters of the house. This was nothing but a miracle, and was very astonishing to us all. The next day clouds began to gather in the sky and the moisture began, at first, to fall like heavy dew. There was no lightning or thunder, and the rain came down in the gentlest manner and continued in this way for three days." To show her gratitude she took into her home a young girl and an old man, both destitute, and supported them as long as she remained in Richmond.

One of Carry Nation's most remarkable visions of

warning occurred in Richmond in March, 1889, about a year before she removed to Kansas. She arose about three o'clock of a cold morning to prepare a mustard plaster for a guest who was suffering from severe cramps, and having applied it to his stomach she returned to the kitchen, fearing that she had left the candle burning. But she found the kitchen dark, and started back up the stairs. As she ascended a light of transcendental brightness floated from the wall of the staircase and surrounded her, lighting the way into her bedroom. "It did not alarm me," she wrote, "for I felt the sweet, peaceful presence of God. I prayed to him, and I could think of no reason for having this blessing from God, except that I had gotten up in the cold to relieve this suffering man." Of the exact significance of the mysterious glow Carry Nation was not long left in doubt. At three o'clock next morning, exactly twenty-four hours after she had been awakened by the cries of her boarder, a fire started in the business section of Richmond and swept rapidly toward the hotel. Carry Nation ran upstairs and flung herself on her knees, informing God that there was not a dishonest dollar in the house, and imploring Him to save her property. Presently she heard a soothing voice, easily distinguishable above the roar of the flames and hoarse shouts of the frightened citizens, whisper in her ear, and she felt a sense of security and knew that her belongings would not be destroyed. Meanwhile the flames were advancing, and guests of the hotel were fleeing in their night clothing, carrying bags and bundles. Carry Nation walked calmly into their midst and begged them to return to their rooms, but one man glanced at her smiling face and shouted, "The woman has lost her mind!" and they ran pell-mell into the street. Friends urged Carry Nation to drag her furniture from

the building, and they were so insistent that she wavered and placed her hands upon a chair. Instantly she heard a voice say, "Let it be." So she waved her friends aside and seated herself in a rocking chair in the hotel office, where she sang hymns at the top of her voice. She was asked if she was insured, and answered. "Yes, up there," and pointed to Heaven. And again she had been wisely guided, for the flames rushed through the street and destroyed the house next door to the hotel, but went no farther. The fire was not extinguished by any human agency; it just stopped burning.

Soon after this manifestation of divine power David Nation, as correspondent of the Houston *Post,* wrote a critical account of the activities of the "Jaybirds," a political faction which disputed the control of Richmond and Fort Bend County with the "Peckerwoods," most of whom were Republicans and believed that Negroes should hold public office. Within a few hours after the article appeared David Nation was badly beaten by a gang of "Jaybirds," and when he limped into the hotel and collapsed, Carry Nation promptly laid a curse upon his assailants and implored the Lord to punish those who had been concerned in the attack. She predicted that the miscreants would meet violent ends, and when she visited Texas some years later she found that more than half of them had so perished. Four had been buried in the Richmond cemetery, and Carry Nation stood solemnly beside their graves, raised her right hand aloft and quoted triumphantly, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay!" During the summer of 1889, only a few months after the fire which had swept through the town and left Carry Nation's hotel unscathed, the "Jaybirds" and the "Peckerwoods" attempted to settle their differences with a gun

battle in the streets of Richmond, in which five men were killed, including Henry Frost, leader of the "Jaybirds" and the saloon-keeper who had attended Carry Nation's Sunday School. David Nation's articles in the Houston *Post* were held by many to have been responsible for this tragic culmination of the political troubles, and when his life was repeatedly threatened he and Carry Nation sold the hotel and removed to Medicine Lodge, county seat of Barber County, Kansas, near the Oklahoma border, a town of fewer than one thousand population and the home of Sockless Jerry Simpson, a Populist leader and one of the Middle West's most celebrated home-spun statesmen. Mrs. Gloyd and the Nations' respective daughters remained in Richmond, where Mrs. Gloyd died about a year later.

David Nation became pastor of the Christian Church at Medicine Lodge, but resigned within a few months to accept a similar post in Holton, Kansas, about thirty miles north of Topeka. Carry Nation was glad to leave Richmond and so escape the hard work of running the hotel, but she was not pleased to see her husband enter the ministry again, for she did not believe that he had ever been converted or was divinely called to preach. She therefore undertook to direct and supervise his efforts. Not only did she choose his texts, but she edited and sometimes wrote his sermons, incorporating in them attacks on tobacco and liquor, and various local abuses, which did not endear him to his flock. While he preached she sat in a front pew and acted as prompter, disconcerting him with audible instructions to raise or lower his voice, to speak slower or faster, and to make appropriate gestures. And when she thought he had exhausted his subject, or was giving a poor performance, it was her custom to step into the aisle

and say loudly, "That will be about all for today, David!" Sometimes he failed to quit speaking immediately, whereupon she marched to the pulpit, banged his Bible shut, handed him his hat and peremptorily told him to go home. She was particularly addicted to these practices while they lived in Holton, and after a few months the church board asked their pastor to resign. He did so with great pleasure, and the Nations returned to Medicine Lodge, where Carry Nation lived until she began her crusade. David Nation never again took charge of a church, but resumed the practice of law, this time with considerable success.

3

Release from the fatiguing physical tasks at which she had laboured for so many years failed either to moderate Carry Nation's religious fervour or to exercise a soothing influence upon her turbulent mind and highly emotional nature. On the contrary she became, if possible, even more zealous and meddlesome, and during her middle forties, as the period of her menopause approached, she was more and more concerned with the dangers of sexual irregularity. She stopped young women on the streets and earnestly pointed out to them the dangers of seduction, and counselled them not to go buggy riding with the young men, whom she described as vultures lying in wait for virtuous maidens. She was constantly on the alert for neckers (or spooners, as they were then called), and when she found a man with his arms around a girl she flew into a fury of apprehension and scathing denunciation. She thus described how she handled such a situation in Medicine Lodge:

As I was going down to a neighbour's one dark night I heard low voices of persons sitting by the roadside. I got a lantern. I found them to be those of a young man of Medicine Lodge and a young girl visiting there. I warned them, telling the young boy to act toward the girl as he would toward his sister. I told the girl that ruin would be her fate, and she hid her face; and soon both of them ran down the alley.

Carry Nation joined the Christian or Campbellite Church in Medicine Lodge, and at the first opportunity announced that she had received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost in Texas. But her pastor proclaimed her unsound in the faith, and told her that she had embraced unorthodox doctrine, since it was well known to the Campbellites that the gift had been bestowed only upon the Apostles. Carry Nation promptly retorted that apparently the minister had received no divine attention whatsoever, and she publicly rebuked him for consorting with the town infidel, a druggist whom she suspected also of selling liquor otherwise than on prescription. The preacher demanded proof of her extraordinary story, and the question was the subject of much bickering between them until Carry Nation received the second part of the Baptism. This important event occurred soon after she had reached the significant age of fifty, during a camp-meeting revival held in Medicine Lodge by the Free Methodists, a comparatively small body of Wesleyans who had rejected much of the doctrine and most of the ritual of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Carry Nation attended every session of the meeting, and was much impressed by the Free Methodist doctrine of second blessing, or sanctification, for it justified her own experience. About ten days after the close of the

revival, while a heavy rain pelted the roof and windows, she sat in the parlour of her home with the Baptist minister and his daughter, reading the Bible, meditating and praying. Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning illumined the darkness of outdoors, and Carry Nation was thrilled and startled to discern the dim outline of wings impressed against the window pane. Immediately she felt the sublime ecstasy which had accompanied her spiritual adventure in the Methodist Church at Richmond, and she began to cry loudly, "Just now, blessed Father, give me the witness!" As if in answer to her prayer she heard again the faint fluttering of wings, and felt something which she described as "divine electricity" poured upon her head, so that it ran down her body and permeated her entire being. Tingling from head to feet, she jumped up, clapped her hands and shouted wildly, "I have this from God, this divine gift!" With tears streaming from her eyes she rushed from the room and ran to the basement, her favourite place for prayer and meditation, and there she "walked up and down, thanking, praising, crying and laughing." This continued for half an hour or so, during which time the amazed Baptist preacher and his daughter stole softly from the house. Then Carry Nation flung a shawl over her head and rushed into the rain. She raced madly from house to house, pounding on doors and shouting that the Lord had bestowed a great blessing upon her, and demanding that the people lift up their voices in thankful prayer. When she returned to her own home she opened her Bible, to find every word and every letter surrounded by a bright light. And as she rapturously turned the leaves she interpreted at a glance the hidden meaning of even the most obscure passages. The Holy Book remained suffused in a soft glow for three days, while Carry

Nation spent most of her time reading and praying in the basement, and David Nation did the house work and prepared his own meals. Once during this period, as she lay prone upon the stone floor overcome by sudden fear, she saw the earth split by a mighty trembling. Lightning flashed and the thunder roared, and the trees bent almost double as the wind rose to the fury of a gale. But in the centre of the storm was a small area of peace and quiet, glowing with beautiful light. And amidst the light were two people. One was Carry Nation; the other was Jesus Christ.

Carry Nation's experience, which she felt logically and inevitably followed her vision in Texas, was a final and convincing confirmation of her growing belief that she was omniscient and omnipotent. So she practically took charge of religion in Medicine Lodge; she became extremely arrogant, and was very impatient with anyone who took issue with her on Biblical interpretations or points of doctrine. The ministers of the town avoided her whenever possible (although it was difficult), for she scolded them for their theological obtuseness and pointed out their shortcomings both as men and as preachers. When she went to church she often interrupted the services with audible and scornful comment, or with loud cries of praise and rejoicing. Once while attending a protracted meeting, soon after her second Baptism, she heard a voice whisper in her ear, "You must sing a song." From the hand of a near-by worshipper she snatched a song-book, "The Finest of the Wheat," and stepped into the aisle just as the preacher asked the congregation to sing Hymn No. 40.

"No," said Carry Nation, "we will sing No. 3."

"Hymn No. 40!" said the minister, firmly.

"No!" cried Carry Nation, and she began to sing No. 3, which was "I Know Not Why This Wondrous Grace To Me He Hath Made Known." She sang two verses and the chorus, and then resumed her seat, while "a flow of peace and heavenly companionship" took possession of her. But the pastor, probably, experienced no such feeling.

Carry Nation also became very unpopular with the merchants and wealthy families of Medicine Lodge, for she developed a great interest in the welfare of the poor; she announced that God had directed her to provide for them, and she was constantly soliciting aid in their behalf. For years she supplied clothing so poor children could go to school, and each autumn she drove to every house in the town, filling her buggy with old suits, shoes and dresses, which she distributed to the needy. On Thanksgiving and Christmas she spent all her savings for food, and then threw her house open, so that all who wished might come and eat their fill. Whenever she went forth to do her own marketing, she carried with her a huge basket into which she invited merchants to deposit odds and ends of provisions for those who had none; and when a storekeeper refused to contribute she marched about the town loudly publishing his stinginess, and at prayer-meeting she called his name and implored the Lord to forgive him. She was thus greatly beloved by the poor, and as her benefactions increased she became known throughout the countryside as Mother Nation, and for many years was so called by friend and foe alike.

The distaste of the churchly element for Carry Nation became even more pronounced when she induced several poor people to join the Campbellite congregation. The climax of this phase of her activity came when she appeared at services on a Sunday morning with a young woman who

took in washing, and was otherwise a social outcast. The washwoman applied for membership, and Carry Nation aroused such a furor that the elders and deacons were compelled to inscribe her name upon the church records, whereat Carry Nation remarked that "there was much rejoicing in Heaven but none in the church at Medicine Lodge." But the young woman's fellow Christians declined to associate with her, and for more than a year none except Carry Nation called upon her or shook her hand when she attended services. She was finally expelled after her husband had accused her of adultery, and when Carry Nation loosed the shafts of her scorn and rebuke upon the minister, the elders and the deacons, they promptly held a special meeting and dismissed her also, as "a stumbling block and a disturber of the peace." But she ignored their edict and went to church as usual, although she never again became a communicant of any religious denomination, except for a few months in 1902 when she embraced the doctrines of John Alexander Dowie and became his official representative in Kansas. But she soon found flaws even in Dowie's belief, and attacked him as savagely as she did anyone else. She often complained that "all the Christian work I ever did seemed to meet with severe opposition from church members." Her expulsion from the Christian Church caused a great buzz of comment in Medicine Lodge, but it was soon forgotten, for the time was at hand when she should at last receive the divine call and set forth upon her mission.

JERICHO

THE VOTERS of Kansas adopted a constitutional amendment in 1880 whereby the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages became illegal except for medical, scientific and mechanical purposes, and the Murray enforcement act, passed a year later by the Legislature, was upheld in 1883 by the State Supreme Court. During her residence in the South-west Carry Nation had heard glowing reports of the great benefits of the Kansas statutes, and when she removed to Medicine Lodge she expected to dwell in a land wherein the very name of whisky was anathema. But to her horror she found as much drinking as she had seen in Missouri and Texas, for the law was more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Every Kansas town had its quota of saloons (popularly called joints and the owners jointists), and in many communities, especially in the larger cities, they were operated as openly as in states which regulated licensed bar-rooms. In other places they were conducted in the manner of the modern speakeasy, with a front room ostensibly devoted to a restaurant or other legitimate business, and a rear room in which bartenders in white jackets dispensed liquors over real bars. There were few drug stores which did not include among their furnishings a plain board

counter and barrels of whisky and beer, and it was seldom that a customer was required to go through the formality of producing a prescription, although such documents were easily obtained from physicians who worked in prosperous harmony with the druggists. And the state fairly teemed with bootleggers, who are said to have acquired their appellation in Kansas and Indian Territory during the early eighteen eighties because of their habit of carrying bottles of liquor in the legs of their heavy boots. No law was ever enacted that gave the saloons of Kansas any legal standing, but the anti-prohibition forces were so powerful, and so well equipped with the sinews of political war, that the joints were not molested except occasionally in a few counties wherein the temperance element was particularly strong and politically active. In lieu of collecting a license tax it was the general custom to hail the owners of joints into court once a month, and impose fines ranging from twenty-five to one hundred dollars, according to their influence and prosperity.

The burning political question in Kansas during the ten years that preceded Carry Nation's outbreak was re-submission of the prohibition amendment. The potential effectiveness of the law was seriously threatened late in 1890, when the United States Supreme Court held that it could not apply to liquor sent into Kansas from another state and sold from the original package, as such a shipment came within the purview of the inter-state commerce laws. But Congress promptly gave Kansas the necessary power, and thereafter opponents of the amendment concentrated their efforts on spreading re-submission propaganda, and on nullification, hoping by widespread and continual violation to break down the enforcement act entirely and make prohibition unpopular. Breweries and

distilleries in Missouri, Illinois and other states, for which Kansas was an important market, provided money for the fight, and several times the temperance people narrowly averted the passage of re-submission resolutions, and apparently innocuous measures which would have legalized the operation of the saloon under various guises.

Carry Nation participated in the struggle against re-submission with characteristic vigour and enthusiasm, but during the early period of her life in Kansas she confined her activities to Barber County. There were seven places in Medicine Lodge where liquor was sold more or less openly, but for several years it did not occur to her to employ force against them; she was content to deliver public denunciations and further the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which she and Mrs. Wesley Cain, wife of the Baptist minister, organized a chapter in Medicine Lodge during the middle eighteen nineties. As Jail Evangelist of the organization, it was Carry Nation's duty to introduce religious and temperance propaganda into the county jail, where the prisoners invariably told her that drink had been chiefly responsible for their troubles. The smouldering hatred of the saloon and all its works that had so coloured her life since her first husband was buried in a drunkard's grave was fanned by these revelations into a searing flame of anger, and grew steadily into a determination to rid not only Kansas but the world of the places which she regarded as dens of vice and breeders of sin and misery. So she began to harass the joint-keepers. She frequently arose in church and prayer-meeting and recited their names, and asked pointedly why the city and county officials permitted them to operate in open violation of the state constitution. When she met a man who was known to sell liquor she

greeted him with "Good morning, destroyer of men's souls!" or "How do you do, maker of drunkards and widows?" Or she barred his pathway, and pointing a quivering forefinger at him, cried loudly, "Shame on you! You rum-soaked Republican rummy! You ally of Satan!" She acquired an old hand-organ that was in sad need of tuning, and with Mrs. Cain began to serenade the saloons and hold impromptu prayer-meetings before their swinging doors. They banged loudly upon the wheezy old organ, and in quavering, tear-choked voices sang such hymns as "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "The Prodigal Son." When a crowd had gathered Carry Nation cried a blistering diatribe against liquor and implored God to smite the "manufacturers of drunkards and the rum-soaked defilers of mankind," while the men who had been drinking inside sneaked out through the back door and left the proprietor alone in his wrath. She interfered seriously with the business of the jointists, and not unnaturally they looked upon her as a pest; they ridiculed her and called her crazy, yet they could not stop her. But they refused to close their places, and the authorities ignored her demands that the law be enforced.

Carry Nation finally decided that drastic measures were necessary. So on a Saturday afternoon late in the summer of 1899, after a day of prayer and fasting, she and Mrs. Wesley Cain donned their best alpaca dresses and their most becoming poke bonnets, and set forth with the hand-organ. Medicine Lodge was filled with farmers in town for their weekly trading, and the spectacle of two motherly old women trudging through the streets lugging a hand-organ and lustily imploring the Lord to lend strength to their arms was a welcome diversion from the traditional lounging at corners and haggling over goods

and provisions. Men, women and children promptly fell in behind the crusaders, and when they dropped the organ upon the sidewalk before Mart Strong's saloon, they were quickly surrounded by more than two hundred persons, all waiting impatiently for something to happen. Carry Nation faced the eager and expectant gathering, raised her tightly furled cotton umbrella high above her head and shouted:

"Men and women of Medicine Lodge, this is a joint! Let us pray!"

For a few minutes her voice rose in supplication, while several in the crowd who sympathized with her cried "Amen!" and "Glory to God!" Then, while Mrs. Cain manipulated the organ, Carry Nation flung her umbrella across her shoulder as if it were a musket, and dramatically pushed aside the swinging doors. Cheers broke from the excited crowd, and Carry Nation strode purposefully into the saloon. Unmindful of the fact that Mrs. Cain played an entirely different tune, she sang her favourite temperance song at the top of her voice:

Who hath sorrow? Who hath woe?
They who dare not answer no;
They whose feet to sin incline,
While they tarry at the wine.

Chorus

They who tarry at the wine cup,
They who tarry at the wine cup,
They who tarry at the wine cup,
They have sorrow, they have woe.

Who hath babblings, who hath strife?
He who leads a drunkard's life;
He whose loved ones weep and pine,
While he tarries at the wine.

Who hath wounds without a cause?
He who breaks God's holy laws;
He who scorns the Lord divine,
While he tarries at the wine.

Who hath redness at the eyes,
Who brings poverty and sighs
Unto homes almost divine,
While he tarries at the wine?

Touch not, taste not, handle not;
Drink will make the dark, dark blot.
Like an adder it will sting,
And at last to ruin bring
They who tarry at the drink.

It is doubtful if Carry Nation herself knew just what she intended to do, but whatever her purpose she failed to accomplish it, for she had penetrated no farther than the front room when Mart Strong hurried from the bar and checked her progress. Taking her by the shoulders, he whirled her around, despite her shrieks and the flailing umbrella, and hustled her into the street, crying in great exasperation:

"Get out of here, you crazy woman!"

With tears streaming from her eyes Carry Nation continued alternately to sing and hurl invective at the saloonkeeper, and Mrs. Cain and half a dozen other women joined in the song. Their hysterical voices and the rattling

thump and groan of the old organ could be heard throughout the town, and the crowd soon became so large that half a thousand persons pushed and milled before the saloon. Some shouted encouragement at Carry Nation, others yelled abuse at her, and on the outskirts small boys yelped and leaped and cavorted in mad excitement. Carry Nation kept trying to enter the saloon, but every time she put her foot over the threshold Mart Strong shoved her back, whereat she redoubled her cries and the voices of her constantly enlarging choir rose in a mighty shout of threatened vengeance. Finally Mart Strong pushed her so violently that she sat down with an audible bump, and James Gano, the town Marshal, who had been fidgeting about in an agony of indecision, felt impelled to utter a word of caution:

"Now, Mart! Go easy, Mart!"

But the saloon-keeper was in no mood to listen, and when Carry Nation had scrambled to her feet he gave her another vigorous push. She staggered back and caromed off the Marshal, who clutched her arm and voiced a desire that was destined to be heartily repeated during the next few years by harassed officials throughout the United States.

"I wish," said Mr. Gano, wistfully, "that I could take you off the streets."

Carry Nation abandoned the saloon-keeper and turned upon the Marshal, shaking her finger vigorously under his nose.

"Yes!" she cried. "You want to take me, a woman whose heart is breaking to see the ruin of these men, the desolate homes and broken laws, and you a constable oath-bound to close this man's unlawful business. Why don't you do your duty?"

A score of women took up the cry, and the abashed Marshal slipped through the crowd and scurried down an alley, his ears ringing with the chant, "Do your duty! Do your duty!" Meanwhile Mart Strong had taken advantage of the momentary respite to close and lock his doors, and as Carry Nation and her cohorts swarmed forward and pounded the panels with fists and stones he could be heard frantically dragging furniture across the room and piling it into a barricade. Several men who had been drinking at the bar when the crusaders appeared were now seen trying to emerge unostentatiously through a back doorway, and half a dozen women set out in pursuit, crying "Drunkards! Drunkards!" Mart Strong's frightened customers raced pell-mell through a side street, but one, a farm hand who had been imbibing freely, was dragged down from the top of a fence over which he had hoped to escape. Little more than a mass of whirling arms and legs, he was pulled and hustled to the front of the saloon, where he was thrown down before the organ and the women set up a cry:

"A drunkard! A drunkard!"

Carry Nation dropped to her knees and began to pray loudly for his soul, while Mrs. Cain flew furiously at the organ. The old instrument wheezed out a tune, and Carry Nation and others sang loudly:

Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you
Some other to win.

They sang on and on, with intervals of prayer, while the organ groaned and rattled and the excitement of the crowd mounted to frenzy, for half a dozen fights had de-

veloped, and on all sides the friends and foes of liquor beligerently jostled one another. Presently the bewildered farm hand untangled his legs and struggled upright, and when Carry Nation swooped at him and shouted that his breath reeked horribly with whisky he plunged through the mob and raced wildly down the street. He was hatless and coatless, but he stayed not to recover his garments. The last seen of him he was scampering madly across the fields beyond the town, with two determined women in full cry behind him. With her horrible example gone, Carry Nation made a final but unsuccessful assault upon Mart Strong's barred doors, and then turned triumphantly homeward, waving her umbrella above her head and singing hysterically, "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave," for she was experiencing the birth pangs of a new obsession — she felt that she was to be the John Brown of Prohibition. Behind her tramped Mrs. Cain, dragging the venerable old organ, and an ever-increasing stream of women, for all over the town wives and mothers of drinking men had rushed from their homes to join the champion of temperance. And as the line of bobbing bonnets passed through the streets and a piercing and prophetic paean of victory rose from the ranks of the crusaders, the banging of shutters and the rattling of locks could be heard as the joint-keepers closed their places against invasion. But they muttered wrathful threats of revenge, and were particularly annoyed because Saturday was always their most profitable day.

At Carry Nation's home the organ was again called into service, and throughout the remainder of the afternoon the excited women sang, prayed and rejoiced over the downfall of the rum demon, while a crowd hung about outside and vociferously called for more raids. That

evening intense excitement prevailed throughout the town, and men who had for years spent their Saturday nights in saloons, peacefully drinking, now had nothing to do but stand on street corners and discuss the new terror. Women by the dozen rapped upon the Mayor's door and complained that Carry Nation had been insulted, abused and manhandled by Mart Strong; and they enlarged upon the circumstances until it was noised about that Strong had perpetrated the worst offence in the mid-West's calendar of crimes — that he had horsewhipped a woman. Finally, about midnight, the Mayor and several Councilmen went in a body to Strong's saloon, where they found the saloon-keeper and a few cronies playing cards behind locked doors. The officials expressed surprise and indignation at finding beer and whisky on the premises, and sternly told Strong that such wanton trifling with the law would not be tolerated in Medicine Lodge, and that he must leave town immediately or take the consequences. Strong replied that nothing could induce him to remain. He departed next morning, and Carry Nation publicly rejoiced that there were but six joints remaining in Medicine Lodge.

So far as the immediate vicinity of Medicine Lodge was concerned, Carry Nation thus became overnight a figure of the utmost importance, and when she appeared at church next morning, flushed and glowing with pride, she received a tremendous ovation. Early Monday morning she issued an ultimatum calling upon the joint-keepers to close their doors and abandon their wicked traffic, and threatening them both with her own vengeance and that of the Lord. They did not obey, but they kept out of her way and opened their bars only to trusted drinkers, and for a few days Carry Nation was content to rest upon her laurels and bask in the plaudits of her friends and the

glory of past performances. Then a weeping woman walked into the Nation home and said that for six weeks her husband had been drinking steadily in Henry Durst's saloon. "She had been washing to feed her three children," wrote Carry Nation, "and for some days had had nothing to eat except corn bread and molasses. She said her husband had come home once wild with drink, and had kicked over a table and chased his family out of the house."

Carry Nation heard the woman through and spent the ensuing half hour in prayer and meditation. Then she put on her bonnet, took her umbrella and Bible, and, with the drunkard's wife trotting by her side, she marched down the main street of the town, her thin lips compressed into a straight line and her eyes blazing with fury. Anticipating more excitement, people followed her, so that when she reached Durst's place the street was again filled from curb to curb with a milling crowd. But this time Carry Nation varied her tactics. She made no attempt to enter the saloon, but dropped to her knees in front of the door and began to pray, shrilly informing the Lord that Durst was in league with Satan and was slowly starving the body and destroying the soul of the woman who knelt beside her and punctuated her supplications with loud shouts of "Oh, God! Help me save my husband," and "Praise the Lord!" Five men had been drinking at Durst's bar, but when they heard that Carry Nation was once more on the war-path they fled hastily through the back doorway, and Durst himself, curious to see what was happening and astonished that the woman had not attacked his door, made the mistake of stepping into the street. Carry Nation promptly pounced upon him, and clutching his coat lapels

she screamed that he would go to hell unless he closed his saloon. Durst twisted away and ran back into his bar room, where he locked and barred the door. But he heard Carry Nation shout to the crowd that if the joint was not closed within three days she would hold a prayer-meeting before the entrance twice a day until the saloon-keeper saw the error of his wicked ways, or until God smote him with suffering and disaster. It seemed too big a chance to take, so before the time limit had expired Durst abandoned his business. And he not only left Medicine Lodge but hastened beyond the borders of Kansas. "I heard afterwards," Carry Nation wrote with much satisfaction "that he was reduced to poverty."

Carry Nation's next foray upon the battlements of Castle Barleycorn resulted in the downfall of Hank O'Bryan, who ostensibly operated a restaurant, but had also a back room in which he was suspected of selling liquor, although he had so shrewdly hidden his supplies that several investigating parties sent out by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union had failed to unearth any evidence beyond a pronounced odour of mash and whisky. On her way home one night early in 1900 from a particularly stirring prayer-meeting Carry Nation went into O'Bryan's place, but found no one there save Jack Grogan, one of O'Bryan's best customers who was occasionally employed as bartender. She knew Grogan well, for only a year before she had laboured earnestly to convert him while he was temporarily incarcerated in the county jail for fighting and drinking. He jumped toward a window when he discovered her identity, but he had scarcely gained the sill when Carry Nation clutched his coat-tails and dragged him back. Then she said, sternly:

"You have a dive here!"

"No, Mother Nation," protested Grogan. "You are wrong."

"I smell the horrid drink!" she cried. "Let me see what you have in the back room."

The frightened Grogan led her through several passages, and finally into a small room in which were several tables strewn with empty bottles. Before one of the tables sat a man named Smith, of Sharon, Kansas, who had incurred the enmity of the W. C. T. U. of that town, and for the time being was in exile. Grogan introduced Carry Nation, and Smith looked "terrified and astonished," and hung his head when she made caustic comment upon his presence in a joint.

"I suppose you know," she said, pleasantly, "that you are going to hell."

No suitable reply occurred to Smith, and Carry Nation picked up one of the bottles.

"What was in this?" she demanded.

"Hop tea," replied Grogan, hopefully.

But Carry Nation had discerned "Anheuser-Busch" upon the label, and she put the bottle to her lips. Then she told them that it had contained beer, and that if necessary she would so testify in court.

"Now, Mother Nation," said Grogan, "if you get me into trouble I will do something desperate."

"I do not wish to get either of you into trouble," she replied. "I want to get you out."

She opened her Bible and read several passages in which drink was condemned, and then delivered a lecture in which she outlined their probable fate and briefly but vividly described their ultimate destination.

"You are going to hell," she said, "but I am going to ask God to have mercy on you. Kneel down."

Humbly, but with visible embarrassment, they knelt, and stared sheepishly at the floor while Carry Nation prayed. Then she told Grogan to inform Hank O'Bryan that he must close his joint or she would close it for him, and having swept the bottles from the table into a broken heap upon the floor, she stalked out and went on her way rejoicing. "That prayer I offered," she wrote, "was heard. In one week from that time this man Grogan came to my house and fell down at my feet, wringing his hands and crying, 'Oh, Mrs. Nation, I am going to hell. But it's not your fault, and I came to ask you to pray for me!' He was in great agony of soul. He had been drinking until he was almost crazy. He left in about half an hour, saying he was going to hell, but I told him to have faith in God and he would be saved." She never saw Grogan again, but a few months later she heard that he had indeed been saved, for when he recovered from his debauch he fled to Wichita, Kansas, where he operated a small store and taught in Sunday school. Mr. Smith, of Sharon, "became a perfect wreck and lost his business," but eventually he, too, saw the light and signed the pledge, and prospered as a real estate dealer. And as for Hank O'Bryan, he was so worried by Grogan's tale of his adventure with Carry Nation, and so dismayed by her threat to visit his place again when she could stay longer and accomplish more, that he padlocked his back room, and thereafter confined his business activities to selling food.

Of the four remaining joints in Medicine Lodge, three closed within a fortnight at the request of the annoyed city and county officials, and Carry Nation joyfully concentrated her attention upon O. L. Day, a druggist who had no permit to sell liquor, but whose store nevertheless had become a popular loafing place for known drinkers.

On February 16, 1900, Carry Nation learned that the druggist had just received a suspicious-looking keg, and she promptly put a little boy on her buggy horse and sent him with a note to Mrs. Wesley Cain, who called a meeting in the rooms of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. "There was a great deal of discussion," wrote Carry Nation, "but at last it was decided that we should investigate. At that time I was regarded as a fanatic, and many were afraid for me to plan for them; so I kept very quiet, praying for the raid to go through even if I was not in it." But she was in it, as the saying goes, up to her neck, for when Mrs. Runyan and Mrs. A. L. Noble were appointed to interview the druggist and search his store, the former said, "Let Mrs. Nation go in my place." So the scouting patrol, consisting of Mrs. Noble and Carry Nation, left the meeting and hastened to the drug store, while the remainder of the women followed under the capable command of Mrs. Wesley Cain.

Mr. Day was frightened but determined, and when Carry Nation accused him of concealing whisky on his premises he declared indignantly that he had no spirits whatever except a keg of California Brandy, which he had purchased for seventy-five dollars and intended to dispense on prescription as soon as he received a permit. But Carry Nation said scornfully and at considerable length that any physician who gave his patients liquor was a fool and a rummy, and with Mrs. Noble she rushed into the back room, where they found a ten-gallon keg tucked away under the prescription counter. Carry Nation turned the keg over and rolled it into the front room, crying loudly:

"Women, this is the whisky!"

"That's my fine California Brandy!" cried the druggist, frantically.

"It's devil's brew to destroy the souls of men!" retorted Carry Nation.

Mr. Day and his clerk rushed forward and seized one end of the keg, while Marshal Gano, who had scented mischief and had followed the women into the store, grabbed the other end. But Carry Nation promptly straddled the keg, and they could not dislodge her, although they pushed and hauled vigorously, unmindful of her shrieks.

"That's private property, Mother Nation!" cried the Marshal. "Let it be!"

"It's the broth of hell!" yelled Carry Nation. "Women, help!"

Finally the exasperated Marshal caught her by the shoulders and pressed her head against his chest with such force that she feared her neck would be broken. She redoubled her cries for aid, whereupon Mrs. Noble clutched the Marshal's coat collar and yanked him away. Carry Nation then triumphantly rolled the keg into the street, where the main body of the attackers was drawn up in straggly formation, while Mrs. Wesley Cain marched back and forth before them, declaiming loudly:

"Don't anyone touch these women! They are Christian women trying to save the boys of our state!"

Meanwhile the Marshal had decided that his official presence was required at the other end of the town, and the several score of men and women who had gathered to watch the raid cheered or hooted, according to their sympathies. Carry Nation dispatched an emissary to a hardware store to borrow a hatchet, but the owner of the emporium indignantly refused to lend the tool. "He,

too," wrote Carry Nation, "was drinking too much." Mrs. Noble then invaded a blacksmith shop and returned lugging a huge sledge-hammer, with which Carry Nation smashed the side of the keg. The liquor spouted high into the air, and its pungent odour drew men from all parts of the town as molasses draws flies. They stood hopefully about waiting for the crusaders to depart, but they were disappointed, for after Carry Nation had filled a bottle she poured the remainder of the liquor into the gutter and set it afire. Then the triumphant women returned to the W. C. T. U. rooms, where they held a prayer and praise service for several hours.

When Carry Nation led her embattled cohorts against the drug store O. L. Day had already applied for a permit to sell liquor for medicinal purposes, and soon afterward the case came up before the county court. The W. C. T. U. officially opposed the application, and members of the organization attended the hearing in a body, and almost upset the dignity of the court by snickering scornfully when the druggist and other witnesses testified that neither he nor his clerk ever drank. He was asked by counsel for the W. C. T. U. what was in the keg that had been destroyed, and replied that it was California Brandy of the highest grade.

"Do you know the taste of whisky?" asked the attorney.

"Yes."

Mr. Day was handed a bottle, and after tasting carefully he made a wry face and pronounced the contents to be a "poor quality of sour mash whisky." Mrs. Runyan was then put on the witness stand and testified that the bottle had been filled from the keg of "California

Brandy." No further consideration was given to Mr. Day's application for a permit, and "he was so humbled," wrote Carry Nation, "that he sold out in a month and left Medicine Lodge."

For the first time since Kansas had voted for Prohibition Medicine Lodge was now free of joints, to the great joy of Carry Nation and the bootleggers, who found the town an excellent market. But the friends of liquor were not satisfied to let matters rest for a while and bide their time. They attempted reprisals, and with the incredible stupidity which has always marked the blundering progress of the saloon through American life, they employed force in a futile attempt to swerve Carry Nation from what she considered her sacred duty. Gangs of hoodlums which she described as the "Republican rum element" attacked her home and that of Mrs. Wesley Cain, smashing windows and doors with stones, wrecking Carry Nation's buggy, and cutting her harness. Later, a few days before the hearing upon Mr. Day's application, a Negro, "a noted bootlegger," called upon Carry Nation and told her that he had heard some men talking about her, and that they had threatened to burn her house if she continued her fight against the druggist. Her reply was characteristic:

"You ought to know by this time that such men as these will not prevent me from doing my duty. Besides, should my home be burned it would be a lecture in favour of my cause that would be worth to me more than the home."

These and similar imbecilities soon aroused on behalf of Carry Nation the active sympathy of many influential citizens who had hitherto opposed her militant religiosity and her crusades against liquor; and among the members

of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and in the poorer sections where the women were the principal sufferers from drink, she assumed the importance of an oracle, and the spiritual stature of one destined to wear the crown of martydom.

AND THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN

CARRY NATION was elected President of the Barber County chapter of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union soon after she had succeeded in driving out the saloon-keepers and placing prohibition upon a firm foundation in Medicine Lodge; but she retained also the office of Jail Evangelist, and when the roar of battle had subsided she resumed her practice of calling frequently upon the inmates of the county jail. To her surprise she found that the bastille harboured as many drunkards and fighting men as before she began her campaign, and when she asked where they obtained drink she was informed that both beer and whisky were to be had in great abundance at Kiowa, a small town in Barber County a few miles from the Oklahoma border. Kiowa had only about eight hundred population, but it was a settlement of singular wickedness, boasting no fewer than a dozen open saloons, several drug stores wherein liquor could be purchased, and a swarm of bootleggers who peddled their wares in brazen disregard of the law. One whisky seller is said to have gone from house to house twice a week, knocking upon doors with the effrontery of a book agent and carry-

ing his bottles in a great gunny sack slung over his shoulder. Others with similar sacks stationed themselves in the main street on Saturdays, and supplied the farmers.

During the spring of 1900 Carry Nation visited this unholy hamlet and cautiously investigated the situation, and although she ordered several jointists to close their doors, she attempted no punitive measures, realizing that she was in the heart of the enemy's country and would be sorely handicapped without her supporting troops. But she returned to Medicine Lodge with evidence, and proceeded to embarrass county and state officials almost beyond the limits of endurance. She proffered her information to the County Attorney, Samuel Griffen, and demanded that he proceed immediately against the Kiowa joints. But Mr. Griffen was engaged upon a multitude of other official tasks, and could not spare the time for liquor prosecutions. Carry Nation promptly accused him of accepting bribes from the whisky interests, and Mr. Griffen just as promptly sued her for slander. When the case came to trial a few months later a jury awarded him damages of one dollar, which Carry Nation paid immediately. But the costs of the action, amounting to some two hundred dollars, were also assessed against her, and a judgment was levied upon her home, which she was unable to satisfy until she began lecturing and selling souvenir hatchets.

When Mr. Griffen thus clearly indicated his disapproval of her methods, Carry Nation wrote to the State Attorney-General, A. A. Goddard, in Topeka. But Mr. Goddard likewise displayed an inclination to let enforcement in Barber County take care of itself, so she dispatched a burning missive to Governor William A. Stanley, who had been a noted Sunday School teacher in Wichita for

twenty years. But the Governor was engaged upon a gigantic crusade of his own; in the illustrious company of William Allen White and Ed Howe he was attempting to shame the women of Kansas into abandoning the vice of card-playing. The Governor delivered stirring speeches and issued blasting statements to the newspapers against the heinous practice, while in their own journals, the Emporia *Gazette* and the Atchison *Globe,* Mr. White and Mr. Howe employed the devastating lightning of their editorials, the latter scathingly denouncing all women who played cards as "loafers and gamblers," and expressing the opinion that manipulating the devil's pasteboards was worse than drinking or smoking cigarettes. Carry Nation was very down-hearted because the Governor, from whom she had expected much because of his Sunday School affiliations and his deep interest in good works, had failed to rally to her banner. "I had gone from the lowest to the chief executive of the state," she wrote, "and after appealing to the Governor in vain I found that I could go to no other authority on earth. Now I saw that Kansas was in the power of the bitter foe to the constitution, and that they had accomplished what the whisky men and their tools, the Republican party and politicians, had schemed and worked for. I saw that Kansas homes, hearts and souls were to be sacrificed. I had lost all the hopes of my young life through drink, and I saw the terrible butchery that would now follow. I felt desperate. I felt that I had rather die than see the saloons come back to Kansas."

In this extremity, repulsed by mundane power and authority, Carry Nation again had recourse to prayer and supplication. She prayed half a dozen times daily, and for days at a time she fasted; and sometimes when she felt particularly discouraged she put ashes on her head and

wrapped her body in a bizarre garment fashioned out of sackcloth. Citizens of Medicine Lodge who had sympathized with her and promised their support when the hoodlums attempted to destroy her property began once more to avoid her and call her a fanatic, for she went about the streets weeping and mourning; and persons who passed her home at night heard her hysterical voice imploring the Lord to visit death and damnation upon the sellers of whisky and their Republican protectors. For many years she had been sporadically addicted to the practice of bibliomancy, and often decided important questions by interpreting a Scriptural passage thus chosen at random. In her despair she now employed this system of divination incessantly, and improved upon the usual method by opening her Bible and, with her eyes tightly shut, jabbing a pin at the page, and attempting to read encouragement in the verse thus impaled. But she found nothing that satisfied her until the late afternoon of June 5, 1900, when the pin quivered in the first verse of the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

Carry Nation interpreted this to mean that at last God was ready to send her forth upon the mission for which she had so obviously been chosen. In a flutter of delight she donned her sackcloth garment and flew into the street, where she ran back and forth in front of her home, madly dancing and singing. To a friend who passed and inquired the cause of the outburst she replied, "There is to be a change in my life!" Throughout the evening, with ashes upon her head, she knelt in her kitchen waiting for further instructions. But none came, and that night, while her friends throughout the town were sadly shaking their

heads and saying sorrowfully that she had lost her mind, she flung herself on the floor at the foot of her bed and poured out her agony in prayer: "Oh, God, you see the treason in Kansas. They are going to break the mothers' hearts; they are going to send the boys to drunkards' graves and a drunkards' hell. I have exhausted all my means. Oh, Lord, you have plenty of ways. You have saved the base things and the weak things; use me to save Kansas. I have but one life to give you. If I had a thousand, I would give them all. Please show me something to do." She went to sleep by the side of her astonished husband, and slumbered peacefully until dawn, when she was awakened by a musical voice that murmured in her ear, "Go to Kiowa!" The order was thrice repeated, and then she felt her hands lifted and thrown down upon the bed covers, and heard plainly, "I'll stand by you!" This assurance of support was clear and distinct, and was followed by another command, which did not appear to have been spoken, but which she felt was forcibly impressed upon her heart and mind. And it was of the utmost significance, destined to have far-reaching results:

"Take something in your hands and throw at those places and smash them!"

Carry Nation arose from her bed in a transport of frantic joy, for she felt that now the Lord had, in the fifty-fourth year of her age, identified her task and definitely pointed out to her the path upon which she must tread. And she felt gloriously certain that the way would be strewn with the thorn and stubble of persecution and revilement. During the morning she went about her household duties singing happily, and at intervals she walked into the back yard and picked up stones and brick-bats (she wrecked several saloons with stones and iron bars

before she ever used a hatchet), which she carried into the house in her apron and wrapped one by one in old newspapers. At half-past three o'clock in the afternoon she had accumulated a great pile of missiles, and was ready to obey the command of the musical voice to go to Kiowa. She hitched her horse to the buggy, drove out of the stable lot, and set out down the long, dusty road. The horse chose his own gait, for she sat with the reins held loosely in her hands, her lips moving in prayer and her rapt gaze turned to heaven.

All went well until she reached the bridge over a small stream about a mile from Medicine Lodge. There she was confronted by an apparently insurmountable obstacle, for ahead of her in the roadway were a dozen slinking creatures which bore the forms of men, but were equipped with horns and cloven hoofs, and carried three-pronged forks. They advanced slowly, straining forward as if shoving against a rope, while they grimaced wickedly and made uncouth and threatening gestures with their hands. The horse did not appear to see them, but Carry Nation was stricken with terror. She felt that these were veritable devils from hell, and well did she know the evil power of Satan. She dropped the reins and raised her hands in supplication, crying, "Oh, Lord! Help me! Help me!" Instantly the clouds parted and from the skies poured a dazzling beam of light, in the midst of which she discerned vaguely the colossal figure of a man astride a great white horse, a halo glowing above His head. With His right hand He made a sign of dismissal, and the clouds drew together again. Carry Nation's astonished gaze was again directed to the roadway. "But the diabolical creatures were not in front of my buggy," she wrote. "They were off to the right fleeing as if they were

terrified. I did not know then what this meant. My life was so full of strange, peculiar things at that time that I could not understand the meaning. But I know now what those creatures were. They were real devils, who knew more of what I was going to do than I did. The devil is a prophet. He reads Scripture. He knew Jesus when He was here, and he knows that I came to fulfil prophecy, and that this was a death blow to his Kingdom."

Carry Nation had expected to spend the night with a friend who lived about half-way between Kiowa and Medicine Lodge, but as she neared the farm-house she was more and more impressed with the notion that she must go on to Kiowa. Yet the sun was slowly setting, and she did not relish a night drive along a lonesome road which might reasonably be expected to vomit demons at every turn. So she invoked divine guidance.

"Oh, Lord," she prayed, "if it be Thy will for me to go to Kiowa have Prince [her horse] pass this open gate," knowing that the animal would never do so unless God commanded it. She shook the reins and as the horse lazily started to turn toward the gate, an unseen hand smote him smartly upon the rump. He jumped forward and the buggy rattled swiftly down the road, with Carry Nation joyfully shouting and singing. She reached Kiowa at eight-thirty o'clock, and slept at the home of a friend without divulging the purpose of her visit. Next morning she hitched Prince to her buggy and set out upon the first real smashing expedition of her career. She drove to Dobson's saloon, and with a dozen or more brickbats and stones stacked neatly upon her left arm she pushed open the door and entered, to find the proprietor swabbing the bar and half a dozen men wearily drinking pick-me-ups.

They stared unbelievingly as the motherly old woman approached them, but started nervously when she suddenly stopped and shouted:

"Men! I have come to save you from a drunkard's fate!"

Mr. Dobson, who had known Carry Nation for years, sighed and came from behind the bar, while his customers hurriedly gulped their drinks and edged stealthily toward the back door.

"Now, Mother Nation," began Mr. Dobson, soothingly.

"I told you last spring to close this place, Mr. Dobson, said Carry Nation, sternly, "and you did not do it. Now I have come here with another remonstrance. Get out of the way. I do not want to strike you, but I am going to break this place up."

The saloon-keeper attempted to placate her, but she ignored him and flung her brick-bats and stones hard and fast. The first missile smashed the mirror behind the bar, and as Mr. Dobson winced at the spectacle a torrent of paper-covered stones shattered bottles and glasses. "My strength," Carry Nation said afterward, "was that of a giant. I felt invincible. God was certainly standing by me." She sang snatches from half a dozen hymns while she bombarded the joint, and as the stones and bricks thudded and crashed against glass and bar fixtures a vision floated before her excited mind. She saw William McKinley sitting before her in an old-fashioned arm-chair, and as her missiles struck the furnishings of the bar-room they slammed against the chair as well, so that presently it collapsed and Mr. McKinley fell to the floor, with an expression of pain and surprise on his face. "This meant," wrote Carry Nation, "that the smashing in

Kansas was to strike the head of the nation the hardest blow, for every saloon I smashed in Kansas had a license from the head of the government, which made the head of the government more responsible than the dive-keepers."

Not knowing what else to do, the owner of the saloon retreated to a corner, where he remained silent but suffering while Carry Nation swept a devastating passage through his property. But she had not forgotten him. When the last of her stones had been hurled and the interior of the bar-room lay in ruins, she turned to him and said, "Now, Mr. Dobson, I have finished. God be with you." Mr. Dobson's reply has not been preserved for posterity, but it is doubtful if Carry Nation heard it, for with a hymn pouring from her throat she turned and ran into the street, where she picked up half a dozen stones and flung them through the windows, "to prove that the man who rents his house is a partner also with the man who sells." Then she clambered into her buggy and urged the patient Prince down the street. Singing her favourite battle song, "Who hath sorrow? Who hath woe?" she plunged into another saloon a block from Dobson's, and wrecked it before the astonished bartender and proprietor could make any effective resistance against the hail of stones and brick-bats. Expressing the wish that God be with them also, she raced madly across the way to Lewis's saloon, where a young man, little more than a boy, was polishing glasses behind the bar. The few customers in the place fled out the back door when the dumpy figure of the excited crusader bulked large in the doorway, and as the youthful bartender gaped at her she cried:

"Young man, come from behind that bar! Your mother did not raise you for such a place!"

She flung a brick at his head, and as it gently raised his hair in passing he hastened to obey her command. Bent almost double, he weaved swiftly across the room and through the open door, and scurried away with his white apron flapping in the breeze. Carry Nation swept the bar clean of bottles and glassware, ripped half a dozen sporting prints from the walls, overturned a few beer-stained tables, kicked and wrenched the rungs from several chairs, and then turned her attention to the long mirror, in which she fancied she saw the reflection of Satan's grinning countenance. She hurled a brick at it, but the mirror was thick plate-glass and did not break, so she searched the wreckage for a better missile. She found a heavy billiard ball, and threw it with such force that both the mirror and Satan were splintered, and fell to the floor with a crash, bringing with them many bottles from the shelf behind the bar. By this time the news that Carry Nation was in town had penetrated throughout Kiowa, and when she emerged from Lewis's saloon into an atmosphere redolent with the pungent fumes of whisky and beer, she found several hundred persons pushing and shoving in the narrow street. The crowd fell back while she gathered stones and flung them through the windows, and then she turned and cried:

"Men of Kiowa, I have destroyed three of your places of business. If I have broken a statute of Kansas, put me in jail. If I am not a law-breaker, your Mayor and Councilmen are. You must arrest one of us, for if I am not a criminal they are."

Several city officials were in the crowd, though not in the front rank, and they stirred uneasily. Finally a member of the City Council shouted:

"Don't you think we can attend to our own business?"

"Yes, you can," retorted Carry Nation. "But you won't. As Jail Evangelist of Medicine Lodge I know that you have manufactured many criminals, and this county is burdened with taxes to prosecute the results of these dives. Now if I have done wrong in any particular arrest me."

She waited expectantly for a moment, and then said:

"Aren't you going to arrest me? Then I'll go home."

She clambered into her buggy and gathered up the reins, but the City Marshal caught Prince's bridle and asked her to talk to the Mayor before returning to Medicine Lodge. So while Carry Nation triumphantly sang a hymn, the Marshal led the horse to the outskirts of the crowd, where Mayor Korn stood with the owner of one of the wrecked saloon buildings. The latter said:

"I want you to pay for the windows you broke."

"I won't do it," said Carry Nation. "You are a partner of the dive-keeper, and the statutes hold you responsible. The man that rents the building is no better than the man who carries on the business, and you are a party to the crime. Now if you won't arrest me I'll go home."

"Just a moment, Mother Nation," said the Mayor, and retired to join a group of city officials who were in earnest consultation with the City Attorney, striving desperately to find a way of enforcing their local ordinances. But Carry Nation had placed them in a very embarrassing position. It was obvious that she had violated the law by destroying private property, but it was even more obvious that in so doing she had procured convincing evidence that saloons were operating openly in Kiowa. The usual procedure would have been to arrest her for trial on charges of disorderly conduct and malicious mischief, but the officials shuddered at the thought of the

hullabaloo the temperance people would raise, and the pointed questions that would be asked about the joints. So it was finally decided that nothing had occurred, and the Marshal dropped his hand from Prince's bridle and said, disgustedly:

"Go home!"

So Carry Nation started for Medicine Lodge, having first prayed loudly and fervently for the salvation of the saloon-keepers and Republicans of Kiowa. And as Prince plodded slowly down the street she stood upright in her buggy, raised her hands in benediction, and cried:

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

2

Meagre details of Carry Nation's exploits and her successful defiance of the Kiowa officials had been telegraphed to Medicine Lodge, and when she reached the outskirts of the latter town she was met by a dozen excited members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who lined the road and sang joyfully as the crusader drove between their ranks, shouting "Peace on earth, good will to men!" The singing women crowded behind her buggy as it rolled down the main thoroughfare, and practically the entire population of Medicine Lodge swarmed into the street and implored her to recount her adventures. An hour later she did so in a lengthy harangue in front of the post office, and the town was thrown into such a ferment of temperance zeal that many women spent the remainder of the day hunting bootleggers, several of whom were discovered and chased into the country. Next morning Carry Nation and all the religiously inclined inhabitants of Medicine Lodge were tremendously impressed by the news that only a few hours

after her victory in Kiowa a cyclone had roared out of Indian Territory and cut a wide swath of destruction in eastern Kansas, causing great damage in the vicinity of Parsons, St. Paul, Emporia and other towns where the joints operated even more openly than in Barber County. Carry Nation was convinced that this act of God was symbolic, and that He was thereby not only proving that He was standing by her, but was indicating the thoroughness with which she would sweep through the liquor traffic.

Next morning the Wichita and Topeka papers contained brief accounts of the Kiowa raid, and Carry Nation received scores of letters and telegrams from women all over the state. But many branches of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union displayed distinct coldness and disapproval. A few chapters sent congratulatory messages, but others, especially those of the larger cities where the saloon was an accepted industry, preserved an ominous silence. Nor was there any word of commendation from Mrs. A. M. Hutchinson, State President of the W. C. T. U., whose husband was resident physician of the State Reformatory at Hutchinson, Kansas, and an appointee of the Governor. But some three or four weeks later, during a temperance convention under the auspices of the Barber County chapter of the Union, Mrs. Hutchinson visited Medicine Lodge and asked Carry Nation to inform the gathering that officially the Woman's Christian Temperance Union knew nothing of, and would not accept responsibility for, the smashing at Kiowa. Carry Nation so announced at a meeting of the convention, and then she volunteered this comment: "So far as Sister Hutchinson, who is and has been president for some time, is concerned, I believe her to be a conscientious woman, whose heart is in the right place. She and I have been the

best of friends and love each other, and she has often defended me and spoken well of my work. But I think the W. C. T. U. would be much more effective under her management if she had understood that Stanley, the Republican Governor, wished to handicap her in her prohibition work when he appointed her husband as physician in the reformatory. And perhaps other bearings have prevented her from seeing that Republican pressure has injured her work more than anything else in Kansas. Many of the wives of these political wire-pullers are prominent in the Union."

The convention thus proceeded satisfactorily, and the presence of so many eager temperance workers in Medicine Lodge, all asking embarrassing questions, so frightened the county officials that they swooped down upon the joints throughout the county, with the attitude of indignantly demanding, "How long has this been going on?" Bartenders, saloon-keepers, and owners of buildings wherein drink was sold, were arrested, but instead of being arraigned before sympathetic judges who might have understood their predicament, they were rushed into the country a few miles beyond Kiowa and compelled to answer for their crimes before Moses E. Wright, a devout Free Methodist, an admirer of Carry Nation, and a Justice of the Peace of Moore Township. Justice Wright promptly found them guilty, and for the first time since Kansas became a Prohibition state Barber County was free of saloons. And the bootleggers had become so fearful of encountering the destroyer of Medicine Lodge that they abandoned the area, and the thirst of its citizens remained unslaked until Carry Nation had departed to spread the gospel of direct action throughout Kansas and the United States.

3

Even Carry Nation's enemies were compelled to acknowledge that her extraordinary methods had produced definite and concrete results, for in less than six months she had done more to enforce the prohibition laws than had been accomplished in twenty years by the ineffectual campaigns of the churches and temperance organizations. Throughout southern Kansas she was the heroine of the extremists who prayed for the downfall of the saloon, however procured, but there were many temperance advocates in Kiowa and Medicine Lodge who shook their heads dubiously and deplored the violence which had accompanied her crusades. And the liquor element continued to attack her with vigour, industriously circulating reports that she had lost her mind and would soon be committed to an insane asylum. Fearing that such a catastrophe might actually occur, and knowing that she could summon to her support only those who were themselves considered religious and temperance fanatics, Carry Nation "never told the people that God told me to do this for several months, for I tried to shield myself from the almost universal opinion that I was partially insane." Outwardly she moderated her zeal, but inwardly she seethed with repressed fury and an almost overwhelming eagerness to demolish bar-rooms and repeat her Kiowa successes. And as the winter of 1900 approached she became more and more obsessed by the conviction that her appointed field of labour extended far beyond the confines of Barber County, and that her name was destined to thunder down the corridors of time as that of the Moses who had led the erring children of America out of the wilderness of intoxication into the promised land of so-

briety and prohibition. She was especially concerned over the situation in Wichita, capital of Sedgwick County in south-central Kansas, and the second largest city of the state, with a population of approximately twenty-five thousand. Wichita was notoriously wet. Between forty and fifty saloons crowded its street corners, and it was also the site of half a dozen wholesale liquor houses from which beer and whisky flowed in a steady stream through half the state and southward into Indian Territory. It was estimated that at least one-third of the bootleggers who operated in Kansas and the Territory obtained their supplies from Wichita dealers. The joints ran wide open, with no other concealment than curtained doors and windows, and signs saying, "Sample Room," and the owners were not annoyed by the county or city authorities so long as they appeared in court on the first day of each month and paid fines ranging from fifty to one hundred dollars. For several years the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and other anti-liquor organizations had more or less concentrated their efforts upon Wichita, for it was recognized that the town was one of the keys to the entire temperance situation, and that if the saloons and warehouses there could be abolished many counties in Kansas would necessarily be dry, at least until new distributing arrangements had been made. And Carry Nation was shrewd enough to realize that an attack upon this citadel of rum, even if unsuccessful, would attract far more attention than forays against such obscure towns as Kiowa and Medicine Lodge, and would arouse the temperance workers throughout the state to a pitch of excitement bordering on frenzy. "So I resolved," she wrote, "that at the first opportunity I would go to Wichita and break up some of the bold outlawed murder mills there. I thought

perhaps it was God's will to make me a sacrifice as He did John Brown."

The opportunity came late in November, 1900, a few weeks after the trial of the suit brought against her for slandering the County Attorney, when David Nation went to eastern Kansas to visit his brother, leaving her without household responsibilities in Medicine Lodge. On Christmas Day she went to the Baptist Sunday School, to the Presbyterian Church for the regular preaching service, and finally to the Methodist Church for class meeting. She had decided to leave for Wichita the next day, and her thoughts were so concentrated upon the glorious suffering that was to come that she appeared as one distracted, and passed her friends in the streets without seeing them. She testified with great vehemence and emotion at the Methodist meeting, and then lectured the feminine members of the choir on the wickedness of extravagant and fashionable dress, deploring as sinful and depraved the custom of wearing the "corpses and plumage of dead birds." When she had finished her diatribe she burst into a fit of loud weeping, and cried:

"These may be my dying words!"

A friend who sat near nudged her and whispered:

"What do you mean? You never looked better in your life."

"You will know later," said Carry Nation. "I may never see you again!"

Wringing her hands and crying hysterically to the Lord to bestow His blessing upon her, she rushed frantically from the church, while others of the congregation stared in amazement. When she reached her home she donned her garment of sackcloth, disarranged her hair until it rolled tumultuously about her shoulders, and covered her

head with ashes. Then she spent the remainder of the afternoon and most of the night in prayer, meditation, and reading the Bible, and was overjoyed to find that once more each word of the Scriptures was immersed in the soft golden glow which she had seen during her tremendous emotional experience of a few years before. Next morning, after several hours of supplication, during which she "advanced on her knees" from the basement to the attic of her home, she discarded her sackcloth apparel for the costume which she wore almost as a uniform during the remainder of her career — a black alpaca dress fastened by a row of dark pearl buttons extending up the left side from hem to yoke; a bow of white ribbon at her throat; heavy, square-toed shoes; black cotton stockings, ribbed and re-enforced at heel, toe and knee; a black poke-bonnet with a silk ribbon tied under her chin; and a heavy cape of navy blue cloth, which was replaced in warm weather by a linen duster or a long crash coat. Thus attired, she boarded the Santa Fé train for Wichita, carrying her husband's heavy walking-stick and a small valise in which she had placed an iron rod a foot long and about an inch in diameter. "I took these things," she wrote, "because I found out by smashing in Kiowa that I could use a rock but once." She arrived in Wichita about seven o'clock that evening, and after leaving her valise and cane at a hotel near the railroad station, she set forth on a scouting expedition to select the saloon wherein to cast the first stone and flail the bleeding flanks of John Barleycorn.

IN THE LION'S DEN

When Carry Nation went to Wichita to inaugurate the smashing campaign which brought her international renown, drove Kansas to the verge of civil war, and marked the beginning of the period of anti-liquor aggressiveness which resulted so disastrously to the saloon, her age was exactly fifty-four years and one month, a circumstance which is seldom considered by critics who profess to discern great significance in the fact that she was old and ugly. Apparently they forget that when a woman's years number almost three score she is seldom otherwise. Her shoulders and hips were very broad and her bust fully developed, and at first glance she seemed dumpy, even squat. But her appearance was deceptive, for she was almost six feet tall and weighed between 175 and 180 pounds. Her hair was iron-grey, and her eyes were small, very black and piercing, and were set close together beneath bushy eyebrows which she would no more have plucked than she would have drunk a quart of whisky. Her nose was flat and thick, almost negroid in type. Her lips were thin, and when she was not talking they were tightly compressed, and gave the impression that they were with difficulty damming a torrent of words. In repose her countenance was motherly and benign, but she

had no more control over her facial expression than over her emotions, and when she was aroused her face was distorted and her eyes blazed and glittered with fury. A lifetime of laborious physical toil had calloused and thickened her hands, and had so hardened her muscles that she possessed unusual strength, as policemen and other peace officers learned to their sorrow when they attempted to handle her with the gentleness which they considered to be due a lady. Often the combined strength of several men were scarcely sufficient to control her, and she delighted in wrenching the arms of policemen and shoving them about. Her favourite method of resistance, however, was to seize her assailant by the ears and waggle his head rapidly back and forth and from side to side, meanwhile fairly blistering him with a torrent of fiery invective.

On her first night in Wichita, Carry Nation did no smashing, and although she visited more than a dozen saloons she made no comment and proffered no advice until she reached the bar-room in the basement of the Hotel Carey, which was owned by Thomas and John Mahan, who also operated a storage warehouse wherein they handled whisky and beer in case and carload lots. The Carey was the show saloon of Wichita and, indeed, was one of the finest gin-mills in the Middle West, only a little less renowned than the famous Alcazar Saloon of Peoria, Illinois, the bar and floor of which were of onyx and marble. The Carey was finished, as to wall and ceiling, with blocks of grey stucco which had been removed from various buildings at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, and the long, curved bar was of solid cherry, handsomely carved and polished. A brass railing ran the length of the bar, and scattered about the room were half a

dozen enormous brass spittoons, without which no saloon of the period was complete. But it was not the historical value of the stucco or the elegance of the ornamentation that attracted Carry Nation's disapproving attention; it was an oil painting of "Cleopatra at the Bath," which hung behind the bar that it might be constantly before the eyes of the customers, and charm them into replenishing their glasses. Cleopatra was depicted in a condition of extreme nudity, as were half a dozen Roman and Egyptian maidens who surrounded her couch, while the two huge eunuchs who languidly plied fans above the dark head of the Queen wore only the conventional loin-cloth. This artistic masterpiece had been painted by John Noble, then an ambitious young art student but in later years a painter of considerable note, who had laboured in the throes of its composition for nine months. The picture was valued at one hundred dollars, and before the Messrs. Mahan rented it for display in their saloon it had been exhibited at street fairs and carnivals throughout the Middle West. For show purposes it was sometimes called "The Temptress of the Nile."

Carry Nation had always been, and throughout her life continued to be, inexpressibly horrified by the pictorial representations of the female form which graced the walls of the American saloon. Amateur psychologists who have devoted a few minutes of their brilliant reasoning to the task of explaining her are fond of proclaiming that this was evidence of a bitter hatred of youth and beauty, born of the fact that she was herself neither young nor handsome. But they have failed to reconcile their theories with the fact that Carry Nation often visited art galleries and museums and gazed without blinking upon statuary and paintings of nude women.

With the exception of a crude and vulgar statue in the lobby of a New York hotel and a few prints in the office of a Topeka judge whom she disliked intensely, she never made any outcry against such works unless she encountered them in bar-rooms. And certainly a very elastic imagination was required to discern even a modicum of æsthetic beauty in the paintings which were commonly used as saloon decorations in pre-Prohibition days. A few were copies of masterpieces vulgarized by the tawdriness of their surroundings, but the vast majority were frankly pictures of naked women, and saloon-keepers purchased them simply for their pornographic appeal; men enjoyed looking at them and they drew business. "It is very significant," wrote Carry Nation, "that pictures of naked women are in saloons. Women are stripped of everything by them. Her husband is torn from her, she is robbed of her sons, her food and her virtue. The motive for doing this is to suggest vice, animating the animal in man and degrading the respect he should have for the sex to which he owes his being; yes, his Saviour also!"

Carry Nation had intended, upon this initial tour of the Wichita joints, merely to survey the situation and to learn the location of the saloons, but when her eyes fell upon the voluptuous contours of Cleopatra as portrayed by John Noble, she could not withhold a remonstrance. She strode furiously to the bar and confronted the bartender, who was nervously polishing a glass and staring at her in amazement, for a woman in a joint was entirely outside his experience. Several men who had been drinking retreated to the farther end of the bar as she approached, and the bartender attempted to follow them, but she pointed a quivering finger at him and cried:

"Young man! What are you doing in this hell-hole?"

"I'm sorry, Madam," said the bartender, "but we don't serve ladies."

"Serve me!" shrieked Carry Nation. "Do you think I'd drink the hellish poison you've got here? What is that naked woman doing up there?"

"That's only a picture, Madam."

"It's disgraceful!" cried Carry Nation. "You're insulting your mother by having her form stripped naked and hung up in a place where it is not even decent for a woman to be when she has her clothes on!"

The embarrassed bartender continued to polish the glass.

"You are a rummy and a law-breaker!" she shouted. "You should be behind prison bars instead of a saloon bar. Take that filthy thing down and close this murder-mill!"

Carefully placing the glass upon a shelf behind the bar, the bartender shrugged his shoulders helplessly and walked to the rear of the room. After staring wrathfully at him for a moment, Carry Nation snatched a bottle from the bar, hurled it to the floor, and then turned and ran into the street.

She was trembling with rage and a fierce determination that this "hell glittering with crystallized tears and fine fixtures" should be the first of the Wichita joints to feel the weight of her anger. When she returned to her hotel she procured some heavy twine and bound the cane and the iron rod together, making a formidable weapon of considerable heft. She slept little that night, but for many hours she walked heavily about the room on her knees, invoking divine blessing upon her enterprise and promising that all hell would roar with pain when she began to belabour Satan's earthly establishments. Next morning,

with the rod and cane concealed beneath her cape, she went into an alley behind the hotel and picked up half a dozen large stones, which she wrapped in a newspaper. Carrying the bundle in the crook of her arm, she walked to the Hotel Carey and downstairs to the saloon, where she found the bartender, Edward Parker, serving whisky to half a dozen men whose dejected countenances proclaimed their need of matutinal refreshment. They gaped at her as she strode purposefully into the room, but without saying a word she drew back her arm and in rapid succession threw two stones which splintered the glass that covered "Cleopatra at the Bath" and sorely lacerated the canvas. The drinkers winced as the crashing noise smote their jagged nerves, and Parker was so startled that he dropped a bottle of whisky from which he was drawing the cork. He cried out in protest, but before he could interfere Carry Nation whirled and with a shout of triumph sent another stone hurtling against a mirror valued at fifteen hundred dollars, which almost covered a side wall. The glass tumbled in fragments to the floor, and she shrieked:

"Glory to God! Peace on earth, good will to men!"

Her remaining stone whizzed into an orderly array of bottles, decanters and glassware on the sideboard behind the bar, and then she drew the rod and cane from beneath her cloak and brandished it wildly about her head. The men who had been drinking promptly abandoned their glasses and scuttled through the rear doorway, while Parker crouched under the bar, from time to time emitting exclamations of resentment. But Carry Nation paid him no attention. Her rod and cane flashed up and down, and the bottles and glassware on the bar and sideboard went down before her avenging arm as tenpins

fall before a bowling ball. She raced madly back and forth, flailing away at everything in sight, and once when Parker raised his head above the bar she yelled furiously and flung a beer bottle at him, smashing it against the woodwork and deluging him with liquor before he could dodge. He quickly retired to his shelter. Half a dozen men, attracted by Carry Nation's shouts and the aromatic fumes that arose from the broken bottles, rushed down the stairs, but rushed back again when they saw the figure of the embattled crusader scurrying madly from one end of the room to the other, leaving desolation in her wake. Throughout the hotel could be heard the patter of excited feet and hoarse shouts for the law, which presently appeared in the person of Detective Park Massey. Trailed by a score of curious guests and hotel employees, Detective Massey strode with proper solemnity into the saloon, where he found Carry Nation hammering with her iron rod and a great brass spittoon upon the cherry bar, which she had scratched and dented in a dozen places, while bits of broken glass clinked musically in the rivulets of beer and whisky that trickled over the floor. She made an ineffectual swipe at Massey's head when he clutched her arm, but he held her firmly and said:

"Madam, I must place you under arrest!"

"Arrest me!" cried Carry Nation. "Why don't you arrest the man that runs this hell-hole? Don't you know this is against the law? Can't you smell the rotten poison?"

But Detective Massey would not even sniff. Nor could Carry Nation induce him to admit that he was in a saloon. He apparently remained aloof from his surroundings.

"You are destroying property, Madam," he said. "I must arrest you."

He took the rod and cane, and the spittoon, from her hands, while Carry Nation faced the interested throng in the doorway and cried dramatically:

"They are going to put me in jail! But I'll make it hot for the other saloons when I get out! I came here to stop the joints and I am going to make trouble!"

While she sang at the top of her voice, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" and a constantly increasing crowd pressed close behind them, Detective Massey escorted her to Police Headquarters, where the Chief of Police, G. T. Cubbon, appeared to be very much amused at what she had done. But he was surprised, nevertheless, to learn that a joint had been operating openly in Wichita. He spoke kindly to her and offered to release her immediately if she would board the next train to Medicine Lodge and never return to Wichita, but Carry Nation laughed scornfully and informed him that as soon as she was free she would wreck every saloon in the city. So Chief Cubbon sighed and went forth to seek advice from other city and county officials, and to invoke their aid in ridding Wichita of its white elephant. But the perplexed servants of the people found themselves in a predicament exactly similar to that which had so distressed and embarrassed their official brethren in Kiowa and Medicine Lodge, and for several hours they wrestled vainly with the problem of how to enforce the law against Carry Nation without at the same time enforcing the law against the saloons. The crusader had been locked in a room at Headquarters to await the result of these deliberations, and she improved the time by attempting to enlist the assistance of Governor William A. Stanley, who had maintained his home in Wichita and had arrived a few days before from Topeka, the state capital. She failed

to reach him by telephone, so she sent him a note, in which she declared that she was "unlawfully restrained of my liberty, and that I wished him to call and see me, or try to relieve me in some way. The messenger told me, when he came back, that he had caught the Governor at his home, that he had read the message over three times, and had then said, 'I have nothing to say.' This is the man who taught Sunday School in Wichita for twenty years, where they were letting these murder-shops run in violation of the law. Strange that this man should pull wool over the eyes of the voters of Kansas. I never did have any confidence in him." Soon after the Governor had declined to interfere, the County Attorney, Sam B. Amidon, decided to prosecute Carry Nation, and she was arraigned before Judge O. D. Kirk of the City Court on a charge of malicious destruction of property, the property being somewhat vaguely described as a certain part of the Hotel Carey. Carry Nation faced the honourable court defiantly, and when Judge Kirk asked if she was ready for trial she replied:

"I'll have nothing to do with this court until that man [pointing to Mr. Amidon] throws away that cigar! It's rotten and the smell of it poisons me!"

The crowd which jammed the court room snickered audibly as Mr. Amidon flushed and dropped his cigar into a cuspidor. Carry Nation then asked the court to amend the charge to read "destruction of malicious property," and when the County Attorney objected she declared that she would not be tried without the protection of counsel. With considerable relief Judge Kirk set the trial for January 5, 1901, and he remanded her to the Sedgwick County Jail, whither she was escorted by Sheriff Charles W. Simmons and a deputy. She was

locked in the rotary, a steel cage composed of small, wedge-shaped cells which rotated within a cylinder. In court Carry Nation had been calm and composed, but when the heavy steel doors clanged behind her she became hysterical, and began to weep and moan. As several keepers crowded about and stared curiously at her, she grasped the bars of her cell and tried to wrench them from the cement, crying loudly:

"You put me in here a cub, but I will go out a roaring lion, and I will make all hell howl!"

Long before this prophetic outburst the details of Carry Nation's exploit were common knowledge throughout Wichita, and all over Kansas the telegraph wires hummed with the story of her arrest and imprisonment, for by invading one of the largest cities of the state and wrecking its finest joint she had become a figure of great interest, and newspaper reporters swarmed gleefully about her. And the more zealous of the temperance and prohibition advocates, especially the women, were immediately seized with an excitement which spread with astounding rapidity. The Wichita chapters of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Kansas State Temperance Union held special meetings of prayer and thanksgiving, and the former retained a lawyer to look after the crusader's interests. No action was taken or comment made by Mrs. Hutchinson, State President of the W. C. T. U., but Mrs. Lillian Mitchner, head of the Kansas Union, arrived from Topeka during the late afternoon, and at once led a large delegation of women to the county jail, where for several hours they sang and prayed in the corridors near Carry Nation's cell. Other groups also called upon her, and throughout the evening the sombre building resounded to the hysterical singing

of hymns and the voices of excited women quaveringly raised in prayer, while Carry Nation alternately shook the bars of her cell and walked about the floor on her knees, screaming in an ecstasy of religious emotion. And whenever a woman clasped her by the hands she cried:

"Take your consecrated hatchets, rocks and brick-bats, and everything that comes handy, and you can clean this curse out! Don't wait for the ballots! Smash! Smash!"

It was long after midnight before the women had departed and Carry Nation composed herself for slumber, but she had no more than closed her eyes than she heard other prisoners swearing. She called out:

"What do you boys mean by asking God to damn this place? I think He has already done so, and I don't want any more damns here. Get down on your knees and ask God to bless you."

Her powerful voice boomed through the jail, and the startled prisoners relapsed into silence. "And," she wrote, "all the rest of the time I never heard an oath. In a week or so I heard them singing hymns, and I called to them, 'How are you, boys?' They replied, 'We have all been converted.'" And to prove it they sent her a poem, dedicated to her and jointly composed after much literary travail:

SOLEMN THOUGHTS

'Twas an aged and Christian martyr,
Sat alone in a prison cell,
Where the laws of state had brought her,
For wrecking an earthly hell.

Day by day, and night she dwelt there,
Singing songs of Christ's dear love;

At His cross she prayed and knelt there,
As an angel from above.

In the cells and 'round about her
Prisoners stood, deep-stained in sin,
Listening to the prayers she'd offer,
Looking for her Christ within.

Some who'd never known a mother,
Ne'er had learned to kneel and pray,
Raised their hands, their face to cover,
Till her words had died away.

In the silent midnight hours
Came a voice in heavenly strain,
Floating o'er in peaceful showers,
Bringing sunshine after rain.

Each one rose from out his slumber,
Listening to her songs of cheer,
Then the stillness rent asunder,
With their praises loud and clear.

Praise from those whose crimes had led them
O'er a dark and stormy sea,
Where its waves had lashed and tossed them
Into Hell's captivity.

Wine it was, the drink that led them,
From the tender Shepherd's fold,
Now they hear His voice that calls them,
With His precious words of gold.

Like the sheep that went astray,
Twice we've heard the story told;
They heard His voice; they saw the way,
That leads into His pastured fold.

On the first morning after her arrest Carry Nation received the first of the hundreds of congratulatory letters and telegrams which soon began to pour into her cell, for the reaction to her Wichita raid was much more favourable than that which had followed her activities in Kiowa and Medicine Lodge. Scores of women wrote frantically, "For God's sake come here!" and in many towns and cities throughout Kansas W. C. T. U. chapters and church congregations held prayer-meetings and, after invoking divine aid for the crusader, took up special collections to help pay her expenses. One was the United Brethren Church in Winfield, Kansas, where a few weeks later serious rioting occurred between prohibitionists and saloon sympathizers. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Johnson Hendershot, sent a purse of $8.38, "and," wrote Carry Nation, "how I cried over that letter and kissed it!" She gloried in the warm tones of approval which she found in such communications, but she received even more pleasure from the many abusive letters, for they nourished her obsessions of martyrdom and sacrifice. "I never knew until then," she wrote, "that people thought or could write such vile things; letter after letter, of the most horrible infidelity, cursing God, calling me every vile name, and threatening me. I must say, all hell got hit when I smashed the saloon."

2

When Carry Nation emerged triumphantly from the devastated bar-room of the Hotel Carey she left a prophetic warning writ large upon the wreckage of bottles and glassware. But the saloon-keepers of Wichita failed to read it; the significance and potentialities of the raid escaped them, and they saw nothing in it but the amusing

spectacle of a foolish old woman on a rampage with an iron rod. Had they possessed sufficient foresight to realize that they perched precariously upon the rim of a smouldering volcano, and closed their joints and walked softly for a few weeks, Carry Nation would probably have been released and returned to Medicine Lodge, and they might have enjoyed several more years of profitable operation. But with the usual blindness and stupidity of the liquor dealer, who was never able to understand the tremendous power of the forces arrayed against him, they chose the path which inevitably led to greater disaster. Scarcely had Carry Nation been locked up at Police Headquarters than the joint owners defiantly flung wide their doors, and the brothers Mahan employed additional bartenders to serve the hundreds who flocked to the wrecked saloon. While the crusader from Medicine Lodge languished in jail, and groups of excited women hurried through the streets to sing and pray with her, the saloons were jammed with drinkers, and a great crowd milled and pushed before the damaged bar of the Hotel Carey, drinking heavily and bargaining jovially for pieces of stucco and fragments of glass as souvenirs. And when nightfall came there were more drunken men abroad than Wichita had seen in many years, and until they toppled into the gutters they laughed uproariously at the thought of a woman pitting her puny strength against such a mighty institution as the American saloon.

But the officials whom Carry Nation had placed in such an embarrassing position, as well as many citizens who sincerely opposed prohibition on grounds of principle and interference with personal liberties, discerned nothing humorous in the situation. They were well aware that for several years the anti-liquor movement had been

growing in momentum, and that there was a rapidly increasing demand for law enforcement; and they realized that unless Carry Nation was carefully handled and promptly disposed of she might easily become the symbol of a holy cause, and the fire-brand which would set the whole state aflame with aggressive zeal. Intelligent anti-prohibitionists were seldom afraid of temperance organizations and reformers so long as they confined their activities to verbal denunciations and prayers to Almighty God, but they recognized the danger of demonstrations which attracted undue attention to the saloon. And every movement made by Carry Nation was figuratively filled with dynamite. Moreover, so far as the welfare of the Kansas joints were concerned, she had chosen a very inopportune time to make her appearance, for the Legislature was to convene at Topeka within a few weeks, and the liquor interests had quietly planned the passage of a resolution re-submitting the prohibition amendment to the voters, and the enactment of several laws designed to lessen the burden of the saloon-keeper.

Carry Nation's raid upon the Hotel Carey thus not only aroused tremendous excitement in temperance and prohibition circles, but caused great apprehension among politicians and office-holders throughout the state. The Wichita newspapers treated her as a news source of the first importance, but were sharply divided as to editorial attitudes. The *Beacon,* edited by Henry J. Allen, who later became Governor of Kansas and was always very active in religious and temperance works, supported Carry Nation's crusade without actually endorsing her destructive methods; but the *Eagle,* which was under the managing editorship of Victor Murdock, afterward a member of Congress, violently opposed her, both editori-

ally and in its news columns. "Nearly every time," wrote Carry Nation, "the Wichita *Eagle* would have some falsehood concerning me, always giving out that I was crazy, was in a padded cell, that it was only a matter of time when I would be in an insane asylum, that I used obscene language, and was raving. The Bible says, 'All liars shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire,' and the Murdocks of Wichita ought to tremble. Such people drove the nails in the hands and the spear in the side of Jesus. The Wichita *Eagle* is the rum-bought sheet that has made Wichita one of the most lawless places in Kansas."

During the first few days of Carry Nation's imprisonment there was much talk in Wichita that she was displaying pronouced maniacal tendencies, and that before her trial could be held it would be necessary to send her to a madhouse. It is quite likely that a judicial inquiry would have found her insane, but if plans for such a procedure were ever made they were soon abandoned, for within twenty-four hours the agitation against the saloon, and the feminine enthusiasm for Carry Nation, had reached grave proportions; it was clear that any attempt to send her to an insane asylum, however justifiable, would result in serious trouble and bring distressing political consequences. So the bewildered and blundering officials gratefully accepted an opportunity which presented itself, and on December 29, 1900, soon after the arrest of an old man named Isaiah Cooper, the Wichita Board of Health ordered the county jail quarantined for twenty-one days, announcing that Cooper had been exposed to smallpox and could not be moved because he was violently insane. The Wichita *Eagle* remarked that "Wichita has discovered a new way of treating cranks

which beats going to court, and that is to quarantine them"; and Carry Nation's enemies hoped that by thus segregating her they could keep her quiet and obviate the necessity of a trial until the excitement had subsided. But the quarantine proved a boomerang. It merely added fuel to the temperance fires, and Carry Nation's popularity was further increased, and her claims to martyrdom enhanced, when she complained that she was being subjected to a series of petty persecutions which she believed were intended to undermine her reason. "The Health Board," she wrote, "belonged to the Republican whisky ring, and was in the conspiracy to make me insane. I was a lone woman in there, with two cigarette smokers and a maniac next to my cell. John the Trusty smoked a horrid strong pipe, and he was also next to my cell. Mr. Dick Dodds was the jailer, and he was the only one who came in my cell and I was not allowed to see anyone in that time but Dr. W. A. Jordan [the city and county physician], who called once. I cried and begged to be relieved from the smoke. . . . I would have to keep my windows up in the cold January weather, and the fire would go down at night. I had two blankets, no pillow, and a bed that the criminals had slept on for years, perhaps. I would shiver with cold, and often would lay on the cement floor with my head in my hands to keep out the draught. Oh! The physical agony! I had a strong voice for singing, which I lost, and have never been able to sing much since. Hour after hour I lay on the floor, listening to the ravings of this poor old man, who would fall on his iron bed and the hard floor, cursing and calling out names. I was not allowed a pillow. I begged for one, for I had *la grippe*, and my head was very sore; my body was filled with excruciating pains." David Nation, who had returned from

his visit to eastern Kansas and had hurried to Wichita from Medicine Lodge, wrote a letter to the Topeka *Capital,* in which he also said that his wife was being ill-treated, and declared that the jailer and keepers were permitted to go in and out of the prison at will, despite the quarantine, while Carry Nation's relatives and friends, and even her lawyers, were excluded.

The announcement of the quarantine caused an uproar of indignation among Carry Nation's friends, who vehemently insisted that it had been imposed solely to harass her; and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union employed a physician to examine Isaiah Cooper. The doctor reported that Cooper had none of the symptoms of smallpox, and that no evidence had been forthcoming to show that he had ever been exposed to the disease. On January 1, 1901, a bond of three hundred dollars for Carry Nation's release was filed in the City Court, but Judge Kirk said that he had no power to break the quarantine, and that the matter of Carry Nation's freedom was entirely in the hands of the Sheriff and the County Attorney. The W. C. T. U. thereupon employed W. S. Allen, Ray & Keith and Robert Brown, three prominent law firms in Wichita, and in association with David Nation they applied for a writ of habeas corpus. As soon as this action had been filed the Wichita saloon-keepers increased the amounts of their accident insurance policies, the County Attorney received several threatening letters, and Carry Nation announced that she would sue Sedgwick County for twenty thousand dollars for false imprisonment.

When Judge Kirk refused to issue the writ, holding that Carry Nation must remain in jail for the duration of the quarantine, her attorneys appealed to the Supreme Court of Kansas. And while the case was pending before

the higher tribunal the element which was so desperately determined to discredit Carry Nation, and to get rid of her in any way possible, made another asinine move, which also reacted favourably to her so far as public opinion was concerned. The jailer came to her cell late one night and asked her if she wanted to leave the prison, and when she said she did he told her that within a few hours a cab would be waiting at the back door to take her to the home of a friend. But a few minutes later John the Trusty said to her:

"Don't you leave this jail. There is some plotting going on, and they mean mischief."

He brought her a length of heavy wire, which she wound around and through the open spaces in her cell door, and fastened as best she could to the beam in which the lock was set. Then, armed with the leg of a cot, also provided by John the Trusty, she sat all night "waiting for someone to come in my cell to drag me out. With the cot leg I was going to strike their hands if they attempted to open the door. I know what it is to expect murder in my cell." Carry Nation accused a county official of being the instigator of whatever plot may have been hatched, and declared that the scheme was to kidnap her and rush her to Kansas City. However, nothing happened.

Argument on the application for a writ of habeas corpus was heard in Topeka on January 12, 1901, by the Supreme Court, which ordered the release of Carry Nation in two hundred dollar bail, and held that if she was tried in Wichita the county must produce proof of the existence of small-pox in the jail. On January 15th Carry Nation's lawyers served upon Judge Kirk and Sheriff Simmons a notice declaring that the certificate of quarantine, attached to the Sheriff's return in the matter of the

habeas corpus, was fraudulent, that no special meeting of the Board of Health had been held on December 29th, and that the jail had never been legally quarantined. A few hours later Carry Nation was released in the amount of bail fixed by the Supreme Court, and on January 18th the charge of malicious destruction of property was dismissed on motion of the County Attorney, who informed the Court that his solicitude for the crusader's mental welfare was so great that he could not conscientiously bring her to trial. Her mind, he believed, would be unable to withstand the shock of further confinement.

The quarantine appears to have been mutually forgotten.

3

If Carry Nation's enemies had expected her imprisonment to have a salutary effect they were greatly disappointed, for the discomforts which she had experienced in jail only increased her determination to destroy the saloon, and fostered her belief that "God intended to make me a sacrifice as He did John Brown." Moreover, and with ample cause, she now thirsted for vengeance; despite her professed Christianity, she was unaccustomed to turning the other cheek. When she again breathed the air of freedom she announced, to the clamorous joy of the excited women who cheered her as she stepped through the prison doorway, that she would resume her warfare against the Wichita bar-rooms as soon as she had horsewhipped Sheriff Simmons and County Attorney Amidon — disciplinary measures which she frequently threatened but never performed. David Nation, who hovered nervously about while she wept, sang and embraced her friends, implored her to return with him to

Medicine Lodge and remain there quietly until the authorities had abandoned any thought of prosecuting her. But she refused, crying loudly:

"God's work has only begun!"

The crowd which jammed the street set up a great peal of triumph, and Carry Nation shouted:

"Show me a joint!"

Several women with stones in their hands ran to her side and eagerly pressed the missiles upon her; and crying "Glory to God!" she started down the street, intent upon immediate action. But David Nation plodded patiently after her and clutched her arm, and after much argument persuaded her to go with him to Newton, in Harvey county, Kansas, for a brief rest. There she delivered a rousing temperance speech and visited friends for a few days, but hastened back to Wichita on January 21, 1901, a notable date in her career, for it marked her first use of the hatchet which was ever afterward closely identified with her activities. Within three hours after her return she was lionized at a special meeting of the Wichita chapter of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and scathingly attacked the joints and the city and county officials who had failed to close them. She concluded her harangue with a stirring call for volunteers to accompany her on another smashing crusade, crying:

"Who will be a sacrifice unto the Lord?"

Despite the objections of the chapter's president, who disapproved of violent methods, almost every woman in the audience promptly jumped to her feet and excitedly offered her services.

"Praise God, women!" shouted Carry Nation. "We may all die for the cause!"

She chose as her assistants Mrs. Lucy Wilhoite, Mrs.

Lydia Muntz, and Mrs. Julia Evans, whose husband was a prominent physician. After imploring the Lord to endow them with the strength of giants they went to Mrs. Evans' home to procure suitable armament from the family tool chest and scrap-heap, and to arrange the details of the expedition. During the early afternoon they set forth, Carry Nation lugging a sharp-bladed hatchet and each of the others carrying iron bars, chunks of scrap iron, and stones wrapped in newspapers, all of which they concealed under long cloaks. Softly singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," they marched through the streets, but made no commotion and attracted scant attention until they reached James Burnes's saloon in Douglas Avenue, into which they turned. The few customers who had been lounging at the bar fled pell-mell when the stern-visaged crusaders darkened the doorway, and the bartender approached them with his arms outspread in a placating gesture:

"Now, ladies—," he began, soothingly, but Carry Nation interrupted him. Brandishing her weapon above her head, she cried:

"Don't come near my hatchet! It might fall on you, and I will not be responsible for the results!"

The bright blade described a slashing curve, and as it whizzed past his ear the bartender yelled in fright and jumped back.

"Out of my way, you rummy!" shouted Carry Nation. "How dare you interfere with God's work?"

Once more the hatchet swished wildly through the air, and the bartender turned and ran to the rear of the room, where he hid behind a table and watched the smashers at work. And they performed their respective tasks with great precision, as though every move had been planned

in advance. With a clear field of operation before them, they formed in single file just inside the doorway, and then, with their weapons held aloft, they marched briskly back and forth and across the saloon, shouting lustily:

> Who hath sorrow? Who hath woe?
> They who dare not answer no;
> They whose feet to sin incline,
> While they tarry at the wine.

At the conclusion of the stirring song Mrs. Wilhoite, Mrs. Muntz and Mrs. Evans aligned themselves in the centre of the room, and Carry Nation faced them, her hatchet held before her in a manner somewhat similar to that of the military position of present arms. She prayed for a moment, and then whirled and cried:

"Smash, women! Smash!"

A hail of stones thudded against the bar and sideboard, and with squeals of joy the crusaders fairly flew at their work of destruction. Carry Nation's hatchet shattered the plate-glass windows and the long panel of the front door, and as they crashed to the floor she hurried to the aid of her assistants, who were hammering and battering the bar and the cigar case. The latter was the especial concern of Mrs. Evans, who swung a piece of iron against it with such force that her hand plunged through the broken glass. Her wrist was severely cut, but the sight of blood and the realization that one of them had been injured in the battle only threw the smashers into an even greater frenzy; and with Carry Nation in the van they rushed furiously behind the bar and made havoc of the bottles, decanters and glassware. James Burnes returned to his bar-room in time to see Carry Nation hurling

stones, whisky bottles and pieces of scrap iron at his valuable mirror, but he stood in the doorway and watched without interfering while she cracked and broke the glass. Later he was asked:

"Why didn't you knock that woman down?"

"God forbid," said Mr. Burnes, chivalrously, "that I should strike a woman."

Within fifteen minutes the four women had wrecked the saloon with a thoroughness that would have done credit to a cyclone. Presently, when nothing remained to smash, they again stood in line in the centre of the room, while little rills of whisky and beer seeped from the piles of wreckage and flowed gently over the broad toes of their shoes, mute but fragrant reminders of an unusually fine stock of liquors. And then Carry Nation faced her fellow smashers, slowly raised her right hand high above her head, and intoned her customary benediction:

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

"Praise God!" cried her followers, quaveringly.

With Carry Nation brandishing her hatchet and the others clutching stones and chunks of iron which they had retrieved from the littered floor of the saloon, they dashed into the street, the former shouting to Mr. Burnes as she passed, "God be with you!" Unmolested by the police, and followed by a shouting throng which was interested not only in the prospect of further excitement but in the pungent odours which permeated the clothing of the four women, the crusaders scurried down Douglas Avenue and rushed into John Herrig's Palace Café, where they chased several drinkers through the back doorway and then sent half a dozen stones crashing against the mirror and the bottles upon the sideboard. But Herrig did not possess the chivalry, or

squeamishness, which had characterized James Burnes. When Carry Nation began hammering upon his bar with her hatchet and a heavy poker which she had found leaning against the stove, he placed the muzzle of a revolver against her head and shouted that if she did not leave immediately he would blow her brains out. The sight of the ugly-looking weapon, and Herrig's apparent determination, momentarily sobered the smashers, and informing the saloon-keeper that God would surely strike him dead, they abandoned his bar-room and raced to the Hotel Carey, scene of Carry Nation's first Wichita triumph.

By this time all Wichita knew that the destroyer was again on the war-path, and throughout the town could be heard the patter of running feet as men, women and children left their homes and deserted their employment to see her in action, and to cheer or howl at her according to their sympathies. From Police Headquarters every available policeman was dispatched to check the threatened riot, and it seems fair to assume that in the Sedgwick County Court House there was much tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth. At least three thousand persons, with more arriving every moment, milled and yelled in the streets when Carry Nation and her supporting troops reached the Hotel Carey, before the door of which stood Detective Sutton and Patrolman Pryor, hastily summoned by the Mahan brothers to protect their property against further hatchetation. Detective Sutton seized Carry Nation's arm when she attempted to lunge past him, whereupon she struck at him with her poker, and an excited young man who had been running alongside her, shouting frantically, "Hooray for God and Carry Nation!" hit the detective in the face. He was promptly

knocked down by Patrolman Pryor, and after a struggle the police arrested the four women and took them to Police Headquarters, whither they were escorted by an enormous crowd which filled the street from curb to curb, and the air with jeers and yells of approval. Meanwhile hundreds of men and boys swarmed busily about the wrecked bar-rooms, picking up bits of food and fragments of glass as souvenirs, and carrying away bottles of beer and whisky filched from the stocks of the hapless saloon-keepers.

The doors at Police Headquarters were barred against the crowd, and Carry Nation and her embattled followers were taken into the private office of Chief of Police Cubbon, who released them on their promise not to do any more smashing before noon of the next day. Dr. Evans was called to dress his wife's injured hand, and then the four women marched proudly down the steps and into the street, where several thousand persons had waited to greet them. They clambered into a delivery wagon, the owner of which had offered to haul them home, and while Carry Nation, Mrs. Muntz and Mrs. Evans dropped to their knees and prayed loudly, Mrs. Wilhoite launched into a rousing harangue, declaring that they were proud to have destroyed the "rum-holes and murder-mills." When she had finished Carry Nation rose to her feet in the back of the wagon. With extreme deliberation she rolled her right sleeve up to the elbow, and with fist clenched raised her hand toward Heaven. Then she cried at the top of her voice:

"Men of Wichita, this is the right arm of God! I am destined to wreck every saloon in your city!"

The crowd roared with delight, and pressed forward so closely that only with great difficulty were the police

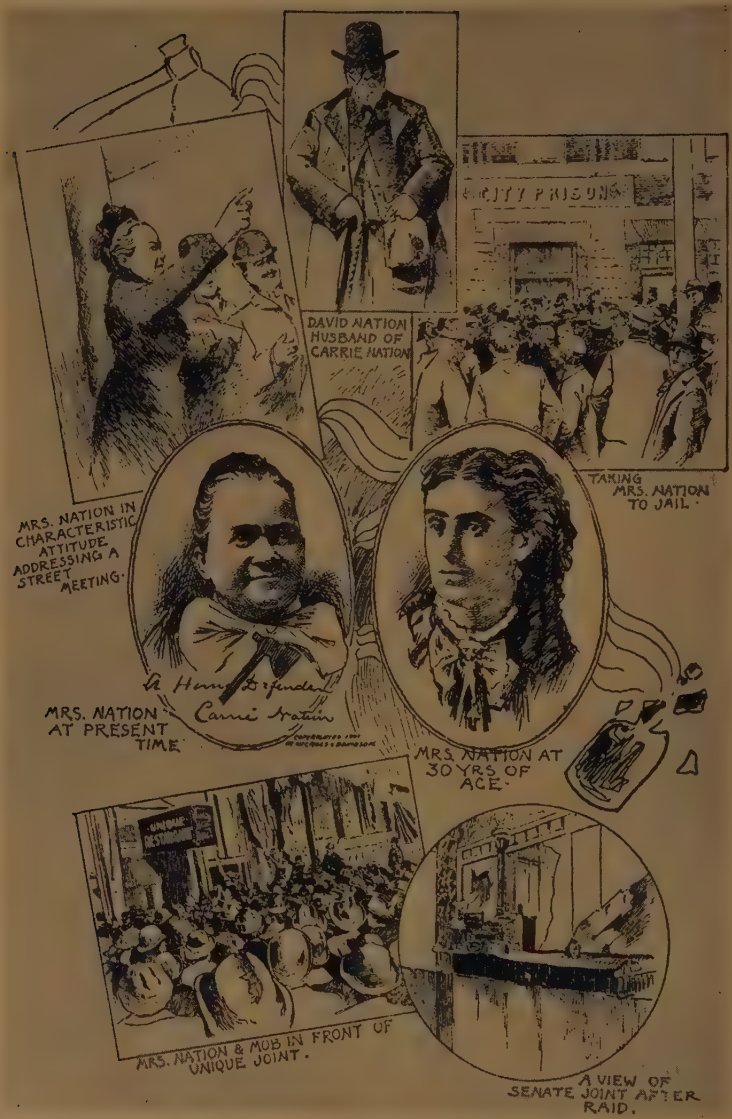
able to clear a passage for the wagon. But they finally succeeded, and the vehicle clattered away, with the four crusaders on their knees alternately shouting hysterically and singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." While a great throng surged behind them, they drove through the principal streets and then in turn to Burnes's saloon and the Palace Café, where they stopped at the curbing and held vehement prayer-meetings and song festivals. After they had departed the police gradually dispersed the crowd, and Messrs. Burnes and Herrig turned gloomily to the depressing task of reckoning the cost of Carry Nation's fury. The damage to both places was estimated at more than two thousand dollars.

During her period of incarceration Carry Nation had received half a score of letters urging her to visit Enterprise, a town of about eight hundred population in Dickinson county, northern Kansas, and smash two saloons which had been operating there for several years. Since she was bound by her promise to abstain from smashing in Wichita for twenty-four hours, she resolved to perform this task immediately, and then proceed to Topeka, the state capital, where she proposed not only to smash saloons, but to prevent the passage of pro-liquor legislation. Soon after dusk, a hatchet and an iron rod packed in the small valise with which she had set out from Medicine Lodge, she went to the railroad station. But meanwhile the county authorities had issued a warrant for her arrest, and as she was buying a ticket to Enterprise, Sheriff Simmons plucked at her sleeve and said:

"Madam, you are my prisoner."

Carry Nation whirled, screamed "Ahab!" and slapped the Sheriff's face, the smack of her palm against his cheek resounding throughout the building and causing a

SMASHING A "JOINT" DESCRIBED PICTORIALLY



HIGHLIGHTS IN CARRY NATION'S LIFE

crowd to gather. Then she seized his ears and wrung them viciously. Sheriff Simmons was a very small man, and although he struggled bravely he was no match for the aroused crusader, for his innate chivalry and profound respect for womankind forbade him kicking, biting or striking her. When a city policeman finally came leisurely to his assistance Carry Nation was literally dragging him about the waiting-room by the ears, while the crowd yelled encouragement to her and jocose advice to the Sheriff. Together the policeman and Sheriff Simmons carried the struggling smasher to a cab, and she was driven to the County Jail and locked in a large and comfortable cell. A few minutes later Mrs. Wilhoite appeared in the custody of a deputy, her face glowing with the rapture of martyrdom. When Carry Nation saw her she screamed "Hallelujah, Sister!" and Mrs. Wilhoite shouted, "Glory to God!" Then another deputy ushered in Mrs. Evans, and the three were placed in the same cell and given a cot each. "This was one of the glorious heavenly and refreshing times," wrote Carry Nation. "We sang hymns, repeated Scripture, and laughed and cried by turns to think that we were worthy to suffer for His sake. 'The table was prepared before us in the presence of our enemies, our cup runneth over.'"

The prisoners made so much noise that Mrs. Simmons came to their cell to ask them to be quiet. They hailed her as "Jezebel" and inquired caustically after the health of "Ahab," and she fled down the corridor with predictions of eternal damnation ringing in her ears. Soon thereafter Carry Nation and Mrs. Wilhoite were locked in seperate cells in the rotary, which the former described as "similar to Jeremiah's dungeon." Because of her injured hand, Mrs. Evans was permitted to remain in the

comfortable apartment. "I was not allowed to be with my loving sisters again while in prison," wrote Carry Nation. "They wrote notes and sent them by a trusty, for they were uneasy about me, fearing that I had met with foul play."

While the crusaders were feasting their souls and rejoicing in prison, Wichita was in the throes of an even greater excitement than had followed Carry Nation's attack upon the Hotel Carey. Many members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union held meetings in their homes, where scores of women gathered to thank God for the destruction of two more joints; and throughout the city restless groups of men roamed the streets discussing the day's excitements. In the saloons great animosity was displayed toward Carry Nation, and as the night wore on and drinking continued without restrictions, the talk became more and more violent, and in many of the joints befuddled sympathizers of the saloon expressed the opinion that she should either be lynched or tarred and feathered. Within a few hours these vague suggestions had apparently become the basis of a fixed idea, and during the late evening small bands of excited men began making their way uncertainly toward the County Jail. By midnight between fifty and one hundred men were moving restlessly back and forth in front of the prison, yelling and jeering at Carry Nation and occasionally crying, "Lynch her!" "Who's got a rope?" and "Tar and feather her!" But the mob had formed without leadership, and before anyone appeared with sufficient courage to lead an assault upon the jail the police drove the men away, and extra guards were mounted outside the portals of the prison.

Next afternoon Carry Nation, Mrs. Wilhoite and

Mrs. Evans were arraigned before Judge Dale of the District Court, who ordered them released in bail of one thousand dollars each, which was provided several hours later by temperance and prohibition workers. Dr. Evans refused to sign his wife's bond, declaring that she had been hypnotized by Carry Nation. No sooner had word spread that the doughty hatchet-wielder would soon be upon the streets again than the Wichita agents of the large insurance companies notified the saloon-keepers that all accident policies on bar fixtures had been cancelled, and would not be renewed so long as Carry Nation was active. The jointists immediately began employing guards, who patrolled the bar-rooms armed with revolvers and bludgeons. But Carry Nation was not liberated until after dark, and when she left the jail she went immediately to the railroad station to board a train for Enterprise. And apparently most of Wichita went with her. A large crowd had surged before the prison all day, and when the doors opened and the crusader walked down the steps a free woman she was greeted by a roaring chorus of jeers and cat-calls, in which were mingled a few shouts of encouragement. Constantly increasing in size, the mob tramped boisterously behind her, and the streets in the vicinity of the railroad station were soon almost impassable, although the police had hurriedly diverted vehicular traffic into other thoroughfares. Scores of Carry Nation's enemies were in the forefront of the throng, and several times they pressed so closely against her that she was compelled to stop until her friends had cleared a passage. Once when she was being mauled and pushed about, a score of members of the Salvation Army, who had been holding a corner meeting, struggled through the mob and formed a hollow square about her, and then

marched steadily onward with booming drum and tooting horn, while Carry Nation's voice rose high above the tumult with cries of "Glory to God!" and "Hallelujah!" Half a block from the train-shed a man who sported a long black moustache and an immense sombrero gained the crusader's side and insisted upon carrying her valise. He was extremely solicitous, and at length she asked him:

"Are you one of the Salvation Army?"

"No," he replied. "I am only a tin-horn gambler."

"Why do you seem to be such a friend of mine?"

"Because you are a good woman and I will see you safe. I intend that no one shall hurt you."

The crowding was even more dangerous inside the railroad station, but Carry Nation finally managed to board the train, where she stood on the bottom step and said good-bye to the gambler, informing him that he was certainly going to hell. The mob continued to yell at her, and when she opened a window of the car to shout a parting message, she was immediately pelted with rotten eggs. "But the window fell down," she wrote, "and I did not get a spatter. God said to me, 'I will stand by you,' and that explains it." The eggs were followed by a shower of stones, which broke several panes of glass and rattled noisily against the side of the car. The other passengers were panic-stricken and fled hastily from the coach, but throughout the bombardment Carry Nation sat calmly, her face beaming with happiness and her lips moving in prayer.

THE CLEANSING OF DICKINSON COUNTY

CARRY NATION arrived at Enterprise about seven o'clock in the morning of January 23, 1901, and went to the residence of C. B. Hoffman, Sr., a Populist leader and father of the Mayor, where she remained in seclusion for several hours, recuperating from the strain of the previous day's adventures. During the early afternoon a dozen members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union filed into the Hoffman home for a special prayer and song service, and great excitement prevailed when Carry Nation proclaimed her intention of smashing the Enterprise joints. At three o'clock, accompanied by Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. L. A. Case and a heavily veiled woman whose name was never divulged,[1] and trailed by a constantly increasing throng of excited women, the crusader marched boldly down the main street of the village, carrying her shining hatchet in the crook of her left arm and singing loudly, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" John

[1] According to a letter from Enterprise, published in *The Outlook* of January 23, 1901, the veiled woman was not a member of the W. C. T. U. or of any church, but was "simply a brave woman who believed in trying the new method of closing the joints, which law and persuasion had failed to close."

Schilling and William Shook, who owned the two saloons, had been informed of Carry Nation's bellicose announcement, and had drawn their shades and locked their doors. They had then discreetly retired from view, and when the procession came in sight they were waiting across the street with most of the town's population, all eager to see what Carry Nation would do. And they had not long to wait. Ignoring suggestions proffered by facetious youths, she went directly to the door of Schilling's place, with Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. Case and the mysterious veiled woman a pace behind her. She rattled the knob and thumped the wooden panels with her fist half a dozen times, and when she could not gain admittance she turned and shouted to Schilling, who had been pointed out to her:

"Open this door, you rummy! This is God's work!"

The saloon-keeper shrank a little farther into the crowd, but he made no reply, nor did he come forward to assist in the destruction of his property. Carry Nation overwhelmed him with selected characterizations which drew shouts of laughter from the crowd, and attacked the door with great vigour. She demolished it with a few crashing blows, and then clambered over the wreckage into the bar-room, closely followed by the veiled woman. Mrs. Hoffman and Mrs. Case remained outside to protect a possible retreat and prevent interference. Almost immediately Carry Nation went into action, and Schilling was observed to wince painfully as the frenzied shouts of the crusader and the jangle of breaking glass were heard. As Carry Nation briefly said, she "broke the place up." She smashed the long mirror behind the bar, hacked and gashed the bar itself in a score of places, and knocked bottles and decanters off the sideboard. She

broke open the door of the refrigerator, and with the aid of the veiled woman dragged a dozen cases of beer into the centre of the room, where she smashed the bottles one by one. The liquor flowed across the floor and thence into the gutter, and while the crowd across the street groaned in dismay the members of the W. C. T. U. shouted "Hallelujah!" and "Glory to God!" as the tiny streams trickled through the debris that littered the doorway and the sidewalk. No one made any attempt to interfere, and the destruction continued until Marshal W. R. Benham appeared, having left his regular employment as a fireman in the Mayor's mill to enforce the law. He climbed to the top of the wreckage in the doorway and brusquely ordered Carry Nation to leave the saloon. She promptly turned upon him.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"I am the Marshal," replied Mr. Benham.

"You!" cried Carry Nation. "You are a murderer and a perjurer protecting this unholy traffic!"

She waved her hatchet threateningly before his face, and the Marshal hastily backed away, warning her to be careful. But Carry Nation followed him to the sidewalk, where she wildly brandished her weapon and loosed a flood of fiery denunciation, liberally sprinkled with quotations from the Scriptures. The Marshal retorted with comment upon hoodlumism, and was so aroused that, when she shouted that she was going to smash the other saloon immediately and started forward, he pushed her vigorously, whereat cries of "Brute!" and "He struck a woman!" arose from the group of horrified women who had followed the crusader to the scene of battle. Carry Nation's eyes blazed as the Marshal's hand touched her shoulder, and her face was distorted with

fury. She lunged at him with her hatchet, but he neatly side-stepped, and she became noticeably calmer when he told her that if necessary he would use force to prevent further smashing. Soon afterward she went home with Mrs. Hoffman, and after supper returned to the business district of the town and began speaking at a street corner. A crowd gathered, but she had not talked more than five minutes when John Schilling approached, shook his fist at her, and cried:

"My wife will settle with you!"

A moment later Mrs. Schilling rushed up. "I've got you now!" she cried, and smote Carry Nation two tremendous blows in the face, cutting a deep gash over one eye and so bruising the other that it soon began to turn a deep and unbecoming purple. But the crusader was undaunted. Having pursued Mrs. Schilling half a block without success, she bound a piece of beefsteak against her eye and resumed her speech, ignoring the jibes of the crowd and the meat juices which trickled down her nose. And she spoke to such purpose that within half an hour she was being wildly cheered, and half the women of Enterprise had pledged themselves to assist her in ridding the town of its one remaining saloon. For by now it was widely known that John Schilling would not reopen for business; Carry Nation had left him neither stock nor serving appliances.

Next morning Carry Nation was astir early, and at nine o'clock, looking extraordinarily fierce with her one good eye gleaming below a strip of court-plaster and half her face covered by a great chunk of raw beef, she presided at a prayer-meeting attended by more than fifty enthusiastic women, and in a violent attack upon the liquor traffic urged them to smash not only the saloons,

but the saloon-keepers as well. When one cautious woman expressed the fear that serious trouble might follow another punitive expedition, and pointed out that Carry Nation herself had already suffered severely, the crusader cried passionately:

"I want to suffer! I am ready to die for the cause! I am merely an instrument in God's hands!"

She waved her hatchet and ran from the house, shouting that God had told her to destroy William Shook's saloon; and the gathering, roused to a tremendous pitch of excitement, rose as one woman and followed close at her heels, singing hymns as they pushed through the doorway and raced down the gravelled walk to the street. But instead of attacking the bar-room Carry Nation and her cohorts went into a store nearby and summoned the jointist into their presence. When he came running and stood before them meek and trembling, Carry Nation sternly ordered him to lock his doors and throw the key away, and that within half an hour. Shook yielded to the inevitable and promised to abandon his business, and Carry Nation marched triumphantly into the street, where she was intercepted by John Schilling and a crowd of men and boys, among whom were some of the toughest characters of the town. A few feet away, at the fringe of the throng, stood Mrs. Schilling and three other women, all wearing long veils and capes. Schilling once more shook his fist in Carry Nation's face.

"My wife will fix you!" he cried.

He stepped back, a whistle sounded, and from the crowd came a volley of rotten eggs that spattered against Carry Nation's dress and almost stifled her with their noisome smell. She staggered and dropped her hatchet, and the next instant Mrs. Schilling and her companions

flung aside their cloaks and appeared armed with whips, heavy raw-hide thongs and stout sticks. Rushing upon Carry Nation, they began to belabour her with great vigour, while the women who had been so eager to lay waste William Shook's saloon shrieked and ran in all directions. But Carry Nation displayed more courage. Crying "Glory to God for my sufferings!" she met the first of the attackers with a straight right to the nose, and as the blood spurted the woman howled with pain, dropped her weapons, clapped both hands to her face, and hastily withdrew from the fray. But the crusader was outnumbered, and although she fought valiantly was soon overwhelmed. One woman struck her repeatedly with a whip, another curled a raw-hide lash about her shoulders, raising great welts with every blow, and the third grabbed her long hair, tearing it loose from the confining hairpins and pulling vigorously until she fell back with a great tuft in her hand. Waving the trophy triumphantly above her head, she dealt Carry Nation a blow that knocked her to her knees, whereupon her assailants pushed her into the gutter and began to beat and kick her. She cried frantically, "Women, help! Will you let me be murdered?" but no one came to her assistance until an old woman, clutching half a brick in her hand, dashed forward and shouted:

"If anyone strikes this woman again I will hit them with this!"

Inspired by this heroic example, Carry Nation's followers now attacked Mrs. Schilling and her companions, who fled wildly down the street with Schilling at their heels urging them to greater speed. Carry Nation scrambled to her feet, and as she tottered on the edge of the sidewalk she cried:

"There is a spirit of anarchy abroad in this town!"

She was a sorry spectacle. Her hair was down and some of it was missing, her poke bonnet had been trampled in the dust, and her dress was offensively odorous from the remains of the rotten eggs. Her face was cut in half a dozen places, and the eye which Mrs. Schilling had struck the day before, and which had been responding satisfactorily to the curative influence of the raw beef, was again puffed and purpled, and the chunk of meat with which it had been bandaged lay in the dirt of the gutter. She was dazed and weak, and would have fallen again had friends not helped her into a buggy. She was driven to Mrs. Hoffman's home and a physician summoned. Meanwhile a dozen women had chased her assailants to Mrs. Schilling's home, where they barricaded the doors and refused to emerge until Marshal Benham appeared and placed them under arrest. Carry Nation was also arrested, but was promptly discharged in police court, while the others were held on charges of disturbing the peace and fined one dollar each, which they paid. About a week later the saloon-keepers of Topeka collected a purse of thirty-two dollars and sent it to Mrs. Schilling with many extravagant expressions of their high esteem and regard.

The attack upon Carry Nation aroused a tremendous furor in Enterprise, and during the remainder of the day all business was suspended while the entire population gathered on the street corners and kept Marshal Benham busy suppressing the fights and violent altercations which grew out of impassioned discussion of the day's doings. Throughout the evening scores of men and women stood patiently in front of the Hoffman residence hoping for a sight of Carry Nation, but she did not appear. The doctor

had ordered her to remain in bed for several days, but she was abroad soon after dawn next morning, with her eye again covered by a piece of beefsteak and her poke bonnet and alpaca dress as neat as ever. She visited the two saloons, and when she found them closed she dropped to her knees on the sidewalk and thanked the Lord. Then she announced that she would leave that night for Abilene, the capital of Dickinson County, about six miles from Enterprise. The news was telegraphed to that town, and the saloon-keepers there immediately became panic-stricken. One summoned carpenters and constructed a heavy oaken barrier which was affixed inside his front door, and two others began moving their bar fixtures and stocks of liquors into places of concealment. But their precautions were unnecessary, for Carry Nation did not go to Abilene. During the afternoon of January 24th she received from Hope, a small town twelve miles from Enterprise, a telegram signed "Temperance Committee" and urging her to "Come here and help us break up dives." She had been told that Hope harboured two particularly vicious joints, and she determined to smash them before she left that part of Kansas. She started late that night, and met with more misadventures on her way to the railroad station, for she was assailed at every corner by men who flung rotten eggs. She arrived at Hope soon after midnight, and when she found no one to meet her she began to fear that the message had been part of a scheme to murder or kidnap her. And it was, apparently, either that or a simple hoax, for she was never able to learn who sent it. She avoided several suspicious-looking men who were lounging about the train-shed, and went to a hotel. "My room," she wrote, "was very small. It had one window which was raised about an inch with a

lath under it, and I thought it strange at the time that the landlord should have let the window down. But I was very tired and dropped to sleep almost as soon as I touched the bed. About two o'clock I was awakened with a smothered feeling, struggling for breath. I jumped for the window, which I threw up, for the room was full of the most poisonous odours, as of cigarettes, and other smells. I knew that there were persons at the door puffing the poison in."

She sat at the window for fifteen minutes, her head hanging over the window-sill. Finally she heard a knock at the door. She asked what was wanted, and a husky, masculine voice replied:

"I want to speak to you."

She started across the room to open the door, but felt an invisible hand clutch at her feet, and then "God showed me in a vision two men crouched on each side of the door ready to either catch or slug me if the door was opened." She cried loudly:

"I see you sluggers on each side of the door. You villains, you have tried to murder me by throwing poison into my room, and now you are trying something else."

"There is a mob here after you."

"You are a liar!"

"There is a committee here wants to speak to you."

"You are telling lies in order to have me open my door."

There was a moment's silence, and then the sound of retreating footsteps. "And," wrote Carry Nation, "I could hear the landlord pretending to disperse a crowd. I watched from my window and saw two men walk away. I certainly was thankful for a lock on my door. Next morning when ready to leave I looked up and down the

passages; then I hurried and did not feel safe until I got on the outside."

Once in the street she approached a small boy and asked:

"Are there any Christians in Hope?"

"No, ma'am," replied the lad, "but there are some in the country."

Carry Nation ate breakfast at the railroad station restaurant, and then went through the streets shouting that she would hold a temperance meeting in front of the hotel. There she displayed to a large crowd the telegram she had received, and described the attempts which had been made to kill her by puffing cigarette smoke and other noxious vapours through the key-hole of her room. The two saloon-keepers were in the throng, and one asked:

"Are you going to smash the saloons here?"

"Of course," she replied. "I didn't come to Hope to do anything else."

"I'll shoot you if you come into my place."

"I'm not afraid of your guns," she retorted. "Maybe it would be a good thing for a saloon-keeper to kill Carry Nation. It might be the means of causing the people to smash the dives."

Several women in the crowd cried "Hallelujah!" and after a few minutes of hopeless argument the joint owners agreed to close their doors. She prayed for them, and they escorted her to the railroad station, in turn carrying her valise. With much ceremony they put her aboard a train. She spent the night at Ottawa, Kansas, where she told newspaper correspondents that she would attack no more saloons alone, but that she intended to organize Mothers' and Sisters' Clubs throughout the country, the

members to pledge themselves to carry on smashing campaigns and to make trouble within their family circles if the menfolk continued to patronize bar-rooms. She added optimistically:

"Within a year we will clear the nation of hell-holes!"

Next morning she left for Topeka.

Meanwhile the authorities at Abilene, disturbed by the uproar that had followed Carry Nation's visit to Enterprise, had issued orders which within a few days closed every joint in Dickinson county, and even made life uncertain for the bootleggers. And in Wichita, on January 25th, more than two hundred women held a mass meeting in the Salvation Army Barracks, and, after listening to a score of fiery speeches, delivered an ultimatum to the saloon-keepers, declaring that unless the bar-rooms were closed the streets of the city would "run red with blood." But the only reply made by the jointists was the employment of additional guards and the purchase of more bludgeons and revolvers.

TOPEKA

THE TRAIN bearing Carry Nation rolled into Topeka during the late afternoon of Saturday, January 26, 1901, and the crusader rose from her seat in the day-coach and joyfully prepared for her triumphal entry into the capital city of Kansas, which she regarded as one of the major objectives in her campaign to sweep the saloon off the American continent. For Topeka, as the political centre of the state and the headquarters of the liquor lobbies, was the natural Mecca of Kansas reformers with legislative axes to grind; and among temperance workers in the hinterland it bore an unsavoury reputation, equalled only by that of Wichita, as a cesspool of corruption and a veritable fountain-head of the rum traffic. But this notoriety was undeserved. So far as enforcement of the prohibition laws was concerned, the situation in Topeka was probably better than in any other community in Kansas. About forty joints provided liquid refreshment for the city's 35,000 inhabitants, but in only a few were beer and whisky served over standard bars and with real bar-room equipment. Many saloon-keepers possessed only dilapidated ice-boxes and plain board counters, hidden away in small rooms behind cigar stores or restau-

rants; and others had no fixtures excepting tin dippers in which the customers were supplied direct from the keg. No saloons operated openly, and there were fewer wholesale and storage warehouses than in Wichita, although Topeka was the logical distribution centre for the great breweries of St. Louis and Kansas City. Credit for this happy state of affairs was due almost entirely to the Chief of Police, Frank M. Stahl, who in later years became State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League and of the Kansas State Temperance Union. Chief Stahl refused to countenance the fining system employed in most Kansas cities; instead, he insisted upon closing the joints whenever possible, and his frequent raids were sources of great annoyance not only to the saloon-keepers but to the politicians as well, for he invariably followed them with public statements deploring the lack of co-operation from state and county officials. Only a few days after Carry Nation had swooped down upon the Hotel Carey in Wichita, and on the eve of the opening session of the Legislature, Chief Stahl invaded half a dozen Topeka joints and seized an enormous quantity of whisky, beer, gin and brandy, which he hauled away in four express carts and two patrol wagons.[1] Political leaders were especially irritated by this exhibition of zeal for law enforcement, for they feared that it might jeopardize their carefully prepared plans for more liberal legislation. But the resentment which they bore toward Chief Stahl was a gentle zephyr of brotherly love compared to the

[1] The student may be interested in a more detailed account of the liquors seized by Chief Stahl. They comprised thirteen cases of bottled beer; ten and one-half barrels of bottled beer, six dozen bottles to the barrel; one hundred and twelve kegs of beer; twenty-nine kegs of whisky and gin; one keg of blackberry brandy; one half-keg of blackberry brandy and four bottles of whisky.

malignity with which they regarded Carry Nation before she abandoned Topeka and went east to lecture and sell her little hatchets.

A delegation of temperance and prohibition advocates, headed by the Rev. S. C. Coblentz, pastor of the United Brethren Church, met Carry Nation when she stepped on to the station platform at Topeka, but she had scarcely greeted them before newspaper reporters swarmed around and escorted her through the waiting-room, where several hundred persons had gathered to see the woman whose exploits had within less than a month made her the most talked-of character in the Middle West. A majority of the crowd was plainly hostile, and shouts of jeering laughter, with here and there a feeble cheer, arose as the motherly figure of the smasher bustled through the gates, her injured eye still adorned by a cut of fresh beef. But she ignored the throng, and paid only scant attention to the half dozen men who pushed forward and tried to jostle her as she stepped into the Rev. Mr. Coblentz's carriage. For her delusions of grandeur and omnipotence, encouraged by the brilliant successes that had marked her triumphant progress from Medicine Lodge to Topeka, and by the fact that she had, as she believed, suffered for the Lord's sake, were approaching their peak; and already she had begun to assume the air of arrogant superiority which in time made her well-nigh insufferable even to her most enthusiastic supporters. So now, as she faced the rabble which thronged about the carriage and burned her ears with gibes, she was undismayed; her thin lips curled superciliously, and she reclined among the plush cushions much as her mother must have done while playing Queen Victoria. Only once did she deign to notice the hecklers. That was when a man, far gone in liquor,

leaned over the dash-board and profanely inquired why she did not mind her own business. She glared at him for a moment, and then replied:

"Be careful, my man, or God will strike you dead!"

She was driven to the home of the Rev. Mr. Coblentz for supper, and about eight o'clock yielded to the importunities of several reporters for the Topeka *Capital* and started on a sight-seeing tour of the joints in lower Kansas Avenue, the principal thoroughfare of the city. She went first to Bert Russell's billiard hall, between Fourth and Fifth Streets. A score of men who had been peacefully playing pool abandoned the tables and fled without their hats and coats when she appeared in the doorway, and as she scuttled across the floor toward the back room wherein Russell was reputed to maintain a bar, someone shouted:

"Hey, Bert! Shut the door! Here comes Mrs. Nation!"

The door slammed, and Carry Nation, crying for admittance in the name of God and American motherhood, began pounding upon it with her fist. It soon opened, and Edward Ryan, one of Russell's managers, came into the billiard room. Seizing Carry Nation by the shoulders, he whirled her about and rapidly propelled her toward the street in a manner very similar to that employed by saloon bouncers from time immemorial. She protested and struggled vigorously.

"Let me go!" she screamed. "Shame on you! I've got no hatchet with me!"

"Get out!" ordered Ryan. "You've got no business here."

"I don't want to hurt your joint! I only want to see it."

"Get out!" Ryan repeated. "And stay out!"

He shoved her across the threshold, and the pleased reporters promptly hustled her a few blocks away to the Senate Bar, one of the few well-equipped saloons in Topeka. But the doors were locked and barred, and she returned to Fourth Street and Kansas Avenue, where she approached Edward Myers's cigar store, which was popularly supposed to shelter a joint. This place was closed also, and pacing back and forth along the sidewalk was Mrs. Myers, carrying over her shoulder a heavy broom which she raised threateningly.

"Don't come near here!" she warned.

"Get out of my way, woman," demanded Carry Nation. "I'm going into your murder-mill."

"You keep out of here!" cried Mrs. Myers.

Carry Nation calmly pushed her aside, and a moment later the broom swished through the air and came down with a resounding whack upon the crusader's skull. The pile of hair upon Carry Nation's head broke the force of the blow, but her bonnet was knocked into the gutter, and when she stooped to recover it Mrs. Myers smote her upon that portion of her anatomy which chanced to be uppermost. Shrieking loudly, and with both hands clasping her bruised person, Carry Nation set off down the street at top speed, closely pursued by Mrs. Myers, who dealt one more blow and then resumed her proud marching before the cigar store. The crusader ran two blocks before she was overhauled by the reporters, and when they expressed their sympathy, she said:

"What does a broomstick amount to when one has been used to rawhides, rocks and eggs? Where is another joint?"

The reporters told her that liquor was sold in a small frame building in a nearby alley, although it was osten-

sibly a restaurant specializing in *chili con carne*. Thither Carry Nation hurried. She was pleasantly greeted by the proprietor, who thanked her for the publicity which was presently to pour its beneficent light upon his business, and for half an hour assisted her in searching the house. She found nothing but food. Nevertheless, she knelt upon the floor of the dining-room and asked God to forgive him for tempting American appetites with foreign dishes.

Meanwhile the crowd which had followed her since she left the home of the Rev. Mr. Coblentz had increased both in size and in antagonism, and when she emerged from the lunch-room the mouth of the alley was choked by a dense mass of restless men, among whom the reporters recognized many hoodlums and tough characters. A particularly offensive egg spattered against a wall within a foot of her head, and when the throng moved forward threateningly and half a dozen stones thudded at her feet, the newspaper men rushed her back into the restaurant, out of a rear doorway, and thence through another alley into Kansas Avenue, where they advised her to go home as quickly as possible. But there was no time to find a cab, for the mob swarmed into the Avenue, and, howling threats and insults, pursued the crusader to the *Capital* building, where she sought refuge in the editorial rooms while special policemen armed with revolvers guarded the street doors. Carry Nation was greatly frightened and very dishevelled, and the beating she had received from Mrs. Myers appeared to cause her more distress than she was willing to admit, for when a comfortable chair was procured she seated herself very gingerly. But she soon regained her composure, and smoothed her wrinkled dress and straightened her poke bonnet so that it once more perched primly upon her

greying hair. As she listened to the raucous cries of the mob she said pleasantly to a reporter:

"Hell seems to be howling tonight!"

When she was asked if the reception she had received in Topeka would compel a change in her plans she replied:

"Certainly not! I came here to close joints, and I'm going to close them. I intend to lose my life in this sort of thing. I've lived fifty-four years, and that's long enough. I've given myself into the hands of the Almighty. When I was standing there in front of that Mrs. Myers, I was thinking, 'Now, Jesus, this is all for you!'"

She was silent for a moment. Suddenly she started to weep, and cried:

"Thirty-two years ago they murdered my husband for me, those rum-shops! I'm going to drive them off the face of the earth!"

The crowd began to disperse within an hour, and Carry Nation left the newspaper office with a special policeman named Luster. But when she stepped on to the sidewalk the remnant of the mob rushed howling toward her, and Luster was compelled to draw his revolver and threaten to shoot before the angry men would fall back and clear a passage. Brandishing his weapon, Luster marched down Kansas Avenue with Carry Nation clinging to his coat-tails, but the throng pressed closer and closer, and at length the situation became so potentially dangerous that they fled into the Columbian Building. While the crowd swarmed through the corridors searching for them, they dashed into the basement, clambered over the ash-pit and escaped through a small rear door into an alley. Thence the crusader made her way home by a roundabout route.

Thus did Carry Nation begin the most exciting and eventful month of her career. And likewise Topeka.

2

On the morning of her second day in Topeka, which was Sunday, Carry Nation held court at the home of the Rev. Mr. Coblentz, while from dawn to midnight a large crowd braved the cold weather and stood in the street before the house, waiting patiently for something to happen, and cheering and hooting her whenever she appeared at door or window. In other parts of the city saloon-keepers cursed her whole-heartedly, men gathered on street corners to discuss her spectacular foray of the night before, and office-holders interrupted the tranquil observance of the Sabbath with worrisome thoughts. More than a score of members of the Kansas State Temperance Union and of the W. C. T. U. called upon her, and the Salvation Army, headed by a blatant brass band, paraded into her presence and serenaded her with sacred songs and music. During the afternoon she spoke at two temperance meetings, and David Nation, who had arrived from Medicine Lodge a few hours after her exciting adventures along Kansas Avenue, spoke at one. But his discourse was brief, for long before he had reached his peroration Carry Nation revived memories of his earlier days in the ministry by plucking at his coat-tails and saying loudly:

"Sit down, Papa. You've talked long enough."

He obeyed promptly, but he was observed to glare at her and mutter incoherently into his flowing beard; and then and there, perhaps, was born the distaste for her society which eventually led to divorce. When she returned from these gatherings practically every reporter

in Topeka awaited her with eager questions about her plans, and she told them that she would attend the opening session of the annual convention of the State Temperance Union on the following day. Moreover, it was her intention to make a speech which she was confident would arouse the delegates and send them afield with hatchets and other implements of destruction. But officials of the Union promptly announced that she had not been invited and would not be allowed upon the platform; and next morning the Topeka *Capital* editorially commended their firm stand and thus attacked Carry Nation's plans for ridding Kansas of its joints:

The logical effect of the Mrs. Nation idea is anarchy pure and simple. . . . Nothing could be more damaging to good morals and more destructive to American principles of government than for such ideas to be seriously favoured by a responsible and respected organization like the State Temperance Union. The Nation issue is likely to come before the Union today, and if so it rests with the sensible majority to see to it that the Union, if it takes any position at all in the matter, stands for the orderly enforcement of law, and not for violence, hysteria and anarchy.

Despite the attitude of the Union's officers and the opposition of Topeka's principal newspaper, the Nation issue did, indeed, come before the convention. And with great profit to the crusader. She arrived at the meeting hall a few minutes after the session had opened, and, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Coblentz and others of her supporters, marched down the aisle to a seat in the front row, while the delegates set up a great roar of en-

thusiastic greeting. Mrs. C. B. Hoffman of Enterprise, who was speaking, promptly abandoned her assigned subject and launched into a fulsome eulogy of the smasher, and many of the women present wept loudly and cried "Glory to God!" as she described graphically how Carry Nation had closed the dives in Dickinson county, and how she had been attacked by a mob of angry females. Thomas H. Bain, a prominent temperance worker who had hitherto possessed great influence throughout the state, tried to halt the rising tide of violence with a speech in which he objected to Carry Nation's course as revolutionary and leading inevitably to anarchy and bloodshed, but he was hissed and hooted from the stage, and the convention shouted for Carry Nation. She was escorted to the platform, where she delivered a harangue urging the destruction of every saloon in Christendom, and announcing that she would move immediately against the bar-rooms which had disgraced the fair name of Topeka. Mr. Bain and other conservatives attempted to lead the convention into an endorsement of gentler methods, but after an acrimonious debate they were routed, and the delegates adopted resolutions favouring Carry Nation's campaign and severely condemning Governor William E. Stanley for what they termed his vacillating attitude toward enforcing the prohibition laws. Scarcely had the cheering which followed this action subsided than Colonel J. B. Cook of Chetopa, long an admirer of Carry Nation, suggested that money be raised to purchase a medal for the crusader. Within a few minutes $117.50 had been subscribed. Carry Nation requested that a small memento be purchased for about $1.50 and the balance turned into the Union's treasury, but she was overruled, and a few days later a special

committee pinned upon her breast a handsome gold medal inscribed "To the Bravest Woman in Kansas." The saloon-keepers met this gesture by collecting a purse of twenty-five dollars, with which they bought a breast-pin in the form of a miniature golden broom. It was presented to Mrs. Edward Myers in commemoration of the successful defence of her husband's cigar store.

Vastly encouraged by her victory at the convention (it was the first time that her activities had been publicly approved by any important temperance organization), Carry Nation left the meeting hall during the early afternoon, and went to pay her respects to various state, county and city officials. She was accompanied by Mrs. Anna Diggs, a Populist leader and staunch Prohibitionist, and a swarm of newspaper reporters; and was followed by a crowd which grew more and more restive as she hurried from building to building. Shouting "Close these murder-mills!" she burst into the office of Attorney General A. A. Goddard, but learned that he had just gone for the day. Nor could she find Mayor Charles J. Drew, County Attorney Galen Nichols, City Attorney W. A. S. Bird, or Judge Charles A. Magaw of the Police Court, toward whom she afterward developed an intense hatred. (She invaded Judge Magaw's chambers again during the following week, and raised a terrific hullabaloo about a few etchings and prints of famous paintings with which he had decorated his walls. She refused to leave until he had temporarily removed them.) She did, however, see Sheriff Porter S. Cook, who became so irritated after listening to her that he seized a reporter by the shoulders and shook him vigorously; and Governor Stanley, who was finally induced to grant her an audience. With the Governor she quarrelled violently, and both became so

enraged that presently they were shouting madly at each other, with Carry Nation shaking a quivering finger under his nose, calling him perjurer and law-breaker, and rapidly asking questions which she immediately answered herself. Governor Stanley said that he did not favour her methods of closing saloons, but admitted that he did not have a better one to offer, and she deluged him with a flood of invective and abuse that left him gasping and defenceless. Finally he said:

"You get the prosecuting attorneys of the different counties to put the joint-keepers in jail, and I will use my power as Governor to keep them there."

This promise of assistance, though conditional, fairly transformed Carry Nation. She beamed happily, clapped the Governor upon the shoulders and told him that he was, after all, a good boy at heart, and then rushed from the executive offices in such excitement that she forgot her veil and wraps. She hastened to call upon Chief of Police Frank M. Stahl, but he had locked himself in his private apartment and was too busy to see anybody, whereupon the crusader harangued a great throng from the steps of City Hall, and then returned to the home of the Rev. Mr. Coblentz. Next day Chief Stahl told the newspapers that he could close every joint in Topeka within two weeks if he could obtain the co-operation of Judge Magaw, and within a week he had thus publicly expressed his support of Carry Nation:

I don't care if Mrs. Nation smashes every joint in Topeka. I sympathize with her. I hope she will close up the saloons of the city. If we had the right kind of state officers it would not be necessary for Mrs. Nation to do what she is doing.

During the few days that followed her enthusiastic reception by the State Temperance Union Carry Nation devoted herself largely to spreading propaganda advocating direct action against the joints, and in perfecting an organization of women which she called the Home Defenders. Most of the ministers of the various Protestant congregations called upon her and promised their support, although some held aloof, and a few agreed with the Rev. Walter Scott Priest, pastor of the Christian Church at Atchison, Kansas, who was quoted in the Topeka *Capital* as saying that Carry Nation was "acting the fool and bringing reproach upon the church, the temperance cause and womanhood." But such clerical opposition failed to influence the women of Topeka, who flowed in a steady stream in and out of the Coblentz residence, and who were obviously in favour of anything that Carry Nation might propose. At one mass meeting in the Presbyterian church forty women, including many from leading Topeka families, not only joined the Home Defenders but volunteered to accompany her when she began smashing. But she made no open move against the saloons until the late afternoon of February 1st, when she visited six of the Kansas Avenue joints, followed by a score of women and the usual large crowd. However, she found the places locked and barred, and retired without striking a blow. Next day she announced to the reporters that the expedition had been merely for scouting purposes, but that her plans for the demolition of the bar-rooms were complete, and that she would soon attack. She issued this proclamation to the joint-owners:

My Dear Hell-Bound Sinners, — I have tried to get to see you to talk to you, but you do not wish to see one

of your best friends. . . . Your master, the Devil, has you under his thumb, and you poor scullions do just what he wants you to do, and he makes you believe there is no escape. We invite you to join us in the destruction of the machinery hell has set up here on earth to literally devour humanity, for this is the beginning, continuance and ending of your work. Should you do as I request you will be safe and happy, otherwise you shall utterly perish. For if a man fall on this stone he shall be broken, but if this stone fall on him it will grind him to powder.

Affectionately,

CARRY A. NATION,

Your Loving Home Defender.

But the jointists did not reply, and none came forward to enlist under her banner.

3

While Carry Nation was thus gaining the sympathy of the women and other temperance advocates of Topeka, excitement was rising throughout the city, and the crowds which followed her about the streets were constantly becoming larger, and more boisterous and unruly. And the saloon-keepers, instead of profiting by the experience of their brethren of Kiowa and Wichita, emulated and even excelled them in defiant gestures, and so blundered into a maze of stupidity from which they never emerged, and which was a prime factor in hastening the events that brought about their ruin. Thrown into a panic by Carry Nation's appearance and the certain prospect of trouble, they closed their doors on the morning after her first tour of Kansas Avenue, but that afternoon they boldly re-opened. Moreover, they announced publicly

that they would remain open, and began hiring guards, paying them $3.50 a day, to protect their stocks and fixtures. Two of the Kansas Avenue joints were patrolled by husky Negroes, armed with shotguns and under orders to shoot the first person who attempted to destroy the property; and every saloon in Topeka employed from six to ten men whose sole duties were to eject Carry Nation and other smashers whenever they appeared. Several jointists installed trap-doors in their floor, operated by levers behind the bars, through which they hoped to plunge the crusader to certain injury and perhaps death in the basement, before she could wield her hatchet. The Missouri Brewers' Association sent six hundred dollars to the Topeka saloons to pay the wages of the guards, and offered to provide as much more money as might be required.

The indignation which these defensive measures aroused in temperance circles was increased by a widely circulated rumour that the Negro sentinels had been instructed to strip every woman who entered a saloon and cast her naked into the street; and it grew into fury when the police discovered a plot to tar and feather Carry Nation, and reported that the wives of several jointists had planned to horsewhip her at the first opportunity. But the clamour of impending trouble, much as it alarmed the Topeka authorities, failed to intimidate the crusader; on the contrary she was pleased at the prospect of violence, for it added to her chances of martyrdom through injury or death. She met the threats of the saloon-keepers with the calm statement that she was "not afraid of the rummies," and announced that in addition to the Home Defenders she had begun the organization of the National Hatchet Brigade, to make concerted attacks upon

saloons throughout the state. She appointed as her principal lieutenants Mrs. Lucy Wilhoite, of Wichita, and Mrs. Mary Sheriff of Danville, who had already begun to lay waste the bar-rooms of southern and south-eastern Kansas. Carry Nation also notified the newspapers that within a few days she would lead an assault upon the joints of lower Kansas Avenue, and warned the liquor men that she would smash heads as well as fixtures if anyone interfered with her.

A parade of the Home Defenders, which had been planned for February 4th, was postponed because of a heavy snowstorm; but soon after breakfast on that day Carry Nation concealed two hatchets under her cloak, and with seven other women, including Mrs. John White and Mrs. M. F. Oldham, went to the Topeka Cash Store and bought six shiny new hatchets for two dollars and fifty cents. The weapons were distributed, and then the eight crusaders marched two abreast down Kansas Avenue, each carrying a hatchet openly in the crook of an arm, while a large crowd trailed them with much jeering and yelling. They stopped at Hobart's drug store and assailed the proprietor for selling liquor even on prescription, and then strode into a similar establishment owned by B. F. Sims, where Carry Nation cornered three members of the Legislature and accused them of trying to buy whisky. They denied it vigorously, and Sims said:

"Why did you come here, Mrs. Nation? This is not a joint."

"Well," she replied, vaguely, "I thought the Legislature was to meet here at noon!"

She was finally persuaded to leave without making any destructive gestures, and the little group of prospective smashers trudged through the snow as far as Sixth Street.

There they turned and went directly to Murphy's Unique Restaurant, which they found padlocked and guarded by a dozen men armed with clubs and ranged in line before the door. Carry Nation ordered them to stand aside, and when they jeered at her and brandished their bludgeons she cried:

"Smash them, women!"

The amateur crusaders hesitated, doubting the wisdom of a frontal attack upon such a formidable force, but Carry Nation waved her hatchet and rushed forward, calling loudly upon the Lord for aid. She was promptly seized by several of the guards and shoved back with such force that she fell to the ground, and before she could arise a man ran from the crowd, kicked her viciously and then scurried down the street. Scrambling to her feet, she returned to the attack, and was again repulsed, whereupon she raised her hatchet and prepared to hurl it through a plate-glass window. But it was snatched from her hand by a man who operated the roulette wheel at a Kansas Avenue gambling house known as Big 803, and while the crowd roared with glee he ran down the street with the trophy tucked beneath his coat. An hour later, adorned by a blue ribbon, it hung above the bar of Big 803. Carry Nation called for another hatchet, but the men who guarded the restaurant had been re-enforced by Negro sentinels from other joints, and more than fifty men attacked the crusaders, quickly scattering them. The other women were permitted to escape, but when Carry Nation would have fled also she was seized by four stalwart Negroes and hustled down Kansas Avenue in the midst of a howling, hostile mob that packed the thoroughfare for three blocks on either side of Sixth Street. Two street cars, unable to move, were marooned in the midst

of the jostling throng, and the occupants of a score of buggies and commercial wagons abandoned their vehicles as the mob swept down upon them. Carry Nation was beaten, cuffed and kicked, and several times she was knocked down by frenzied men who penetrated the ring of Negroes, who were themselves unmercifully mauling their prisoner. Cries of "Kill her!" "Lynch her!" and "Where's a rope?" arose from the crowd, and Carry Nation was in grave danger when she was rescued by Policemen Boyle and McElroy, who placed her under arrest and took her to the police station. There she was locked in a rear room while the harassed officials tried to decide what to do with her. The women who had accompanied her on the ill-fated expedition, and other friends, were admitted, and after singing several hymns attempted a chain prayer, Carry Nation directing them to stand in line and pray one after another without intermission. But this project was impracticable because the excited women would not await their turns, and soon all were singing and praying together. One became so enthused that she fell prone upon the floor and began screaming and kicking the planks, and nine knelt in a corner of the room and hysterically beseeched God to avenge the insults which had been showered upon their champion.

About an hour after her arrest the police prepared to take Carry Nation before Judge Charles A. Magaw of the Police Court, to answer charges of disorderly conduct, causing a crowd to collect, and inciting to riot. But she promptly said that she would have nothing to do with either Judge Magaw or his court, and that if she appeared before that august tribunal the police would have to carry her there. Judge Magaw then ordered her

released on her own recognizance, and she marched triumphantly from the police station, to learn from newspaper reporters that the senior boys of the Topeka High School, in a meeting at noon, had endorsed her campaign and had volunteered their services.

"I may use them soon in God's work," she said. "There will be more smashing tomorrow. I'm not afraid of these rummies."

And to prove that she was not yet through with Topeka she went directly to a hardware store, in company with Mrs. John White, Mrs. M. F. Oldham, Mrs. William Upshire and Mrs. A. C. Cruit, and bought thirty hatchets. Then she was driven to the home of the Rev. Mr. Coblentz, where two pleasant surprises awaited her. One was a huge parcel containing a twenty-pound ax with an eight-inch blade, the gift of William Zimmerman, a saloon-keeper of Kansas City. The other was a letter from Patrick Gleason, former Mayor of Long Island City, New York, offering her a battle-ax which had been used by an English knight during the Crusades. This historic weapon had a ten-inch cutting edge, and was equipped with a long spike, which Mr. Gleason suggested might be useful for puncturing beer kegs and damaging bars. But Carry Nation rejected his offer, and continued to put her trust in a ninety-eight-cent hatchet.

4

Despite a heavy snowfall restless crowds continued to move up and down Kansas Avenue and other important Topeka streets throughout the afternoon of February 4th, and there were frequent conflicts between sympathizers of the saloon and adherents of Carry Nation,

while the joints were packed with men who drank heavily and listened eagerly to tales of the unsuccessful attack upon the Unique Restaurant. During the evening the throng became so large and so boisterous that the sidewalks in the downtown district were blocked, and the police experienced great difficulty in keeping lanes open for the passage of vehicular traffic. Fights were of even more frequent occurrence than earlier in the day, and detectives reported that in the saloons there was much talk of lynching Carry Nation, and that serious trouble was likely to develop before midnight. Chief of Police Stahl immediately sought the advice of Sheriff Cook, City Attorney Bird and Judge Z. T. Hazen of the District Court, and at a conference in the Court House these officials decided that rioting was imminent, and ordered every bar-room in Topeka to close for forty-eight hours. After liquor had become practicably unobtainable the crowds were much easier to handle, and within a few hours they had dispersed and the city was quiet.

Next morning at six o'clock, while snow was still falling heavily, Carry Nation met Mrs. John White and Miss Madeline Southard, an evangelist, on a corner near the Coblentz home. She gave each a hatchet, and the three hurried down Kansas Avenue, and without warning attacked E. C. Russam's restaurant and bar-room. But Russam's guards were on duty, and the crusaders were defeated after a brisk skirmish in which Carry Nation's hand and forehead were slightly cut by her own hatchet. They retired without doing any damage, and while Russam hurriedly locked and barred his doors, they plodded across the street through the snow and rushed into the Senate Bar, the finest saloon in Topeka, and so named because it was a favourite resort of Kansas statesmen and

politicians. There they found Benner Tucker, the bartender, singing cheerfully and polishing glasses in which he expected presently to serve hot toddies to gentlemen who wished to fortify themselves against the cold weather. He was very busy, and was not aware that he had visitors until he heard the jangle of breaking glass and the thump of hatchet upon wood. Turning hastily, he saw Miss Southard wrecking the cigar case and Carry Nation and Mrs. White cutting great gashes in the fine cherry bar. Tucker rushed upon them with a revolver in his hand, and when Carry Nation lunged at him and aimed a vicious blow at his head, he snatched her hatchet, fired two shots into the ceiling and departed hastily through the rear doorway. Carry Nation obtained another hatchet from Mrs. White and returned to the assault, shouting loudly:

"For your sake, Jesus!"

She ran behind the bar and smashed the five-hundred-dollar mirror, and then with her hatchet raked the long row of bottles and decanters on the sideboard. She picked up the cash register, raised it high above her head and hurled it to the floor; and smashed the lock of the refrigerator and tore the doors from their hinges. She slashed the rubber tube which conducted the beer from the tanks to the faucets, and then, using the tube as a hose, sprayed the walls, ceiling and floor, as well as her own dress, with the foaming liquor. She overturned a slot-machine and smashed it with her hatchet, and with a sharp piece of iron opened the bungs of half a dozen kegs of beer, so that more liquor spattered upon her clothing and on to the floor. Miss Southard and Mrs. White performed similar prodigies of destruction, and the floor of the saloon was littered with wreckage and was almost

ankle deep in beer and whisky when a policeman sauntered in and said:

"Well, Sister Nation, I guess we'll have to arrest you again."

"All right," she replied. "You came just when I wanted you to."

She turned to Mrs. White and Miss Southard.

"Everything cleaned up, ladies?"

They assured her that everything breakable had been broken, whereupon she shouted:

"Glory to God! Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

With the embarrassed policeman at her side, she strode into the snow-storm and marched proudly up Kansas Avenue, and a large crowd which had gathered before the bar-room shouted wildly as she sang at the top of her voice:

Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.

At Police Headquarters a charge of inciting to riot was made against her, and a few hours later she was arraigned in Police Court before Judge Magaw, who began reading the law which dealt with the offence. But Carry Nation interrupted:

"You might as well read a novel to me as that stuff," she said. "It doesn't cover my case."

"Do you plead guilty?" asked the Judge.

"If you're trying to ask me if I smashed that joint," said Carry Nation, "I rather think I did smash it."

But Judge Magaw refused to accept this statement as a plea, and adjourned the case until February 7th,

advising her to employ counsel. She was released on one hundred dollars bail, which was provided by friends, and as soon as she was free hastened to send a telegram of congratulation to Wichita, where a score of women had that day publicly bought hatchets, and thirty special deputy sheriffs had been sworn in to protect the saloons and prevent threatened rioting. Then she said to the reporters:

"These jointists have the devil in their hearts. But I am not afraid of the devil. I give him a black eye every time I meet him. I used to see him in jail, and I always held up my Bible to him."

She also gave the newspaper men a proclamation addressed to the school children of the United States, which she had written while waiting at the police station:

My Precious Little Children: — I send you greeting and ask you to help me destroy that which is on the streets and protected by the police and the city officials to destroy you, my darlings. I want every one of you little ones to grab up a rock and smash up the glass doors and windows of these hell-holes. You will do your duty and enroll your name on the pages of undying fame, and place yourself on the side of God and humanity.

While Carry Nation was making her peace with the law Sheep Lytle and Mike Kelly, who owned the Senate Bar, were hurriedly obtaining new stocks of beer and whisky from their fellow jointists, and within an hour after her departure they had reopened the saloon. Four bartenders were scarcely able to serve the men who thronged into the place. The wreckage had been swept into piles behind the bar, and bits of wood and fragments of broken glass were sold as relics for five and ten cents

each, according to their size. But when business began to slacken they were given away, and a man was posted at the street door to keep up a continuous shout of:

"Souvenirs free with each and every glass of beer!"

Soon after ten o'clock a squad of policemen, under orders from Chief Stahl, invaded the bar-room and arrested Lytle and Kelly, who were soon released on bail. During the early afternoon Sheriff Cook decided to serve an old commitment which imposed upon Lytle a fine of two hundred dollars and a jail sentence of ninety days, and sent Under-Sheriff Williams and Deputy Lawson to the saloon with the papers. They encountered resistance and arrested not only Lytle, but also Mike Kelly and three bartenders, Benner Tucker, Tom Malady and Mike Wagoner, all of whom were locked up at Police Headquarters. On her way to Police Court Carry Nation stopped at the prisoners' pen to see them, although she knew nothing of the circumstances of their arrest, and did not recognize Tucker as the man she had chased from the Senate.

"You poor, sinful men!" she said. "What are you in this dreadful place for?"

"I ain't done nothin," said Tucker, sullenly.

"Were you drunk, or in a joint?"

"No!" he shouted, and refused to talk to her further.

Several saloons whose owners had failed to obey the closing orders of Chief of Police Stahl were raided by the Topeka police on February 6th, and that afternoon Carry Nation addressed large and turbulent crowds in front of the Royal Café, the Senate Bar, and at various points along Kansas Avenue. Her last speech of the day was delivered from the steps of the post office, and just as she concluded, and before the crowd had begun to disperse,

a man ran into the street from a candy store and gave her a handful of little pewter hatchets, saying:

"Sell these to the crowd, Carry, and you can pay your costs and fines this month."

The crowd rushed forward with yells of approval, and Carry Nation promptly offered the hatchets for sale as souvenirs. They were quickly disposed of at ten cents each. A few days later, recognizing the value of the idea, she arranged with a manufacturer in Providence, Rhode Island, for quantity production, and thereafter never appeared in public without a supply of miniature hatchets in a satchel slung over her shoulder. She sold them at various prices, ranging from twenty-five to fifty cents, throughout the United States, Canada and the British Isles, and the proceeds assured her economic security during the remainder of her life. "The little hatchets," she wrote, "have been my faithful little defenders. They have paid railroad fares, hotel bills, and they aided me in paying for the home for drunkards' wives [established two years later in Kansas City, Kansas]; besides, they are my little messengers. They cause people to talk, to think, to act. They carry a message with them; it is the heart of the mother crying, 'Carry A. Nation for my baby, for my loved ones, Carry A. Nation against the saloons.' Never was there a greater advertisement of a great cause. God has blessed the mission of the hatchet. With these hatchets go the facts of my life, which will be an inspiration to the hearts of the young."

But Carry Nation was not alone in discerning the financial possibilities of souvenir hatchets. Within a few days candy and novelty stores throughout Kansas were offering them for sale, and the Union News Company, which operated cigar, candy and news stands at innumer-

able railroad stations, advertised hatchets with white ribbons tied around their handles and the word "Nation" handsomely embossed upon the blades. They were sold for five cents each, or given free with each five-cent purchase.

5

A dozen prominent Topeka women who were prepared to provide not only moral support but necessary bail bonds, accompanied Carry Nation when she went to the Police Court on the morning of February 7th for arraignment before Judge Magaw. She had expected to be found guilty and sentenced to jail, but instead all charges which had been brought against her by the police were dismissed on motion of the City Attorney, who said that there was no city ordinance under which she could be punished for wrecking joints. This left the prosecution of Carry Nation entirely in the hands of the state and county authorities, who had fixed her trial for February 14th in the District Court. Similar action was taken in Wichita, where she was under bond to appear before the March term of court.

The crusader greeted this notable victory with a loud cry of "God is still with me, women!" and immediately led her followers in singing "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," while Judge Magaw thumped vigorously upon his desk and the bailiffs vainly shouted for order. At the conclusion of the song Carry Nation yelled "Good-bye, your dishonour!" and then, followed by the usual large and tumultuous crowd, she led her retinue to the state Capitol, where she addressed both branches of the Kansas Legislature and aroused tremendous enthusiasm among the statesmen. The effect of her

harangues was soon apparent, for next day Representative Lawrence introduced a bill legalizing saloon smashing. The measure was never enacted into law, but the unexpected support it received was sufficient to indicate the extent to which the legislators had been alarmed by Carry Nation's activities, and by the quite obvious sympathy that her campaign was rapidly gaining among influential citizens throughout the state. Moreover, the very fact that such a law could be seriously considered presaged the fate which awaited the legislative program so carefully planned by the liquor interests.

Several Protestant ministers and half a dozen students of Washburn College, a Congregationalist institution, had volunteered to assist the Home Defenders in a raid which had been planned for the afternoon of February 7th; and soon after Carry Nation left the state Capitol the preachers and boys, together with fifteen women armed with hatchets and crowbars, assembled in the office of Dr. Eva Harding, who had been active in prohibition work for many years. But the expedition was halted by the appearance of A. C. Rankin, a professional temperance lecturer, who a few days before had agreed to pay Carry Nation seven hundred dollars to make speeches under his management in Des Moines, Omaha, Chicago, and other cities. He now pointed out to her that the proposed assault upon the joints would jeopardize their plans, for if she was arrested again, as she certainly would be, she would lose both the money and the opportunity to deliver her message in other states. Carry Nation promptly announced that the raid would be postponed indefinitely, whereupon great tumult arose among the Home Defenders, many of whom had purchased new hatchets and were eager to use them. One cried:

"Mrs. Nation, you are a coward!"

"I'm not!" the crusader retorted. "Do you want to smash a joint right now?"

"Yes! I'm ready this minute!"

"Well, sister," said Carry Nation, "you must learn to conquer the sin of impatience."

She walked calmly out of the room with Rankin, and after much heated discussion the women abandoned their project.

David Nation had hoped to become his wife's principal advisor when he hurried from Medicine Lodge to Topeka, but she had refused to accept either his advice or his assistance, and had relegated to him the unimportant task of sorting her mail and answering letters which did not demand her personal attention. When he learned of the proposed lecture tour he plaintively expressed a desire to accompany her, and proudly exhibited a new blue suit. But she said:

"No, Papa. You are too old for this trip. You go back to Medicine Lodge and take care of the place while I am away."

So on February 8th Carry Nation left Topeka on her first lecture tour, accompanied by Rankin, the Rev. F. W. Emerson, and five women, including Miss Madeline Southard. David Nation brooded for two days over the affront which he considered had been offered him, and then he told newspaper reporters that Carry Nation had become unbearably vain and domineering, and had humiliated him beyond endurance.

"She keeps telling me," he complained, "that she smashes saloons because her first husband died of drink, and that she is afraid I will do the same. She says she has visions from the Lord, and I have often found her

beside the bed at night talking to an unseen being who she claimed was Jesus Christ."

Nevertheless, he obeyed her command and returned to Medicine Lodge, whence, after a few days' reflection, he wired this message to the New York *Journal* on February 13th:

So far as the report of my threat to divorce Mrs. Nation is concerned, every word is a lie. My wife and I live in harmony. In six months there will not be a saloon, dive or speakeasy in the state. Her work has aroused such enthusiasm all over Kansas as was never heard since Fort Sumter was fired on.

He amplified this statement some two weeks afterward by publicly announcing that whoever said he did not approve his wife's conduct ought to be in hell.

6

Carry Nation's route after leaving Topeka led her through south-western Iowa, and her tour of that state was a veritable triumphal procession. Enormous and friendly crowds greeted her at Stuart, Atlantic, Adair and other towns, and as she leaned from the train platform women held up their babies to be kissed, and men fought for the privilege of shaking her hand and buying souvenir hatchets. More than five thousand persons packed the railroad station at Des Moines when she arrived during the late afternoon of February 9th, and she was so impressed by their vociferous welcome that she announced her intention of rewarding them by smashing a saloon or two. But she changed her mind when the Chief of Police informed her that if she did so she would be locked up and prosecuted to the full extent of the law,

for bar-rooms operated legally in Iowa and were entitled to police protection. Nevertheless, the saloon-keepers were greatly alarmed by her threats, and many took precautions to prevent the wrecking of their property. Some hired guards and barricaded their doors, and one, A. Romani, installed in the middle of his floor a great cage containing fifty rats and mice, which he proposed to release if the crusader entered his place. She visited half a dozen bar-rooms that night with an escort of six policemen who had orders not to permit smashing, but no one could induce her to go near Romani's.

Not even William Jennings Bryan had received greater ovations than were accorded Carry Nation when, for the first time since she began her career of smashing, she ventured beyond the borders of Kansas. And the tours of the two great reformers were similar in other respects, also, for just as thousands flocked to see Bryan but did not vote for him, so did they struggle to look upon Carry Nation, and then refuse to spend their money to hear her talk. She lectured to fewer than five hundred persons in Des Moines, and when not more than three hundred heard her two nights later in Muscatine, Iowa, Rankin pronounced the tour an artistic success but a financial failure, and returned to Topeka. Carry Nation, however, together with the other members of her party, went on to Chicago, arriving there on February 13th. She found the city, or at least the newspaper reporters, greatly excited over the activities of six female disciples of John Alexander Dowie, who on February 7th had come out of Zion City, Illinois, and invaded several West Side drug stores. Although they had obviously been inspired by Carry Nation's brilliant forays in Kansas, their purpose was not to destroy liquor, but medicines, for Dowie

taught that to use drugs as curative agents was to flaunt the will of God. With canes, umbrellas and pitchforks concealed beneath long capes, the women first appeared at Charles G. Foucek's store at Eighteenth Street and Centre Avenue, where the leader said to the druggist:

"Don't you know that all the ills of humanity can be cured by prayer?"

"I am not aware of the fact, if such is the case," replied Mr. Foucek.

"Hurrah for Dowie!" cried the women, and one lunged at him with a pitchfork. He dodged and fled out the back door, while the women proceeded to wreck the establishment, retreating only when the clerks deluged them with water. They demolished the interiors of four other stores within the next two hours, and failed at a fifth only because the owner and several of his employees threw bottles at them and brandished revolvers.

Trailed by a large and excited crowd, Carry Nation went to City Hall and attempted to enter the private offices of Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, but she was repulsed, and told that Mr. Harrison would not be able to see her, no matter how long she remained in the city. She was further warned that she must do no smashing in Chicago.

"I'm on a lecture tour," she said. "I haven't even got a hatchet."

Accompanied by her Kansas *entourage* and a score of newspapermen, she walked about the streets for several hours. She made no attempt to wreck saloons, and, indeed, did not even enter one until she came to Henry McCall's bar-room opposite the Windsor Hotel. There a reporter pointed out to her a small statue of a nude woman in the window, and she instantly flared into anger.

Striding through the swinging doors, she brusquely ordered McCall to drape the figure immediately or suffer the consequences, which she said plainly would not be pleasant. He promised to do so, and after she had gone he wrapped flimsy pink netting about the statue and hung a placard from its neck:

DRAPED!
By Request Of
MRS. CARRY NATION
of Kansas

An hour later Carry Nation returned, looked with disgust at the figure, and said to McCall:

"That pink stuff won't do. Anybody can see right through it."

"How do you want it fixed?" asked the saloon-keeper.

"I want it dressed the way you would like to have your sister dressed."

"Oh!" said McCall. "Then I'll put a Mother Hubbard and a sunbonnet on it. Will that do?"

"Yes," said Carry Nation. "And do it quick."

He so covered the figure, and for the next week his saloon was crowded. The statue justly became one of the most popular sights in Chicago, for the sun-bonnet was tilted rakishly athwart its brow, and the Mother Hubbard, most sedate of garments, drooped wickedly from a gleaming plaster shoulder.

That night Carry Nation lectured to another small audience, and afterward, under the guidance of newspaper reporters, visited a dozen saloons in the downtown business section, but contented herself with berating the bartenders and the customers. The last bar-room she entered bore on its windows the name of John Juertick,

and when she espied an extremely young man tending bar she strode forward and confronted him.

"You are too young—," she began, but he interrupted, grinning:

"How are you, Grandmamma?"

Carry Nation's jaw dropped, and she stared at him in amazement.

"Don't you know me, Grandmamma?"

An expression of great pain and weariness appeared suddenly in her face, and her shoulders drooped as though she carried a burden of great weight.

"Yes," she said, slowly. "I know you." For she had recognized the young bartender as her grandson. He smiled at her, but she had nothing more to say. She turned and walked heavily from the saloon. Her grandson watched her uncertainly for a moment, and then he flung his white apron on to the bar and followed her into the street. There he put his arms about her, and they talked for a long time. Finally he returned to the bar-room, and Carry Nation, with tears streaming from her eyes, told the reporters that he had promised to quit his job and help her in temperance work. Soon thereafter she boarded a train for Topeka.

Two days later the editors of the *Union Signal,* official paper of the W. C. T. U., which was published in Chicago, received this message from Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens of Maine, President of the Union:

Print as many good things as you can of Mrs. Nation. She certainly has accomplished much.

This was the first time that Carry Nation had been recognized, and her campaign approved, by the national officers of any temperance organization.

CHAPTER X

MARCHING AS TO WAR

WHILE Carry Nation was enjoying the favour of the great throngs which flocked to see her as she journeyed triumphantly through Iowa and Illinois, stirring events were occurring in Topeka, and the situation there was rapidly becoming so critical that many citizens seriously considered asking Governor Stanley to call out the militia to prevent the rioting and bloodshed that appeared almost inevitable. Store-keepers reported that scores of women were daily buying hatchets, axes and crow-bars; members of the State Temperance Union and of the W. C. T. U. paraded the streets wearing miniature hatchets and the white ribbons of their organizations; frequent meetings were held at which ministers of the Gospel lashed their hearers into fury with diatribes against liquor; and students of Washburn College, perhaps as eager for excitement as for the abolition of the bar-rooms, began the construction of a great three-hundred-pound battering-ram, and announced their intention of joining the raiders whenever another expedition was organized to march against the saloons. And amid the growing fervour of the temperance advocates, the saloon-keepers, with characteristic arrogance and stupidity, continued to operate their establishments at full blast, while

Negro guards, armed with shotguns and clubs, swaggered back and forth before the doors and insolently threatened every woman who approached. The jointists reaped a temporary harvest of gold, for the bar-rooms were crowded night and day, but at the same time they sowed infinite trouble for the liquor traffic. They had no conception whatever of the enormous power that was solidly massed behind Carry Nation, and laughed incredulously when the extraordinary results of her campaign were set before them in the newspapers.

The position of the Topeka saloons, which had been insecure since that memorable day in June when Carry Nation's buggy rolled down the dusty road from Medicine Lodge to Kiowa, became even more precarious when, on February 7th, seventy business men held a meeting and voted unanimously to employ force, if necessary, to rid the city of joints. This action was followed two days later by the announcement that one hundred men, all pledged to smash saloons, had been organized into ten companies of ten men each. The generalissimo of this temperance army was the Rev. Dr. J. T. McFarland, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. His principal lieutenants were C. R. McDowell, the Rev. M. T. McKirahan, and the Rev. F. W. Emerson, who had accompanied Carry Nation to Chicago. Dr. McFarland gave notice of a great mass meeting to formulate plans for an attack upon the bar-rooms, and that night Topeka was flooded with ten thousand circulars:

THE JOINTS MUST GO!

MEN'S MASS MEETING
at the
AUDITORIUM
on
February 10, 1901.

To Decide on Definite Action
AGAINST THE JOINTS.

This clarion call to arms by some of Topeka's most prominent citizens aroused tremendous enthusiasm among the temperance workers, and brought great perturbation to the opponents of the prohibition amendment; for it was clear that whether or not the gathering accomplished anything, such a display of force and indignation was certain to intimidate state and county officials, as well as members of the State Legislature. But the mass meeting was destined to have far-reaching results, and was of vast importance even if considered only as a stupendous endorsement of Carry Nation's methods. More than three thousand men crowded into the Auditorium, and when Chief of Police Stahl declared in a rousing speech that with proper judicial co-operation he could close the joints in twenty-four hours, they promptly and unanimously adopted a resolution asking Judge Charles A. Magaw to resign, and another demanding his removal from office by the City Council. Many of the men who stirred restlessly during the speeches were armed with hatchets and clubs, and there was much talk of immediately destroying the joints, and of burning the buildings

which they occupied. But the counsel of cooler heads prevailed, and the meeting finally voted to warn the saloon-keepers to close the bar-rooms before noon of February 11th, and to ship all bar fixtures and liquor out of Topeka before dusk of February 15th. Only one negative ballot was recorded, and when it was discovered to have been cast by Barney McMahon, an employee of a saloon, he was set upon and ejected from the hall. A special Committee of Public Safety, comprising A. H. Vance, H. R. Hilton, J. C. Smith, J. W. Gleed and Peter Heil, was appointed to notify the jointists, and to call upon the state and county authorities for a strict enforcement of the law. Chief Stahl also urged the liquor men to shut their doors, if for no other reason than their own safety.

For the first time since Carry Nation began her devastating march the saloon-keepers were now really frightened, and next morning the only open saloon in Topeka was Finney's Bar in Jefferson Street, which was closed by the police before noon. That evening six hundred citizens of Wichita held a similar mass meeting and demanded action by the state and county officials; and Mrs. A. M. Hutchinson, State President of the W. C. T. U., who had apparently revised her opinion of Carry Nation, broadcast a fiery message urging a general uprising against saloons throughout the state. As a retaliatory measure the jointists attempted, though with scant success, to reorganize the Order of the Mystic Brotherhood, a militant society which had been popular when Kansas laws permitted drinking clubs, and for many years was active in the fight against the constitutional amendment. But during the next few days, when whisky and beer were actually almost unobtainable, Topeka was quiet, and the saloon-keepers went gloomily to work disman-

tling their bar-rooms and hauling away their bars and liquors.

2

Carry Nation returned from Chicago on the morning of February 14th. She was arraigned soon thereafter in the District Court, but the hearing was adjourned until February 18th, and her bond continued. She was greatly pleased to learn of the mass meeting and of the tremendous public support that her cause had gained, but she emphatically disapproved the peaceful methods of the Committee of Public Safety; she advocated more violence, and urged an immediate invasion of the joints and the destruction of the bars and liquor before they could be removed.

"We must smash these murder-mills!" she cried. "If we let them take away their poison they will sell it somewhere else and continue to murder souls."

But no one encouraged this attitude, and at length she agreed to postpone further direct action until the time limit fixed by the Committee's ultimatum had expired; and busied herself establishing a home in a building which she later purchased with the intention of giving it to the W. C. T. U. She set up her *menage* in two small rooms, but she had little money, and they were meagrely furnished; as they would have been, probably, had she possessed great wealth. For she accepted as a veritable command of God the Biblical injunction to abstain from lavish display and thoughts of pride and comfort. "I covet the humblest walk," she wrote. "I will not have a piece of fine furniture. I have no carpets on my floors. The little cupboard I use is made of a dry-goods box, with shelves in it, and a curtain in front. My dishes, all

told, kitchen and dining-room, are not worth five dollars. This is what the poor have, and better than some have. It is good enough. It is better than my blessed Lord had. I desire nothing better. I would feel like a reprobate to fill my room with expensive furniture, using money that I could feed the hungry with, clothe the naked, doing things that would please my Lord. I used to delight in cut-glass, china, plush, velvet and lace. Now I can say vanity of vanity, all is vanity."

On the night of February 15th, after a survey of the city, the Committee of Public Safety announced that all of the Topeka joints had been closed save two or three small places in outlying sections, and that the owners of these were so fearful of invasion that they operated with great caution, and were able to dispense only small quantities of liquor. But the Committee found that with the exception of forty barrels of whisky which had been shipped to Kansas City, the bar fixtures and stocks of liquor had not been sent out of Topeka, but had been stored in barns or otherwise concealed. In temperance circles there was wild rejoicing over the fact that the capital of the state was at last practically free of joints, but there was also great indignation at the failure of the saloon-keepers to obey the Committee's ultimatum to the full. And Carry Nation, already restive under the restraint imposed by her promise to postpone a renewal of her campaign against the bar-rooms, took advantage of the public exasperation and immediately began preparations for an extensive raid.

By the late evening of February 16th plans for the foray had been completed, and on the 17th Topeka passed through one of the most turbulent periods in its history. From six o'clock in the morning until dusk the

streets resounded to the thunderous tread of the embattled temperance hosts, the rush and roar of angry mobs, and the clanging gongs of patrol wagons; while the jangle of breaking glass and the thud of axes, hatchets, sledge-hammers and battering-rams against doors and interior woodwork scantily indicated the fierceness of the smashing multitude. Carry Nation, her hatchet flashing always in the van of the attack and her voice raised lustily in commands and shouts of encouragement, was arrested four times, and when the day's work had been done she was a prisoner in the county jail, with two warrants sworn out against her.

The gloomy corridors under the east steps of the state Capitol were the designated rendezvous, and before the sun rose over the Kansas plain on the appointed day men and women were making their way thither from all parts of the city, many singing hymns and praying as they marched through the streets. Carry Nation's chief of staff, the Rev. F. W. Emerson, pastor of the Christian Church, had posted armed guards about the building and grounds, and no one was permitted to enter the line without displaying a white handkerchief knotted about the throat. So efficient were the sentinels that several saloon sympathizers, though properly dressed, were detected and unceremoniously chased from the vicinity. The muster of the crusaders proceeded with military precision, and presently the halls swarmed with an eager, excited throng conservatively estimated at five hundred persons, of whom some three hundred were men. In accordance with instructions, the latter bore axes, sledge-hammers and crow-bars, while the women carried hatchets. On the lawn before the building lay the artillery — the huge battering-ram constructed by students of

Washburn College. Six brawny youths, each armed also with a sharp and shiny hatchet, were ready to send it crashing against the fortresses of the Rum Demon.

Six o'clock had been fixed as the time for the march to begin, but unfortunately Carry Nation overslept, and it was not until an hour later that she appeared in company with Dr. Eva Harding. She wore her usual costume of poke bonnet and black alpaca dress, but the sombreness of the ensemble was relieved by a white silk handkerchief looped about her throat, and by the fierce gleam that shone from her eyes. In each hand she carried a bright new hatchet with a red blade and a thin strip of white ribbon dangling from the haft. The restless crusaders greeted her with a great roar of welcome, but she stilled the clamour with an imperious gesture, and after a moment of effective silence, cried:

"Get in line there, men and women! We must be about the Lord's work now!"

Brandishing their weapons and shouting enthusiastically, they jostled one another until all had found their places. Then Carry Nation called:

"All ready? Then follow me!" Her voice rose triumphantly. "Onward for Jesus!"

She strode vigorously across the lawn, her hatchets held high above her head and arranged one over the other to form a rude cross. Close at her heels followed Dr. Harding, similarly armed; the half dozen college boys dragging the battering-ram and shouting "Rah! Rah! Rah! Carry Nation! Rah! Rah! Rah!"; and finally successive companies of smashers under the command of the Rev. Mr. Emerson, C. R. McDowell, Miss Madeline Southard, Mrs. Rose Crist, and other capable captains. They poured tumultuously from the corridors into the

misty light of early morning, and as they tramped behind their leader a mighty volume of song swept upward from five hundred throats:

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war;
With the Cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

The crusaders moved out of the rendezvous marching two abreast, but those in the rear ranks eagerly pressed forward, and when the column turned into Kansas Avenue it deployed without command into a semblance of company front, filling the wide thoroughfare from curb to curb. The singing had now ceased, and for a few moments there were no sounds save the shuffling of many feet, the low hum of conversation, and an occasional pious ejaculation. Then Carry Nation set up a shout of "Smash! Smash!" and presently the mass was advancing triumphantly to the cadenced cry of:

"Smash! Smash! For Jesus' sake! Smash!"

Since Carry Nation never made any secret of her plans, Sheriff Cook and Chief of Police Stahl had known of the impending raid, and had stationed a large posse of special deputy sheriffs and almost the entire police force in Kansas Avenue, with instructions to halt and disperse the raiders with a minimum of force. But they were scattered along several blocks, and so were compelled to meet the temperance army in open instead of massed formation. Isolated from one another by the steady forward sweep of the mob, and prevented by their orders from effectively using revolvers and clubs, they were soon overwhelmed and engulfed by a heaving sea of white handkerchiefs. No force then remained to stop Carry Nation and her

cohorts, and they swept tumultuously down the street while trolley cars rattled out of the danger zone, vehicles and pedestrians hurriedly turned into side streets, and doors and shutters banged as owners of restaurants and other places wherein liquor had been sold prepared to resist attack. For the moment, however, Carry Nation had no intention of invading joints in Kansas Avenue; she was determined to lay waste Edward Murphy's Unique Restaurant in East Sixth Street, and avenge the defeat inflicted upon her by Murphy's guards on February 4th. Four policemen guarded the barred and padlocked door when the crusaders swarmed before it, and the smashers hesitated to attack the row of menacing clubs. But Carry Nation was undaunted. She sprang forward, sent a hatchet hurtling through a window, and cried:

"Don't pay any attention to them! Smash! Smash!"

She struck viciously at the nearest policeman, and the crowd surged about the officers and pushed them aside. Cheering madly, the college boys rushed forward with their battering-ram, and soon broke the glass in the front of the building. A score of men cut away the doors and window frames with axes, and, shrieking frantically, the crusaders followed Carry Nation into the restaurant, scrambling over the sills and pouring through the doorways; while the whole structure shook under the impact of the battering-ram as the students attacked the walls. Once inside, the mob halted to permit Carry Nation to strike the first blow, and with a triumphant cry she demolished a valuable mirror with her remaining hatchet. Her followers then rushed about overturning furniture, hacking chairs and tables, cutting holes in the walls and floor, and shattering crockery and glassware. But Carry Nation took no further part in the destruction, for

scarcely had the mirror fallen before her strokes than two policemen who had wriggled through the throng seized her and hustled her outside, although they were severely cuffed and pummelled before they reached the street. There other officers came to their aid, and kicking and fighting, she was hurried away, screaming as she went:

"Smash! Smash! Don't stop while I'm gone!"

She was released on her own recognizance at Police Headquarters, and immediately returned to East Sixth Street, where she found the smashers milling before the restaurant, the interior of which was piled high with wreckage. Bereft of her leadership, they were uncertain what to do next. The Washburn College students, however, were in no such dilemma; they continued to swing their battering-ram against the building, but with scant success, for their excitement was so great that they failed to co-ordinate their efforts, and seldom struck twice in the same place. The crusaders yelled wildly when Carry Nation appeared, and quickly surveying the result of their fury, she cried:

"Praise God! Another joint gone!"

She snatched two hatchets from the hands of a woman near her, brandished them above her head, and called:

"Follow me! I know another place!"

With her victorious legions swarming behind her, so excited that all thought of orderly movement had been forgotten, she marched up East Sixth Street, loudly singing a hymn. The police and deputy sheriffs had combined forces and hovered on the flanks of the throng, but were unable to check its mad progress. Indeed, they were kept busy preventing an attack upon the crusaders by another and an even larger crowd. For once more Topeka was

in an uproar; hundreds of citizens, attracted by the cries of the smashers and the crashing sounds of demolition, had flocked to the vicinity of the Unique Restaurant, and several hundred saloon sympathizers, who appeared to be well organized, gathered in a compact body and shouted threats and curses at Carry Nation and her followers. Clubs were soon obtained, and scores of men repeatedly attempted to storm the police lines, but were driven back. Several minor rear-guard actions were fought as the temperance forces streamed through the streets, but serious trouble was averted, and at length Carry Nation reached her objective — a livery stable opposite the Santa Fé Hospital, wherein hopeful saloon-keepers had stored fine bars and other fixtures. The stable was heavily guarded, but the defenders fled when they saw the size and the obvious ferocity of the mob, and the doors and windows were quickly demolished. But actual invasion was delayed by a clash between the Rev. F. W. Emerson and Dr. Eva Harding, who called the minister a liar during an altercation which arose when he tried to calm an extremely excited woman. Mrs. Emerson immediately flew at Dr. Harding, and a fight between the two women was prevented only by the prompt interference of friends. The smashers then set about their work and rushed into the stable, where the bars and fixtures were overturned and damaged beyond repair. Some were so splintered that they were of no further use except as kindling.

A policeman arrested Carry Nation as she strode triumphantly into the street after this exploit, but at Police Headquarters she was again released, and returned to the scene of action in time to lead her warriors against a cold storage plant in Polk Street, owned by Charles and

William Moser. This establishment was known to supply ice to the saloon-keepers, and was also believed by Carry Nation to handle whisky and beer in wholesale lots. The mob chopped away doors and windows and invaded the butter and ice rooms, ruining a considerable quantity of provisions and hacking the woodwork, but failing to find any liquor. Sheriff Cook and Chief Stahl awaited Carry Nation when she left the plant, and arrested her on a warrant which had been sworn out by Edward Murphy. She was driven to Headquarters in a patrol wagon guarded by half a dozen policemen, and when the authorities demanded bail for her release the bond was signed by Nick Chiles, Negro politician and reputed owner of a saloon. But this required several hours, and by the time she was again on the streets the crusaders had dispersed to attend services at their respective churches, and the city was comparatively quiet, although turbulent crowds continued to roam Kansas Avenue and stand curiously before the places which had been subjected to the fury of the prohibitionists. Late that afternoon a mass meeting was called to plan more raids, and Carry Nation had just launched into a fiery speech when a policeman appeared with a warrant sworn out by the Moser brothers.

"What's the charge?" she demanded.

"Defacing property," said the policeman.

"That's a lie!" she stormed. "I never defaced any property. I destroyed it! You get that warrant fixed or I won't go a step!"

Nevertheless, she did. But when the policeman attempted to take her to Headquarters a large and threatening crowd gathered, and he was compelled to draw his revolver and threaten to shoot. Nick Chiles again signed the bond, and she said to him:

"You are very kind to me."

Chiles bowed and said that he was glad to be of service.

"When I get time," she continued, "I'll smash your joint for you."

The mass meeting from which Carry Nation had been taken was thrown into a furor of indignation by her arrest, and many demanded an immediate march against suspected joints, while others urged an expedition to rescue her from prison. Neither measure was attempted, however, and the gathering adjourned after listening to several fiery speeches. By nine o'clock that night the police had cleared Kansas Avenue of crowds; but the joints remained closed, and there was no more violence until the early morning of February 25th, when fifty men with handkerchiefs over their faces, and armed with sledge-hammers, crow-bars and a battering-ram, attacked Cash Curtis's storage warehouse in North Topeka and destroyed thirty cases of beer. Several shots were fired when three policemen tried to prevent the demolition of the warehouse doors and windows, and J. W. Adams, a carpenter and a member of the raiding party, was slightly wounded by a bullet, while the Rev. F. W. Emerson's hand was cut as he manipulated the battering-ram. The latter and Dr. M. R. Mitchell were arrested and released without bail. Later they were re-arrested on state warrants, but eventually the charges against them were dropped.

Carry Nation was arraigned in the District Court before Judge Hazen on February 18th, together with C. R. McDowell, Mrs. Rose Crist and Miss Madeline Southard, against whom warrants had also been issued. Judge Hazen denied Carry Nation's petition for a change of venue, spoke briefly and disparagingly of "this crazy

woman and her deluded followers," and directed her to put up a bond of two thousand dollars to keep the peace.

"I won't do any such thing!" she cried.

"Then I shall remand you to the county jail," said Judge Hazen.

"All right, your dishonour!" said Carry Nation. "God will take care of me."

McDowell was released on a peace bond of one thousand dollars, and Mrs. Crist and Miss Southard provided bail of five hundred dollars each. But Carry Nation persisted in her refusal, and went to prison. She sang and prayed hysterically as she was led through the corridors of the Court House, and when she reached the jail she insisted upon crossing the threshold on her knees.

3

It was during this period of imprisonment that Carry Nation inaugurated her first publishing venture. When she saw that "the Republican newspapers of Kansas were determined to put me in a false light before the world," she decided to edit her own journal, and before she went to Chicago she arranged with Nick Chiles to have it printed at the plant of *The Kansas Plaindealer,* a Negro weekly in which he was interested. On February 21, 1901, the first issue of *The Smasher's Mail* was offered for sale on the Topeka news-stands, and thereafter appeared twice a week. "All the money I had in the world," she wrote, "was from the sale of ten cows, which was two hundred and forty dollars. This Negro, Chiles, talked very fair, and promised to print my paper in a creditable way. I gave him the two hundred and forty dollars. I had no one to read the proofs, and was at the mercy of this Negro, who was not in sympathy

with my cause. I was often humiliated at the way my articles were tortured." Each number of *The Smasher's Mail* contained several editorials written by Carry Nation — long, rambling dissertations on the liquor traffic with an occasional shrewd comment on government or politics buried in a mass of violent objurgations; but the bulk of the paper's contents was letters and poems. There was never any lack of material, for the postman delivered a great sack of mail to her every day. Many of the missives were viciously denunciatory, and she published them under the heading, "Letters from Hell." Others were broadly spoofing. This, for example, from Louisville, Kentucky:

MADAME CAROLINE NATION,
Commander-in-Chief,
The Hatchet Army,
Topeka, Kansas.

Dear Madame,

You are cordially invited to attend a social saloon smashing to be held in Kentucky any time you desire to come. Do come, dear Carrie. We have not had a rough house in Kentucky for so long we are getting lonesome.

(Signed) BLOOD ON THE MOON SOCIETY.

Such letters went into the waste-basket; that is, when she understood them, which was infrequently, for she was never able to realize that in many quarters she and her campaign were regarded humorously. In consequence of this failing, she was often decoyed into ludicrous situations, especially when she visited various educational institutions. But during this period she was protected by her friends, who assisted her in preparing copy, and the mis-

sives which achieved serious publication in *The Smasher's Mail* were extremely laudatory. They included expressions of opinion from many prominent citizens, among whom was John P. St. John, who was twice Governor of Kansas and once candidate for President on the ticket of the National Prohibition Party. A letter from Mr. St. John, written to a friend and forwarded to Carry Nation, appeared in an early issue:

Mrs. Nation is all right. She is engaged in the very laudable business of abating what our statutes declare to be a common nuisance. She is not crazy, nor is she a crank, but she is a sensible Christian woman and has the respect of our best people. Her crusade is much like that of John Brown, and I hope and pray that it may terminate as disastrously to the liquor traffic as John Brown's did to human slavery.

The paper was very popular throughout Kansas and the Middle West, but it was handicapped in the South by a report that it was published in the interests of the Negro race. Chiles withdrew from the enterprise after the third issue, declaring that he feared prosecution for libel, but Carry Nation accused him of cheating her. "He put the papers out and collected for them," she wrote, "and never paid me a cent. I believe he paid Mr. Nation some, and when I would have made him account for his wrong dealing, I found that the contract between he and I, which was drawn up by Mr. Nation, made this Negro my partner. This, of course, was done to prevent me from having any legal redress."[1] After Chiles's retirement the

[1] From the 1905 edition of Carry Nation's autobiography. In subsequent editions David Nation's name was not mentioned in this connection.

paper was printed for several months at the plant of *The Kansas Farmer,* and later Carry Nation bought a second-hand printing-press. But eventually she found it impossible to be a successful editor and at the same time keep her lecture engagements, so on December 5, 1901, *The Smasher's Mail* suspended publication. "But the paper accomplished this much," she wrote, "that the public could see by my editorials that I was not insane."

4

When the city authorities of Topeka decided not to prosecute Carry Nation in Police Court, there still remained in the City Court a warrant charging her with malicious mischief, which had been issued soon after she invaded the Senate Bar. On February 21st this case came before Judge McCabe, who dismissed the charge, holding that Carry Nation had shown no especial malice toward the owners of the Senate, and that she had simply abated a public nuisance. But his decision did not affect the action of Judge Hazen in committing her to the county jail. Although she was determined not to procure a bond to keep the peace, which would have prevented further smashing in Topeka and sadly curtailed her activities, she was very anxious to procure her release; for W. A. Brubaker, a professional prohibition lecturer, had offered her $150 to visit Peoria, Illinois, under his management on February 27th, and lecture and edit the Peoria *Journal* for one day as part of a circulation scheme. So she began a curious campaign by which she apparently hoped to intimidate Judge Hazen — issuing vicious attacks against him, which the newspapers found too libellous to publish, and writing him several letters a day. On February 24th she wrote:

I want you to stop your fooling and let me out of here. It is time for you to recover yourself before the devil, your master, makes a clean sweep of you into hell. Let me out that I may go about my business of saving such poor devils as you.

Judge Hazen also received scores of menacing letters from women throughout the Middle West. One from Bunkerhill, a small town in Russell County, Kansas, informed him that fifty women would tar and feather him unless Carry Nation was released by February 27th. But a woman in Douglas, Michigan, threatened even sterner measures. She wrote:

We now propose, if Mrs. Nation is held longer, to raise the greatest army of women the world has ever known and wipe man out of existence. It is our intention to begin with you.

But Judge Hazen calmly ignored all communications, including those written by Carry Nation, and on February 25th she capitulated and allowed her friends to provide a bond, which was signed by J. B. McAfee and the Rev. Dr. J. T. McFarland. She stipulated, however, that when she returned she should be again locked up and the bond withdrawn. She left next morning for Peoria where, until the enactment of the Volstead Act, more rye whisky was manufactured than in any other city in the world. During the long journey across the corn fields of Missouri and Illinois she attracted much attention from her fellow passengers on the trains; and by many she was regarded as considerable of a nuisance, for she developed a disconcerting habit, which she never overcame, of popping into smoking cars and dressing rooms, where she sniffed

suspiciously for liquor and snatched cigars and cigarettes from men's mouths. When she was still a hundred miles or so from Peoria a lame farmer came into her car, greeted her effusively, and then hopped excitedly about the aisle while he sang a song of his own composition:

Hurrah, Samantha, Mrs. Nation is in town!
So get on your bonnet and your Sunday-meeting gown;
Oh, I am so blamed excited I am hopping up and down!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Samantha, Carry Nation is in town!

Get you ready, we are going to the city,
Where the Home Defenders are all feeling gay,
And the mothers all exclaiming, "It's a pity
That Carry Nation does not come here every day."

I want to hear that mirror-smashing music,
And to look in Mrs. Nation's blessed face,
And to see the saloon men all cavorting,
When that hatchet brings sadness to their face.

Hurrah, Samantha, Mrs. Nation is in town!
So wear your brightest bonnet and your alapaca gown.
Oh, I am so jubilated I'm a-hopping up and down!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Samantha, Mrs. Nation is in town!

Carry Nation had no manuscript ready when she arrived in Peoria on the night of February 26th, but she arose at four o'clock next morning and wrote continuously until noon. She had much trouble with Mr. Brubaker. "He took the copy," she wrote, "and I never saw any of the *Journal* men until the paper was out. I went to see them and told them that only a small part of my copy that I wrote was in the paper. They said that several

times they asked for my copy, but Mr. Brubaker gave them his own. So he destroyed a great deal of my copy, supplying only what he wanted put in. This man was posing as a prohibitionist, but he was as loyal to the cause as Judas was to Jesus." One of the articles which she accused Mr. Brubaker of suppressing dealt with the advertising methods of distillers and tobacco manufacturers, for she was enraged at the whisky and cigarette advertisements in the Peoria *Journal*. She reproduced this piece, with some additions, in her autobiography:

There is a great art in advertising. Jacob was the first one I read of in the Bible who was aware of this art and science, when he placed the rods before the cattle.— . . .— Whisky or tobacco never introduce their products by reason or arguments, they never appeal to thought, but suggestion or temptation; every one of their signs has a false basis. For instance, there is a sign, 'Old Crow Whisky.' This is slandering the crow, for there is not a crow or vulture that will use a drop of this slop. There is 'Chew Bull-dog Twist,' and 'Bull Durham Tobacco.' There is not a dog or bull that uses tobacco. There is the 'Royal Bengal Tiger Cigarettes.' This is taking advantage of these animals because they cannot defend themselves. There are the 'Robert Burns' and 'Tom Moore' cigars. There was not a cigar in England when Burns or Tom Moore lived. I have seen a life-size picture of Abraham Lincoln advertising a cigar, when Lincoln was a teetotaler from cigars or any intoxicating drink. He promised his mother that he would never use them and kept his promise to his death. This is slandering the dead. I never remember seeing the 'Grant Cigar.' His name is not used because he died with tobacco cancer. It is said

that McKinley would have recovered, but his blood was bad from nicotine.

During the late afternoon Carry Nation visited several Peoria saloons, including the Niagara Hotel Bar and the famous Alcazar, and also inspected the Clark and Great Western distilleries, where she was much impressed by the fact that the workmen were not permitted to drink their product. "What would you think," she asked, "of a dry goods concern that would not allow its employees to use what they make?" She spoke that night to a large audience at the Opera House, and afterward reporters suggested that she call upon Pete Weise, who owned a saloon and dance hall. But Brubaker objected. He had arranged for the *Journal* to pay her one hundred dollars, and was himself to give her fifty dollars for her lecture, their agreement binding her to speak nowhere else. "But as I had already spoken for him," she wrote, "I did not feel bound. I went to Pete Weise's place and spoke of the hundreds of poor, drugged and depraved men and women. There was a large picture, or rather statuary, of naked women among some trees which I said must be smashed. Mr. Weise treated me very kindly and said, 'I will have that boarded up,' and next day he did. This Mr. Brubaker would not pay me a cent for my lecture, and tried to garnishee the one hundred dollars the *Journal* was to pay me, and had it not been for a stroke of policy on the part of the *Journal* he would have taken every cent from me and left me to pay my expenses there and back. Jesus said, 'beware of wolves in sheep's clothing.' In a month from this time the saloon-keeper [Pete Weise] sent me fifty dollars. The prostitute loved more than Simon."

With a hundred dollars in her pocket, Carry Nation returned to Topeka on March 1st. Her bond was immediately cancelled, and she was escorted to the county jail by a large delegation of Home Defenders and members of the W. C. T. U., who enthusiastically assured her that if a joint reared its evil head during her imprisonment they would forthwith smite it. And when newspaper reporters asked about her plans she replied, "You just tell the people that Carry Nation will attend to her knitting, the same as usual."

THE CONQUEST OF KANSAS

THE ATTENTION of the outside world was concentrated upon Wichita and Topeka during the early days of Carry Nation's campaign, but these cities, and the few others which she had honoured with her personal solicitude, were not the only Kansas communities wherein the liquor interests suffered from the wave of destructive fury that followed the invasion of the Hotel Carey in Wichita. The entire state blazed spectacularly with prohibitionary fervour, and from Holton in the north to Arkansas City in the south excited men and women armed themselves and marched singing and praying against the saloon. In Danville, a small village in Harper county, Mrs. Mary Sheriff, tall, lean-faced and of Irish descent, arose to dispute Carry Nation's supremacy and to belittle her exploits. Mrs. Sheriff was somewhat mollified by her appointment as chief lieutenant of the National Hatchet Brigade, but during the month and more that she flashed back and forth in southern Kansas, leaving devastated joints in her wake, she frequently expressed resentment at the publicity which attended Carry Nation's every movement, while her own considerable accomplishments were but briefly chronicled. Moreover, she insisted that not only was she the greater smasher, but that she orig-

inated the idea of wrecking saloons, and that Carry Nation had appropriated it without giving due credit.[1]

"I am the original smasher," she declared. "I am sent from God to do this work, and not from Mrs. Nation. I will do more smashing than Mrs. Nation has done, and I will not talk so much about it. I intend to raid every saloon in southern Kansas, and that will be enough for one woman to do."

Mrs. Sheriff wrecked a joint in Danville a few days after Carry Nation had arrived in Wichita, and then announced that she would lead a company of fifty women, to be called the Flying Squadron of Jesus, on a smashing tour of the counties which lay near the borders of Oklahoma and Indian Territory. She proposed, indeed, to invade Barber County, and even to assail Medicine Lodge itself, for joints were reputed to have reopened there soon after Carry Nation had been called to a larger field. Only half a dozen followers were in her train when she left Danville, but local women re-enforced the Squadron, and raids were successfully undertaken in Attica and half a dozen other hamlets. On the morning of January 30, 1901, Mrs. Sheriff marched into Anthony, a town of about two thousand population some sixty miles southwest of Wichita, and harangued the temperance workers at a great mass meeting. Soon thereafter she sallied forth, carrying a heavy pick-ax musket-wise across her shoulder, and followed by five men and fourteen veiled women, all heavily armed with hatchets, hammers, axes and crow-bars. Henley's drug store, which was suspected of being very lax in its prescription requirements, quickly

[1] As a matter of fact neither originated the idea. Saloons were smashed with hatchets in the United States as early as 1856, when a band of three hundred women wrecked thirteen bar-rooms in Rockport, Massachusetts.

fell before their onslaught; and after wrecking the establishment they forced their way into a nearby saloon, where they smashed the mirror, the bar, the cash register and the refrigerator, but overlooked seven cases of whisky which the frightened proprietor had concealed in the cellar. The crusaders then beleaguered the Klondike Bar, but found the doors and windows barricaded and a bartender, named James, on guard with a huge revolver. The fortifications were soon demolished with axes and hatchets, and Mrs. Sheriff led the Flying Squadron into the saloon, where she attacked the bartender while her followers fell upon the fixtures and the kegs of beer and whisky. James yelled threats and fired several times into the ceiling, but his hostile demonstrations only increased Mrs. Sheriff's exasperation, and she pursued him about the large room earnestly striving to sink her pick-ax into his skull. But finally, wearying of the sport and eager to be at the work of destruction, she smote him with a beer bottle, whereupon he dropped his weapon and scuttled wildly through the doorway and down the street. The joint was wrecked, but again the raiders overlooked a considerable quantity of liquor. It was discovered, however, by the villagers who clambered over the piles of wreckage when Mrs. Sheriff and her troops had departed, and within a few minutes a score of drunken men and boys were reeling about the streets. Two lads still in their teens were so intoxicated that they were arrested and locked up overnight. An excited throng rushed along the main thoroughfare for an hour after the raid, but was finally dispersed after the Mayor had summoned a dozen additional policemen.

Two saloons were wrecked and six others compelled to close in McCune, Crawford County, and in Clearwater

the Mayor was so alarmed by the belligerent attitude of seven prominent women that he asked the Wichita police for assistance. But the latter had troubles enough of their own, and the Clearwater executive solved his problem by closing the joints. All bar-rooms in Waubaunsee County were driven out of business, and two in Alma, the capital, were draped in black by their departing owners, while a prominent lawyer aroused much comment by ornamenting a growler with a long streamer of crêpe and hanging it from the knob of his office door. At Florence, in Chase County, the situation became so dangerous that Jack Webster abandoned his saloon and went to St. Joseph, Missouri, where he began the construction of a bar-room on wheels, built of boiler iron, with an iron door and slits through which to serve drinks. He proposed to hitch four mules to this unique wagon and tour Kansas in safety. A dozen masked women broke into the Missouri Pacific Railroad station at Goff, in Nemaha County near the Nebraska border, and destroyed eight jugs of whisky and four kegs of beer which had been shipped from Kansas City; and at Peck, in the southern part of the state near Wichita, several hundred men and women paraded behind a fife and drum corps, and then wrecked two saloons owned by George Hatter and Charles Leedom, which had hitherto been tolerated by the village authorities. Not all of the liquor found in Peck, however, was destroyed, for some fifty of the raiders became drunk and fought among themselves, while saloon sympathizers cheered them on and, when opportunity offered, struck a few blows on their own account. Hatter was particularly bitter about the destruction of his property, for he declared that the leader of the mob owed him a bar bill of twenty dollars.

The first killing in the temperance war occurred at Millwood, fourteen miles west of Leavenworth, when John Lochue's saloon was attacked by twenty masked men, many of whom, according to newspaper accounts, were drunk. Two of the raiders were slightly wounded in the burst of reckless gunfire with which they began the assault, and Lochue's daughter, Mrs. Rose Hudson, was shot and killed as her father struggled for possession of a shotgun with which he had thought to defend his property. At Holton, in Jackson county, where Carry Nation in earlier years had enlivened David Nation's sermons in the Christian Church by prompting him from a front pew, students of Campbell University held a mass meeting and ordered the joints to close. The command was ignored, and a few days later Sheriff Perkins yielded to pressure and led a mob of three hundred men and women against the town's three saloons. Edward Hicks, owner of the first bar-room invaded by the crusaders, fell on his knees in the street and begged for mercy, but a woman shoved him into the gutter, where he was trampled by the mob as it plunged into the saloon. Hicks's place was wrecked, but the others were spared when their owners agreed to haul all fixtures and liquors out of the county before nightfall.

At four o'clock in the morning of February 16th seventy-five men led by a Protestant minister marched out of Arkansas City, near the Oklahoma border, and with axes and hammers destroyed the interior of the notorious Last Chance Saloon across the Arkansas River — the last drinking place for travellers bound to Oklahoma, and the first for those who would enter Kansas. And in Elk County, a few miles north-east of Arkansas City, appeared another indefatigable foe of rum — Mrs.

Myra McHenry, a mighty smasher who was destined to rival Carry Nation in variety of exploit and excel her in suffering, for she endured pain and imprisonment not only for the prohibition movement but for the cause of woman suffrage as well. During the next few years she was arrested forty-one times, assaulted twice by bartenders and seriously injured, rotten-egged by furious mobs in four towns, and four times was placed on trial to determine her sanity. Each time, however, she was adjudged to be in possession of all her mental faculties. Her distaste for constituted authority, and especially for judges and jailers, was quite as pronounced as that of Carry Nation, and whatever prison she was confined in was always in an uproar, for she was an obstreperous and troublesome prisoner. Once in Arkansas City when a judge threatened to fine her twenty-five dollars for contempt of court, she laughed loudly and said:

"Better make it fifty, my lad!"

"Fifty it is," said the judge, "and thirty days, besides."

She went to jail singing and praying, and so long as she was his guest the jailer knew neither peace nor quiet. But flesh and blood could stand just so much. On the twentieth day of her sentence Mrs. McHenry awoke to find her cell door wide open, and the inner and outer gates likewise. She hallooed without result, and then she carefully searched the building, but found no living soul save three other prisoners who had been locked in a single cell. The jailer and his staff had disappeared. But the keys to the cell blocks and to the heavy front door were hanging in the private office, and Mrs. McHenry put them in her pocket and strode into the street, where she approached a policeman who was standing near the prison entrance.

He attempted to dodge behind a tree, but she cornered him and said:

"Did you know the jail is wide open? All the doors are unlocked!"

"Well," he said, "why don't you escape?"

"Escape!" cried Mrs. McHenry. "I'm no law-breaker! You come with me, my lad, and lock up this jail!"

He demurred, pleading the pressure of official business, but she clutched him by the arm and dragged him into the building, where she compelled him to lock her in her cell, and commanded him to see that the outer gates and door were securely fastened. When the chagrined jailer and his keepers emerged from their hiding-places they found Mrs. McHenry on her knees begging the Lord to forgive them for neglecting their duty.

"I suppose," she said, "that you men have been drinking poison in a joint!"

When Mrs. McHenry first attacked the liquor traffic her technique was different from that employed by Carry Nation. It was her custom to stand on a street corner in Howard, the capital of Elk County, and in clear, ringing tones divulge the location of joints, the names of the owners, and the identity of the citizens and officials who patronized and protected them, together with descriptive animadversions upon their probable destinations at death. She was arrested for pursuing these tactics, but escaped and fled to Wichita disguised as a man. However, she soon returned to Howard, and was tried and triumphantly acquitted. Thereafter she was all over Kansas.

Even before Carry Nation's stirring adventures in Wichita had thrown all Kansas into a tumult the liquor situation at Winfield, a town of some 12,000 population

in Cowley County about forty miles south of Wichita, had been extremely dangerous; and members of the temperance organizations, and of the six evangelical churches, had displayed great animosity toward the half dozen joints which operated in open disregard of the prohibition laws. The saloons had often been threatened with violent extinction, and city and county officials had been warned that unless they enforced the law their political lives would be cut short. But there was no actual trouble until the second week in February, when Ernest Hahn, a student at the Southern Kansas Methodist College, became infuriated at the sight of a barrel of whisky standing on the platform of the railroad station. He smashed it with an ax, and as the pungent liquor spilled into the gutter he ran into the saloon owned by John and Henry Schmidt and peremptorily ordered Charles Schmidt, their brother and principal bartender, to close the place at once. Charles Schmidt promptly hit him with a billiard cue, and the young crusader retreated, crying threats against the joint.

Hahn was very popular among his fellows, nearly all of whom were preparing for the ministry and were eager temperance advocates, and when he appeared in the classroom with a huge bump on his head, they determined to avenge his injury. That evening several windows in the Schmidt bar-room were broken by stones, and next morning five hundred college students and an equal number of women assembled in the First Baptist Church to plan a raid in emulation of Carry Nation. They prayed, sang, and listened to half a dozen violent harangues, and presently set forth under the leadership of the Rev. Frank Lowther. The saloon doors were locked and barred when the mob arrived, and the muzzles of two shotguns peeping

from a window showed that the brothers Schmidt were prepared to resist invasion. But the undaunted crusaders moved forward steadily, brandishing their hatchets, axes and crow-bars, and when a shot was fired from the joint and Miss Emma Denney fell screaming with several buckshots in her body, they howled with rage and stormed the bar-room. Another woman went down under the impact of a bullet as the doors and barricades crashed beneath the sturdy blows, and a third was struck by a beer bottle while scrambling over the threshold. The Schmidts and several other men ran out the back way when the mob swarmed into the saloon, but returned within a few minutes with re-enforcements. One of the brothers smashed a bottle on Joseph McHillan's head, and the Rev. Frank Lowther hit Charles Schmidt with an ax. Schmidt's wound was superficial, but it was sufficient to frighten the defenders of the joint, and they fled without further resistance. Within half an hour the saloon had been wrecked and the liquor spilled into the gutter. Two hours later a jointist who had watched the mob at work hauled his stock and fixtures to the railroad station and shipped them out of town, and another closed his place and nailed heavy oaken timbers across the doors and windows. But three saloons remained open.

Winfield was comparatively quiet during the remainder of the day, although an undercurrent of tremendous excitement was apparent, and the saloon sympathizers openly threatened retaliation. That night the United Brethren Church, the congregation of which had sent Carry Nation a purse of $8.38 when she was first arrested in Wichita, was invaded by vandals who destroyed sixty panes in the stained-glass windows and hacked the organ and pulpit with axes. When the pastor, the Rev.

Johnson Hendershot, went to survey the damage next morning he found this anonymous note on a pile of wreckage:

We will show you how to treat the saloons, and will give you as good as you send. The next saloon in town wrecked means that some of you will be killed.

Horrified at the profanation of a house of worship, the temperance forces accepted this defiant gesture as a declaration of war, and at noon two thousand men and women assembled in a great mass meeting to devise means of carrying on the fight. After Oscar Schmidt and Thomas Rule, reputed jointists, had been discovered and thrown into the street, the gathering formally organized as the Vigilance League of Winfield, and unanimously adopted resolutions ordering the saloon-keepers to remove all bar fixtures and liquors within ten days. A special Law and Order Committee was appointed to convey the ultimatum to the owners of suspected places. Five hundred shotguns and revolvers were purchased in the stores of Winfield and Arkansas City and distributed to the prohibitionists, and heavily armed guards were posted at the churches and the Methodist College. The saloon forces also procured weapons, and throughout the night the streets were filled with bands of armed men, while posses of students searched for the man who was believed to have shot Miss Denney. There were frequent clashes between the liquor and temperance patrols, and a great deal of shooting; and the whole city was in such a ferment of fear and excitement that during the early evening three hundred women and children fled from their homes and sought sanctuary in the Baptist Church. A score of howling men attacked this edifice about midnight, but

were routed after they had broken three windows. Soon thereafter several houses were set on fire, and half a dozen men were discovered throwing rat poison into private wells and cisterns. They escaped, although shots were fired at them.

Next morning, February 19th, Mayor Albright issued a proclamation advising all citizens who would keep the peace to carry weapons, and declaring that if he had the power he would place Winfield under martial law. Soon after breakfast two small cannons were dragged about the business section of the town, and the prohibition chieftains announced that the guns would be used to protect the churches, and that if necessary they would be turned upon the joints. Business was practically suspended in Winfield on this, the third day of the trouble, and clergymen and others who had been prominent in the crusade against rum walked abroad with revolvers in their pockets and loaded shotguns over their shoulders, while the joints and other resorts were crowded with armed and bellicose drinkers. The Rev. G. T. Smith and Claude Cook, the latter a temperance worker, were beaten by gangs which set upon them near their homes, and the Rev. Mr. Hendershot received three notes warning him that he would be shot if he ventured away from his residence. The preacher promptly stuck two revolvers in his pockets, and, with a shotgun in his hands, marched up and down the main thoroughfare, accompanied by two other men similarly equipped. He was not molested.

Throughout the morning the headquarters of the Vigilance League was besieged by excited prohibitionists clamouring for immediate action, and about noon the Law and Order Committee held a special meeting and issued a new ultimatum to the saloon-keepers:

Tomorrow at one P.M. if there is a saloon fixture to be found in town we will smash the same, and if any resistance is offered on your part we will injure the first man who attempts to stop us. We do not want any bloodshed in our community, but the saloons must go. The first man who strikes one of our members will be strung up to the nearest tree. We will stand no foolishness.

Armed farmers eager to battle for the cause began pouring into Winfield during the afternoon, and by early evening it was obvious even to obtuse office-holders that drastic measures would be necessary to prevent serious rioting and bloodshed. The police and the sheriff's deputies were clearly unable to handle the situation, and the city authorities at length appealed to the state government at Topeka to send troops, but the request was refused. Mayor Albright then persuaded the crusaders to keep off the streets for a few hours, and ordered the joints to close immediately, swearing in additional policemen to enforce his command. With the saloons thus abolished the crisis soon passed, and within another twenty-four hours conditions in Winfield were again normal. But the bar-rooms did not reopen.

2

Such smashings as these occurred throughout the state, although nowhere else was there as much violence and disorder as at Winfield. But everywhere the temperance armies were victorious, and by the latter part of February between forty and fifty saloons had been wrecked, fifty others had been closed to avoid demolition, and bar fixtures and liquor valued at about $150,000 had been destroyed. The owners of approximately one thousand of

the fifteen hundred saloons in Kansas had been warned to shut their doors, and some thirty towns, mostly in the eastern half of the state, were wholly free of drinking places. In addition to employing the methods popularized by Carry Nation, the W. C. T. U. and other temperance organizations flooded Kansas with prohibition propaganda, most of which violently denounced state and county officials for their complaisant acceptance of the liquor traffic. They particularly made much capital out of the fact that Governor Stanley's son, Harry, had written an article for *The Orange,* student paper of Baker University, in which he criticized his father's attitude toward rum and eulogized Carry Nation. Alarmed by the force with which the political winds were blowing, state office-holders in Topeka instructed the various county attorneys to proceed at once against joints in their respective jurisdictions, and judges began granting injunctions against known operators of saloons — in Topeka, Judge Hazen alone issued eighteen such writs. And the Legislature, already stirred by Carry Nation's activities, not only abandoned the program sponsored by the liquor interests, but passed a law which the prohibitionists had been vainly endeavouring to get upon the statute books for many years. This measure classed all places wherein liquor was sold as common nuisances; and possession of liquor in any room connected with a business, or possession of a United States Internal Revenue license, constituted *prima facie* evidence of guilt. The law further made it a penal offence for one person to give another a drink, or to be found in any place where liquor was dispensed. Kansas thus glowed in the golden light of actual prohibition, but despite these stringent regulations many citizens apparently continued to slake their thirsts, for on the morning

of February 24, 1901, the Topeka police picked up two hundred empty whisky bottles in alleys and areaways. And on the same day in Winfield half that number were found. The saloon-keeper's hell was the bootlegger's paradise.

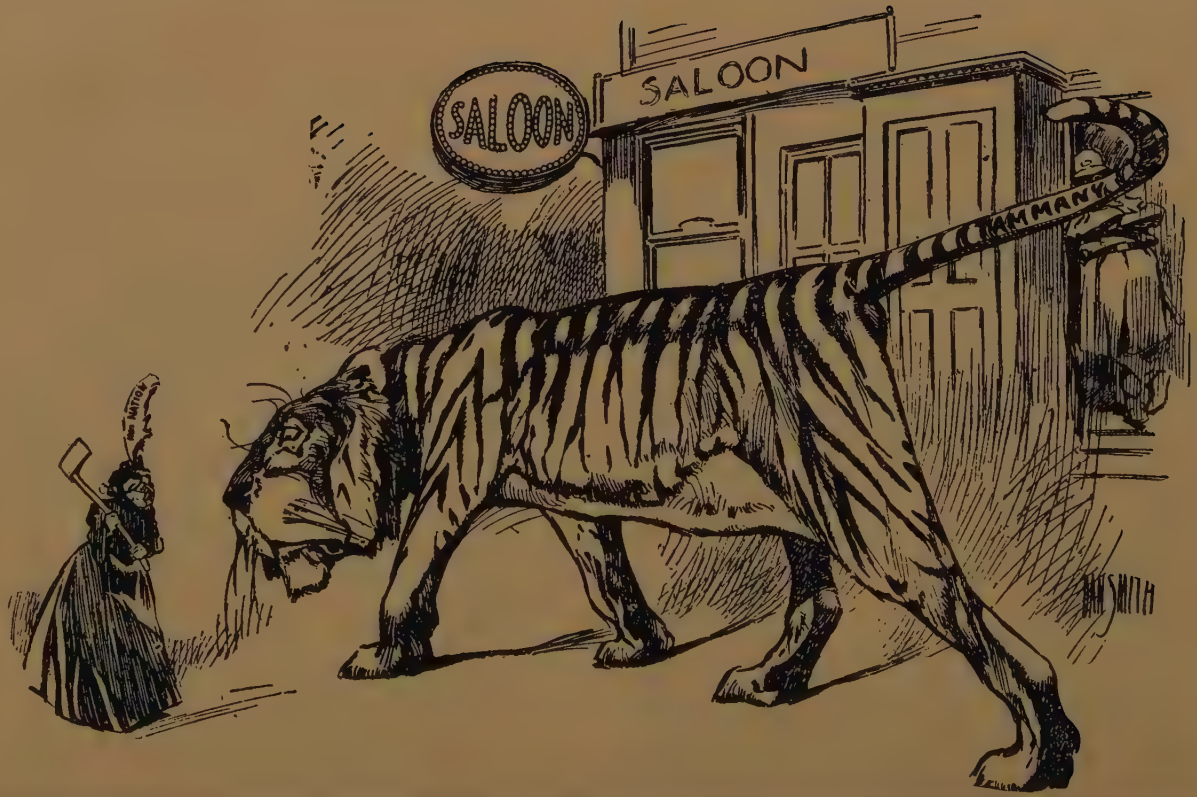
3

During the first year of her career Carry Nation competed, as a source of news, with the death of Queen Victoria and the assassination of President William McKinley, but not even these extraordinary events could keep her name off the front pages. From Maine to California her exploits were fully reported and editorially commented upon; cartoonists exercised their talents upon her peculiarities; and the magazines published lavishly illustrated accounts of her activities and those of other Kansas women who had followed her example. The tone of press comment varied in different sections of the country according to the strength and political influence of local temperance and prohibition organizations, but in the main it was antagonistic. And especially so in the large cities of the north and east, where the newspapers generally expressed the opinion that she had seriously injured her own cause, and ridiculed her as "that crazy woman from Kansas." The New York *World* so characterized her, and the New York *Tribune* said that "the authorities [of Kansas] have declined to accept the invitation to make her a martyr, and her own methods fail to give her standing among persons not fanatics." The *Tribune,* however, admitted that she had shown the utter breakdown of Prohibition in Kansas, and predicted that the ultimate result of her crusade would be the repeal of the prohibition laws and the establishment of local option or

dispensary systems. In the metropolis the New York *Journal* unfurled a lone banner in her behalf, declaring that "some day the mothers of this country will burn all the saloons, and never a man in all the land will dare to check them." Commenting upon the probability that she would invade Chicago and New York, *Current Literature* said that the editors of those cities awaited her with considerable amusement, "wondering to what lengths the craze will really run." Her practice of taking the law into her own hands was compared by *The Independent* to lynching, and *The Outlook* said that "the net result of prohibition in Kansas appears to be a lawless liquor traffic, and lynch law executed by lawless women, instead of a liquor traffic regulated by a law which can be and is enforced by law officers." But the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* said, "The people of Kansas have had time to consider Mrs. Nation's position carefully, and tens of thousands of them are endorsing it. Many churches have been used as meeting places for women preparing themselves to go forth in heroic mood to wreak vengeance upon the saloon-keeper by destroying his property. It would be absurd to find any fault whatever with these women. But it is entirely possible to criticize the politicians of Kansas, who will neither enforce the law nor protect the saloon-keeper whose money they have been taking." The article concluded, prophetically, "Already this crusade has extended from saloons to drug stores. Its spirit is so intense and uncompromising that we shall not be in the least surprised to hear of the smashing of private houses whose owners are suspected of having dispensed alcoholic beverages in the entertainment of their friends." The Springfield, Massachusetts, *Republican* described Carry Nation as "a great moral

LOOK OUT, BOYS!

A WESTERN GROWTH



"THE LADY OR THE TIGER?" — REVISED VERSION

force standing for respect for law," and justified the smashing of Kansas saloons on the ground that they had no legal existence. A similar attitude was assumed by many other papers, principally in the smaller cities, and some editors praised her extravagantly, and were obviously impressed by her claims to divine guidance. But none reached the heights of hyperbolic eulogy attained by a correspondent of the Topeka *State Journal,* who penned the following tribute to the famous smasher:

Carry A. Nation, prophetess of God and prohibition, came suddenly like the furious driving Jehu. Her cyclonic joint smashing shook the rum power of the United States from apex to foundation-stone. The great American god Bacchus turned pale on his throne. Gambrinus and his thirty thousand white-aproned priests of debauchery and licentiousness trembled in every saloon and bagnio throughout the Union. No whirlwind, tornado or simoon of the desert ever startled a nation as her volcanic career. From ocean to ocean, from Canada to Texas, she faced a storm of relentless criticism and bitter sarcasm from political curs, clerical hirelings and editorial henchmen of the murderous liquor traffic such as no mortal ever faced before. A star of hope to the one hundred thousand despairing drunkards, already in the death-grasp of this licensed Moloch of perdition; volunteer liberator of the hundreds of thousands of hapless slaves of this greater "curse of curses" and more than "sum of all villainies"; precursor of emancipation of the millions of sad-faced women and children whose lives are blasted and crushed beneath the wheels of this cruel Car of Juggernaut; betrayed by false friends, imprisoned by the courts, and manacled; no martyr of old ever ran the gauntlet of

hotter persecution, yet like Banquo's Ghost and the Man of Galilee she will not down. Denounce her as you may, she is such an one as heroines and world-wide characters are made of.

The religious press, almost without exception, endorsed both Carry Nation and her methods, and those who disapproved of the use of the hatchet were at the same time inclined to think that the result justified the means. The Rev. H. A. Ott, pastor of a Lutheran Church in Topeka, thus expressed the prevailing sentiment in an article for the *Lutheran Observer:*

The coming of this woman was simply the lighting of the match which set off a temperance pyrotechnic display which has lighted up the temperance horizon all over the Union, and has created an unparalleled degree of temperance sentiment and activity. . . . The temperance cause, despite all her faults, has much for which to thank Mrs. Nation. . . . The influence of the Nation crusade has spread all over our state, and as a result the joints have been suppressed on all sides. Our legislature, just adjourned, gave us the most drastic legislation against the liquor business in her history, and with tremendous majorities.

4

The editorial writers who passed judgment upon Carry Nation and dismissed her as merely another bizarre growth of tormented Kansas, were woefully ignorant of the extent and potentialities of the uprising that followed in the wake of her smashing; apparently they discerned no significance in the fact that whenever they wrote about

Carry Nation they necessarily wrote also about the bar-room, so that for month after month a continual stream of publicity poured upon the saloon-keeper, the brewer, and the distiller. But in reality publicity was Carry Nation's most important contribution to the cause of Prohibition, for it inspired similarly obsessed women to emulation and the temperance hosts to bellicose talking and thinking about the liquor traffic; it compelled almost immediately a noticeable tightening of law enforcement; it was responsible for the passage of many new regulatory statutes, and it attracted public attention to the saloon to a greater extent than had ever been done before. And this attention could not have been otherwise than harmful, for it was directed, not to the companionship and cheer to be found in many bar-rooms, but to the crime that originated in them, to the corruption in which they weltered, and to the misery and poverty that followed unrestricted drinking. Moreover, this avalanche of notoriety swept upon the liquor traffic at the very time when it could least afford to be thrust prominently into the limelight. For when Carry Nation began her crusade the American saloon, not only in prohibition territory but in the states where it was a legitimate business enterprise, was regarded even by thousands of non-prohibitionists as an abomination and a public disgrace, and there was discernible everywhere a rising tide of resentment against its obvious evils. Breweries and distilleries financed a majority of the bar-rooms, and proffered aid to any man who wished to open an establishment, without considering local conditions or investigating the fitness of the applicant; they were blind to everything save the profits of the moment, and imposed no restrictions except the exclusive sale of their product. With almost

unbelievable fatuity they professed to regard beer and whisky as prime necessities of civilization, and the liquor traffic as the financial bulwark of the nation. Instead of recognizing the precarious nature of their business, the liquor barons were arrogant and belligerent. They meddled openly and offensively in local problems and affairs that in no wise concerned them; they brazenly maintained legislative lobbies and bribed state, county and municipal officials; they poured gold into the coffers of the political parties with scant effort at concealment.

The dignity which had been the saloon-keeper's most pronounced characteristic during the twenty or thirty years that followed the Civil War, had vanished, and in the main he conducted his bar-room with no regard for public decency, and without protest permitted his establishment to become the loafing place of criminals and the most degenerate elements of the population. He might have retained at least a measure of public goodwill by obeying such regulatory laws as Sunday closing and the sale of liquor to minors and known drunkards, but he openly violated them with the connivance of corrupt policemen and politicians. Instead of keeping to the side streets and conducting his business with a minimum of ostentation, the saloon-keeper insolently acquired the best corner of the main thoroughfare and opened wide his doors; everything that transpired within was a matter of common knowledge, and to thousands a source of continual irritation, humiliation and disgust.

The iniquities of the saloon were especially apparent in the rural districts, for in the cities a drunken man might pass unobserved, whereas in the smaller centres of population he was a public spectacle and a horrible example. And everyone knew, also, when a man neglected his

family because of drink, and spent his substance in riotous living. In hundreds of American towns the buildings adjoining a saloon were either perpetually vacant or were occupied by barber shops, or by stores which catered exclusively to men; women could rarely be induced to trade within half a block of an open bar-room. Nor would they pass one if they could otherwise reach their destinations, for the sidewalk was nearly always wet and slippery with stale beer, and the foul odours that seeped over and under the swinging doors, and the oaths and obscene language with which the ordinary drinking man interlarded his conversation, were offensive to most men, to say nothing of the fastidious ladies of the period. And on Saturday, when the farm hands came to town for their weekly sprees, the saloon areas were asprawl with drunken men who made the night hideous with their howling and cursing. The saloon-keeper was busily digging his own grave during the eighteen nineties and the early years of the present century, and his idiotic business methods were simply a plea for more picks and shovels. About all that was needed to complete his downfall was the wave of public indignation which Carry Nation provoked at an auspicious moment. It was this wave that enabled the Anti-Saloon League to become the dominant political power of the United States, and on it the prohibitionists rode to victory.

5

Carry Nation's popularity (until she experienced the sad fate of all public figures) was extraordinary in temperance circles everywhere,[2] but it was greatest, of course, in

[2] It extended even to France, where on February 22, 1901, the French Women's Christian Temperance Society, by a majority of five, voted to send her a message of commendation and encouragement.

the Middle West, which has always been the great stronghold of the anti-liquor movement.[3] Throughout that vast area, and to a lesser degree elsewhere, she was venerated as a heroic martyr to the cause; and in rural districts, which had especially suffered from the evil alliance of the saloon and corrupt politicians, the feeling for her verged upon adoration. Organizations devoted to the downfall of the liquor traffic unreservedly endorsed her campaign, applauded the violence of her methods, and sent her gold and silver hatchets; state legislatures and other law-making bodies invited her to appear before them; innumerable sermons were preached about the divine character of her mission; ladies' aid societies and sewing circles fairly buzzed with excitement; Carry Nation Clubs and Law and Order Leagues were formed in innumerable towns and cities; the miniature hatchet almost superseded the traditional white ribbon as the emblem of temperance; and dogs, cats and children were named for her. In Missouri and other states which bordered the battleground, and where her influence was naturally felt to a very great extent, there was so much talk of the crusader that the children abandoned their games of Indian and robber and played smasher — the boys piled up boxes and called the resulting edifice a saloon, and the little girls swooped down upon it with the family hatchets.

And in scattered parts of the Union adults played the game with real hatchets against real saloons, for it was

[3] The most remarkable endorsement that Carry Nation received came from the village of Concord, in Dixon County, Nebraska, which on April 3, 1901, elected a full complement of city officials who were pledged to use all possible means to secure Carry Nation as the town's sole advisor, and to pass no ordinances or take any other action of importance without her approval and consent.

not alone in bleeding Kansas that hysterical men and women imitated Carry Nation; within twenty-four hours after she had first appeared in Wichita raiders wrecked a saloon at Longview, Illinois, and thereafter a mild epidemic of smashing coursed through no fewer than a score of states. In Milwaukee several women broke the windows of a resort in the red light district, and wrecked a saloon at Eleventh and Lloyd Streets; and in Dalton, Arkansas, five members of the W. C. T. U. destroyed the fixtures and stocks of two blind tigers. Mrs. Mary Green, enthusiastic over the latest news from Kansas, rushed into a saloon in Cambridge Street, Boston, shouting "I'm Carry Nation, and I'll leave no rum shops in town!" She hit a bartender with a plate from the free lunch counter, hurled a billiard ball through a mirror, and chased a customer into the cellar, where he hid behind a pile of empty beer kegs until rescued by a policeman. In Rochester, New York, an excited woman entered Jacob Wehle's bar-room in Hudson Avenue, brandished a heavy stove poker and cried, "I'm a second Carry Nation, and I mean to clean out this hell-hole!" She demolished several cases of liquor and damaged the bar. Then she threw the poker at the bartender and departed. In Secaucus, New Jersey, Mrs. Henry Wortansky's husband refused to leave the warmth and comfort of his favourite saloon, so she went after him. She wrecked the bar-room and took him home. A school-teacher led one hundred members of the Carry Nation Club of Dawson, Minnesota, on a raid against saloons, and several were wrecked before the police drove the smashers away. In Oyster Bay, New York, the home of Theodore Roosevelt, a stalwart Negro named Benjamin Levi rushed into a bar-room and yelled that Carry Nation had ordered him

to smash it. He did so, and was later found to be insane. Seven women wrecked the bar of the Hotel Harrison in LaSalle, Illinois, and at Louisville, Kentucky, Mrs. Effie Chase ran down the street screaming that God had instructed her to abolish the liquor traffic. She hit Patrolman Joe Boutelier on the jaw, and when he hugged her to his chest to prevent another blow being struck, she cried in ecstasy, "That's nice! Do it again!" A typical Kansas fight occurred at Jacksonville, Indiana, when Mrs. James Snyder and a hundred members of the Carry Nation Club raided three saloons. They wrecked two without difficulty, but when they entered Dan Grimes's newly equipped place he choked Mrs. Snyder and threw her into the street. He was promptly beaten by her husband. During the struggle Mrs. Stephen Garrett was struck by a beer bottle. In Dunkirk, New York, Mrs. David Livingston, president of the local chapter of the W. C. T. U., smashed a saloon mirror, but was restrained from doing further damage. And even in New York City admirers of Carry Nation were inspired to violence. Herman Procknow, a waiter at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, who said that he wanted to aid in a small way in "Carry's glorious work," broke the mirrors in Edward O'Brien's bar-room in Third Avenue; while farther uptown, in East 138th Street, Timothy Boss attacked McMahon's Bar and kicked in the panels of the front door. He said he was Carry Nation's brother, but he wasn't. At Anderson, Indiana, Mrs. Ozro Lewis wrecked a saloon, while another woman, finding her husband in the place, spanked him with a board and led him away by the ears. In still another Indiana town, Crawfordsville, Mrs. William Holycross, a farmer's wife, was committed to an asylum when she became mentally confused over the meaning of

the Carry Nation crusade — she thought the nation was at war, and that people roamed the street with hatchets, cutting off heads.

6

The complacent pillars of the American saloon, happy in the conviction that whatever might betide they could continue to purchase immunity from the politicians, displayed their customary lack of sagacity and greeted Carry Nation's exploits with ridicule and roars of ribald laughter. Brewers and distillers sent her jocose letters and telegrams asking her to advertise their products (one Missouri brewer offered her five hundred dollars a month if she would confine her smashing to kegs containing his beer); and the saloon-keepers decorated their bars with extravagantly ornamented hatchets, posted such signs as "All Nations Welcome But Carry!" and named saloons and drinks in her honour. John Moriarty, bartender at the Yates Hotel in Syracuse, New York, and R. C. Willes, owner of a café at Binghamton, New York, each invented a Carry Nation Cocktail; and a Carry Nation Highball was concocted by James Morrison, clerk of the American House at Bloomfield, New Jersey. These gestures were considered very amusing, and were humorously commented upon in the newspapers, but they accomplished nothing except to increase the irritation of the temperance hosts.

AMONG THE PHILISTINES

CARRY NATION remained in the Shawnee County Jail for ten days after her return to Topeka from Peoria, Illinois, but restraint became increasingly irksome, and she finally permitted her brother, J. W. Moore of Kansas City, Missouri, to renew the peace bond which was the price of her freedom.[1] She was released late in the afternoon of March 11, 1901, but her wings had been clipped and the blade of her hatchet dulled by the law, for the conditions of her bond forbade further smashing in Topeka on pain of forfeiture. She told newspaper reporters that she would obey the injunction against wrecking saloons, but that no restrictions had been imposed upon the nature of the warfare which she might wage against tobacco and Masonry, and that she intended to devote much of her time to "stamping out these evils." And, indeed, she began her campaign before she left the jail, cornering three men in the corridors, snatching cigars from their mouths and haranguing them about the satanic character of the Masonic Lodge, without troubling to learn whether they were members of the order. Her friends greeted her warmly and held the usual prayer-

[1] She was tried in the District Court on March 8th for smashing John Herrig's Palace Café on January 21, 1901, but the jury would not agree on a verdict and was discharged.

meeting to celebrate her liberation, but she scoffed at their advice to return to Medicine Lodge and once more take up the thread of life which she had broken to lead Kansas prohibitionists to victory.

"The Lord calls me," she said. "I must be about His work."

She urged an immediate resumption of smashing, in which she proposed to take no active part lest her bond be forfeited, and on March 12th called a mass meeting of the Home Defenders to plan raids and to nominate the Rev. F. W. Emerson as an independent candidate for Mayor of Topeka. To her amazement only eleven women and one man responded, and she stalked from the hall in a dudgeon when but three of the former voted to endorse the candidacy of the Rev. Mr. Emerson. Next day she went to Kansas City, Missouri, to visit her brother and encourage the Law and Order League, which had been organized as a result of her work in Topeka and Wichita. It had adopted the hatchet as its emblem, and was already annoying the authorities by insisting upon strict enforcement of the Sunday closing laws. She was arrested in Kansas City on March 15th when she made a speech in the street before a saloon, but she was soon released, and on the 18th returned to Topeka and spoke before a session of the Methodist Episcopal Conference. The preachers listened in silence while she scolded them for "acting like school-boys in a hot sun," and scathingly rebuked their wives for wearing fancy dresses and flaunting their vanity in the face of the Lord.

During the following week she repeatedly attempted to induce the ministers and leaders of temperance societies to organize smashing expeditions; but they refused, declaring that further direct action was unnecessary because

the crusade had accomplished its purpose of ridding Topeka, and practically the entire state, of joints, and that it would be impossible to catch the fleet bootleggers. She railed at them furiously, and ascribed the disfavour with which her proposals of violence were received to rank cowardice, corruption by the liquor interests, or the infernal influence of the Devil; for she was so obsessed by her hatreds and enthusiasms that she still envisioned a saloon behind the partitions of every drug store and every restaurant. She was wholly unable to comprehend the magnitude of her victory, and still less was she able to understand that during her imprisonment the excitement into which she had plunged the city had subsided; and that while her personal popularity had been but slightly impaired, the inevitable reaction against her methods had begun. Many prominent citizens who had been foremost in the ranks of the Home Defenders, and who had followed her on raiding forays with the greatest enthusiasm, now counselled peace; they were confident that office-holders throughout the state had been so impressed by the extraordinary display of temperance fury that the new legislation, the most powerful weapon ever placed in the hands of the prohibitionists, would be strictly enforced.[2]

Bewildered by the desertion of many of her erstwhile supporters, and greatly disturbed by the undercurrent of dissent and impatience which now flowed swiftly in Topeka, Carry Nation resorted more and more to prayer and to the practice of bibliomancy; night after night she

[2] And it was; once, at least. On the following August 22nd George Klauer, a Topeka jointist, received the harshest sentence ever imposed in Kansas for selling liquor — he was fined $7,500 and given a jail term of 1,350 days.

despairingly riffled the pages of her Bible, seeking divine guidance; and the floor of the scantily furnished room in which she lodged groaned and creaked as she lunged heavily about on her knees, loudly beseeching the Lord to point the way, and to inflict dire punishment upon those who had made her powerless to wreak further vengeance upon the liquor traffic in the Kansas capital. But there were no immediate manifestations of heavenly wrath, and the result of her prayers was a renewal of her determination to combat the saloon elsewhere in the United States, which she had temporarily forgotten in the excitement of her successes. So she began the travels which, with interludes of imprisonment on old charges in Wichita and Topeka, took her into almost every state of the Union, and even into Canada and the British Isles, and made her one of the best-known figures of her time. But at this period she had no manager, and she scurried about the Middle West without rhyme or reason; she made no advance arrangements for her lectures, but herself published the time and place by shouting on the street corners; she went to whatever town was mentioned to her or from which she had received letters. And always a black satchel, filled with miniature hatchets, souvenir buttons and copies of *The Smasher's Mail,* was slung from her shoulder. These she hawked in the streets, and with the proceeds, and what she received for her speeches, paid her expenses and fines, for she was often arrested. She went first of all to Leavenworth, Kansas, simply because she had received this letter from an inmate of the Old Soldiers' Home:

For God's sake come to the Old Soldiers' Home and save the Old Veterans. Bring your hatchet along and

clear out the canteen in the home. — Congress recently passed a law for all saloons to be closed on United States reservations, but officials of the Home claim the law does not apply to the Old Soldiers' Home. [Nor could the canteen, on government property, be molested under the state law.] . . . Come at once and clean out the joint in the Home. We are to be paid in one week. Over seventy half-barrels of beer are sold in one day at the Home after Pension Day.

Carry Nation arrived at Leavenworth on the morning of March 24, 1901, and after lecturing in a vacant lot went to the Old Soldiers' Home, escorted by a large detachment of policemen who had been instructed to prevent any smashing within the city limits. However, they had no authority on the reservation, and could only watch curiously while she marched into the canteen, followed by several aged veterans singing hymns. But she had scarcely crossed the threshold when several men who had been hiding behind the door threw her into the street. The veterans, sad to relate, remained and bought beer. Carry Nation was severely bruised, and after vigorously scolding the government, the officials of the home and the defenders of the canteen, she abandoned the enterprise and returned to the business district of Leavenworth. There she strode into the bar of the National Hotel, brandishing a hatchet and shouting, "Look out for me, you hell-bound, rum-soaked rummies!" But before she could do any damage, or policemen intercept her, Ferdinand Mella, owner of the hotel, clutched her arm and asked her to join him in prayer.

"Have you been converted?" she demanded.

"I want to be," he replied.

So, while the police guarded the doors and an impatient throng outside listened eagerly but vainly for the sound of smashing, the crusader and the publican knelt together upon the bar-room floor, where they prayed and sang hymns for half an hour before Mella could convince her that he had seen the light. He bought a hatchet, a Home Defender button, a souvenir photograph and several copies of *The Smasher's Mail;* and then, having ceremoniously locked his doors and publicly abjured the liquor traffic, he walked arm-in-arm with her to the railroad station, where she boarded a train for St. Louis amid the jeers and cheers of more than two thousand excited men and boys. After she had departed Mella reopened his saloon, placed his trophies on exhibition, and employed additional bartenders.

Carry Nation was in St. Louis only thirty minutes. As she passed through the gates of the train-shed she stopped to upbraid several women who wore feathers on their hats, and then, escorted by a flock of happy newspaper reporters, she flashed up and down the Midway of Union Station, scolding everyone she saw smoking and knocking cigars and cigarettes from men's mouths. Finally she stood in the centre of the Midway and shouted:

"I want all you hellions to quit puffing that hell-fume into God's clean air!"

At the request of the reporters she called upon Joseph Sauerburger in his saloon at Sixteenth and Market Streets, which he had named The Carry Nation Bar, and rebuked him for using her name to advertise his resort.

"You take down that sign before I come back to this town, my man," she said, "or I'll use a little hatchetation on you!"

From St. Louis she went to Cincinnati, where she toured the red light district with a police escort; and was overcome by emotion when she heard a frowzy burlesque queen in Jake Pittner's concert hall, The Fashion, sing "Glide on, Silver Moon." After lecturing in several Kentucky and Ohio towns she returned to St. Louis on April 2nd, and immediately went to Sauerburger's saloon to see if he had obeyed her command to remove his sign. He had not. She attempted to rake her hatchet along a row of bottles and decanters on the sideboard, but the saloon-keeper drove her into the street at the point of a pistol. Meanwhile a great crowd had gathered in Market Street, which was lined for many blocks on either side of Union Station with saloons, billiard rooms, pawnshops and cheap dance halls and theatres, and several stones were thrown at her as she fled before Sauerburger's threatening gestures. But she was not frightened. She shook her fist at the mob, shrieked, "God will smite you, you rummies!" and strode into another bar-room half a block away, brandishing a hatchet and shouting her favourite temperance song, "They Who Tarry at the Wine Cup." A squad of policemen finally took her to Union Station, and she went to Mexico, Missouri, for a conference on prohibition with Harry C. Turner, editor of *The State Leader,* who in later years became her manager. On April 14th she returned to Topeka, and *The Capital* greeted her with this limerick by "Ironquill":

There came to our town an old pelican,
Whose manner was scarcely angelican;
To a man who sold beer
She said, "Say, look here!
"If you want me to save you from helican."

Carry Nation tarried in the Kansas capital only long enough to prepare a few letters and articles for *The Smasher's Mail,* and then she went to Kansas City to visit her brother. Next morning, the 15th, she was abroad early, and for several hours tramped the streets attended by a hooting and hostile throng. After entering several saloons she was arrested for blocking traffic and causing a crowd to collect, and in Police Court was fined five hundred dollars, which was remitted on condition that she leave town before nightfall. She did not wait, but within an hour boarded a street car and went to Kansas City, Kansas, and thence to Wichita, where she was arrested on an old warrant based on some of her January exploits. And in Kansas City, Missouri, the Law and Order League, indignant at the severity of the sentence which had been imposed upon Carry Nation, began an even more intensive campaign against the saloons, and the city and county officials who permitted them to remain open seven days a week. The crusade met with such success, and the League displayed so much potential political strength, that on Sunday, May 5th, the Kansas City saloons were closed for the first time in six years, and that afternoon a great citizens' mass meeting threatened the Police Commissioners with impeachment proceeding unless the liquor laws were strictly enforced.

Several of Carry Nation's Wichita friends offered to provide a bond, but she refused, and remained in the Sedgwick County Jail until April 28th, when she was released on her recognizance to attend the funeral of her brother, C. H. Moore, at Louisburgh, Kansas. She returned to the prison on May 1st. But the death of Mr. Moore, of whom she was extremely fond, had been a great shock, and for more than a week there was grave

danger that her mind would give way entirely. She ate but little, and slept no more than two or three hours each night; with tears streaming down her cheeks she paced back and forth in her cell, praying or reading aloud from the Bible which was never out of her hand. At times she lunged painfully about the floor on her knees, crying to Jesus to observe that she was suffering for His sake; again, she stood erect and screamed incoherent denunciation at imaginary audiences. Her cell door was inadvertently left unlocked on the night of May 7th, and about midnight a keeper dozing at the end of a corridor felt her hand upon his shoulder. He awakened to find her leaning over him.

"Let me out of here!" she demanded. "It is time for me to go."

"I can't do that, Mrs. Nation."

"You must!" she cried. "I have been elected President of the United States by the Smashers' League, and it is time for me to go to Washington for my inauguration!"

"Now, Mrs. Nation—," began the keeper, soothingly.

She shrieked and struck him in the face with her fist. He toppled from the chair, and she knocked him down when he had scrambled to his feet. When other keepers came to his assistance they found Carry Nation on her knees imploring the Lord to destroy the jail and so release her that she might assume her new duties. She was subdued after a struggle, and was then locked in her cell. Next day her brother arrived from Kansas City, and finally induced her to leave the jail under bond of one hundred dollars. She went directly to Topeka, but she always regretted her early departure from Wichita, for on May

11th the Summit Saloon was raided by three high school girls — Anna Peoples, Winona Kilgore, and Jasmine Wilhoite, the latter a daughter of Mrs. Lucy Wilhoite, who had assisted Carry Nation in the early Wichita smashings. The young women rushed into the joint singing a hymn, and attempted to break the mirror with stones and clubs, but the proprietor, Fred Wolf, knocked them down in turn and then threw them bodily into the street. Similar punishment was inflicted upon Miss Wilhoite's brother, who had accompanied the girls and attempted to chastise the saloon-keeper. Miss Peoples' wrist was broken as she rolled across the sidewalk, and young Wilhoite's face was severely cut.

On May 14th Carry Nation was tried in the District Court at Topeka for inciting the riot of February 17th, and for the first and only time in her life she offered insanity as a defence. Judge Hazen, however, instructed the jury to ignore the plea, and she was found guilty. Sentence was deferred, and she was again admitted to bail. Throughout June and the early part of July she continued her travels about the Middle West, lecturing, selling souvenir hatchets and buttons, and attracting enormous crowds. She was the principal attraction at the Fourth of July celebration sponsored by the Elks Lodge of Crawfordsville, Indiana, and the excitement aroused by her appearance was increased, and a panic narrowly averted, when the speakers' platform collapsed while she was belabouring the Demon Rum before an audience of some eight thousand persons. Her ankle was slightly sprained, and several other persons received minor injuries. During the afternoon Carry Nation hobbled about the town, peering into saloons and upbraiding the bartenders and their customers, and soon after dusk she

gathered some twenty small boys and girls about her and marched back and forth with them along the main street. She carried a gunny sack filled with sharp new hatchets, and she frequently halted her juvenile troops and showed them how to use the weapons. At length she stopped before the doors of a saloon, pointed dramatically to the lighted windows, and while a curious crowd quickly gathered, led the children through a brief catechism:

"Look, children! What is that place?"

"A hell-hole!" they shouted, in unison.

"What else?"

"A murder-shop!"

"What do they sell there?"

"Hell-broth and devil-soup!"

"What do they do?"

"They murder souls!"

"What must we do to such a place?"

"Smash it!"

The crowd cheered madly, and Carry Nation arranged the children two abreast and gave each a hatchet, having first snatched a pipe from the mouth of one of the young crusaders and threatened to spank him. She prayed loudly for a moment, and then said:

"Come, children!"

She led the shouting youngsters into the saloon, where they embarked with great enthusiasm upon a saturnalia of destruction. The agile boys swarmed over the bar and sideboard like flies, smashing mirrors, bottles and decanters, while the little girls gleefully hacked and cut the woodwork. Within a few minutes the saloon had been wrecked, and Carry Nation ushered the juvenile smashers into the street, crying loudly:

"Jesus! Look what the little darlings did for you!"

The children's clothing was saturated with beer and whisky, and several were staggering under the influence of the fumes of liquor. Once outside they flung away their hatchets and scattered, but Carry Nation stood calmly before the swinging doors and shouted:

"Arrest me! Arrest me!"

But the saloon-keeper refused to make a complaint, and the police did not molest her. She left Crawfordsville a few hours later, and was arrested in St. Louis next morning when she attempted to raid Oheim Brothers saloon in Walnut Street. She was soon released, and on July 6th she appeared in Terre Haute, Indiana, searching for a travelling salesman who had thus written her while she was in jail at Wichita:

As a preface I feel it my duty to extend to you my sincere apology for encroaching these lines for your consideration during the trying hours of your incarceration, but as the purport of my letter undoubtedly differs, materially in text, from the countless hundreds you have received, I feel assured that the sentiment involved, originated as it has, solely from the spirit and intrepid aggressiveness you have exploited in the suppression of that paramount curse of mankind, Drink! will, in a measure, justify you in condoning these lines. As is the universal trait among the larger element of my class, I contracted the indulgence of liquor. From its inception and social intercourse, it gradually developed until I became an irresistible slave to those base affinities — lewd women and whisky. Prior to a month ago, reparation and redemption from medical and spiritual aid had proven valueless; with no alternative, I became resigned to the results of a mis-spent life, when, from the West, came the voice and

heroic deeds of a woman. Simple yet fervent, intrepid ye unique. . . . I resolved and have conquered. I am now organizing a temperance league among my brother trav elling men, paradoxical as it may sound, and am meeting with fair support, yet I believe an impetus and a stronger influential lever can be extended through the expression of your well wishes and any timely topics you care to extend in furtherance of the cause."

She failed to find the author of this unusual epistle but she did discover Mayor Steeg taking his ease in a Terre Haute saloon, and she berated him so loudly and so venomously that he abandoned his cooling glass of beer and fled to the seclusion of his private offices. When he had gone the saloon-keeper gave her a bottle of whisky, which she smashed on the sidewalk with her hatchet. Later the liquor dealer gathered up the frag ments and displayed them on his bar under a glass bowl Carry Nation was back in Topeka during the latter part of July, and on the 24th was arraigned before Judge Hazen in the District Court for sentence. He imposed a fine of one hundred dollars and a prison term of thirty days, and she was lodged once more in the Shawnee County Jail "But I had become so disgusted with jail food," she wrote, "that my stomach refused it. I told Mr. Cook [the Sheriff] to send the milkman to my cell. He came and agreed to bring me some bread and milk, ten cents worth a day. This I lived on. At this time I was entirely out of money. I was in debt, and the dunning letters I got while in jail were a terrible trouble to me. The ten cents I paid for my bread and milk came in almost daily for copies of my paper. I paid my milkman sometimes in stamps. . . . While in this jail I had many offers from

theatrical, circus and museum managers, who tried to tempt me with all kinds of offers; one as high as eight hundred dollars a week, with a palace car and a maid. I never for a moment thought of taking any of them. I knew these people only wanted me as they would a white elephant. I did not, at this time, see the stage as a missionary field."

But she changed her mind when she received a letter from James E. Furlong, head of a lyceum bureau at Rochester, New York, and former manager of Adelina Patti, who proposed a tour of the Chautauqua circuits and a series of speeches in New York and other eastern cities. Through the efforts of her friends Governor Stanley was induced to commute her jail sentence, and the Shawnee County Commissioners agreed to let her pay her fine at the rate of five dollars a month. She was released in the late afternoon of July 20, 1901. Dr. Eva Harding had collected a purse of seventy dollars, but when Carry Nation went to buy railroad passage to Clarksburg, Ohio, where she was to make her first appearance under Furlong's management, she lacked fifty cents of having the necessary amount. This sum she borrowed from the keeper of the station fruit stand. "I purchased my ticket," she wrote, "but I had not a penny to get me even a cracker. The next morning I tried to rise from my seat to get me a drink, but everything would become dark and I found I would faint. The fasting and excitement had told on my strength. I was wondering what I would do when a dear, sweet-faced woman turned to me and said, 'Will you have a lunch?' I answered her the best I could. The lunch seemed manna from heaven. Nice beaten biscuit sandwiches."

David Nation had rejoined his wife when she began publishing *The Smasher's Mail,* but they were utterly unable to reconcile their differences, and were even less happy than in Medicine Lodge. She continued to ignore his advice, and although at first he attempted to resume his former post as her secretary, she soon forbade him to open any of her mail. "For when he did," she wrote, "I never saw a dollar sent for a subscription, and sometimes would find parts of letters destroyed." Thereafter she refused to let him play any part whatever in her activities; she paid his board and room rent, but indicated quite plainly that his presence was tolerated only because she wished to avoid the scandalous gossip which was invariably circulated about a woman who lived apart from her husband. He therefore had nothing to do but sit around in his old soldier's uniform, which particularly embittered him, for as a lawyer and a minister of the gospel his word had been accepted for many years as the quintessence of wisdom. After a few fretful weeks he left her once more and went to the home of his daughter in Richmond, Indiana, where on June 8, 1901, his seventy-third birthday, he announced that he would never live with her again. Early in August he returned to Medicine Lodge, and on the 9th brought suit for divorce, accusing her not only of cruelty and desertion, and of exposing him to ridicule and humiliation, but of taking his feather-bed and nine hundred dollars from his bank account. Carry Nation was in Columbus, Ohio, when she heard that the action had been filed, and she promptly struck back.

"Those are all lies," she said. "He didn't have nine

hundred dollars, and the featherbed was always mine. But I shall fight the case because I want my share of his pension money. I thought I loved David when I married him, but he was a fleeting fancy. David isn't a bad fellow, but he is too slow for me." Afterwards she wrote in her autobiography, "We never agreed on but few things, but I never thought we would come to a separation. He said to me, 'You will have to stop and come back to Medicine Lodge or I will get a divorce from you.' I said, 'Mr. Nation, God has given me a mission. I dare not turn back. Shall I hearken unto God, or unto man? Judge ye!' I shall always believe that he was induced to do this by the Republicans, thinking to hinder my work."

She left Columbus on August 12th, but she had scarcely boarded the train than she strode into the smoking car, where she walked up and down the aisle loudly proclaiming her identity, and peremptorily ordering the passengers to throw away their cigars and cigarettes, which they did without protest. Then she went into the first day coach, which was crowded, and cried:

"Plenty of room in the smoking car, ladies. I've made those hellions stop blowing poison all over the car. Come right with me, ladies!"

Half a dozen stern-faced women followed her into the smoker, an almost unheard-of invasion in those days, and when she had ushered them in she said:

"Make yourselves at home, ladies, and don't let anyone puff hell-fumes at you. There is whisky on this train, and I am going to find it."

The women stationed themselves at strategic points about the car, obviously eager to punish any man who dared disobey the crusader's command, and for several

hours the passengers were without the solace of tobacco. Meanwhile Carry Nation was marching back and forth through the parlour and Pullman cars, peering into the men's dressing-rooms, sniffing suspiciously for liquor, and confiscating cigars and cigarettes, which she ground under her heel with shrill exclamations of horror. In one Pullman compartment she found Michael Reardon, H. F. Allen and James Scanlan, noted mid-Western horsemen, who were bound for New York to see the match race between the great trotters, Cresceus and The Abbot. They were refreshing themselves from a bottle of whisky which stood upon the wash-stand, and Carry Nation promptly smashed it with her hatchet. They produced another, and when she screamed "You infernal sots!" and would have destroyed that also, Mr. Reardon said, "This is cold tea, Madam. It's very good on a hot day like this." He poured her a glassful, but when she discovered it to be whisky she shouted that she had been poisoned, and attempted to fling it out the window. But the wind blew it back against her dress, whereupon she cried, "I am anointed with iniquity!" and hastened from car to car explaining the source of the pungent odour which heralded her coming. Later, however, she returned, and for half an hour amicably talked horse with the three men, for after all she was a true Kentuckian, and horse-racing was one of the few things which she did not regard as sinful.

"I don't like your whisky," she said, "but I like good horse-racing, and I wish you men luck. If I wasn't in this hatchet business I'd go to New York for that race myself. I think Cresceus will win." [3]

[3] Cresceus did win. The race was trotted on August 15, 1901, at Brighton Beach, near New York City, for a special prize of $12,000, and Cresceus

Three days later, while aboard a St. Lawrence River steamboat *en route* to Watertown, New York, she was repulsed for the first time since leaving Kansas. She scurried about the decks and deprived several men of their cigars, but when she snatched a cigarette from the lips of Eugene Foley, a shoe salesman of Clayton, New York, he slapped her face. He apologized when she called him a brute and began to weep, but thereafter she caused no more trouble on the boat, and when she lectured at Watertown she was amazingly soft-spoken. She appeared to have lost her flair for words, but when she learned that she had appeared under the auspices of a saloonkeeper, and that the profits had gone into his pockets, she regained her vocabulary.

3

Carry Nation spoke at Atlantic City and Philadelphia during the latter part of August, 1901, and on the 28th arrived in New York, accompanied by Robert Grau, who was in charge of her tour on behalf of the Furlong Lyceum Bureau. In honour of her initial visit to the metropolis she wore a new poke bonnet adorned with long white ribbons tied under her chin, a new dress of shiny black alpaca, and a linen duster which reached to her ankles. Over her shoulder was slung the satchel in which she carried miniature hatchets, photographs, souvenir buttons and sample copies of *The Smasher's Mail;* and strapped to her waist under the duster was a hatchet of unusual size, almost as large as a small broad-ax. She was met at the railroad station by a score of newspaper

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established a world's record for consecutive heats — 2:03-1/4; 2:06-1/4, and 2:05.

reporters, and by a large and curious crowd which cheered her heartily as she strode vigorously through the waiting-room. But she received no greeting whatever from officials of the religious and temperance organizations; the few endorsements which they had given her crusade had been half-hearted and perfunctory,[4] and they now, and afterwards when she visited New York, ignored her. She observed the slight, and asked the reporters to inform "the poor creatures" that she would not embarrass them by any smashing "unless I see so many hell-holes that I can't stand it." The saloon-keepers, however, especially those in the Broadway theatrical district and in the Tenderloin, had made extensive preparations for her visit. Gaily ornamented hatchets, signs saying, "All Nations Welcome But Carry," and special drinks named in her honour and compounded of the strongest liquors, made their appearance; and the owners of many bar-rooms publicly invited her to call upon them, promising to provide bottles and kegs for her exercise and engaging press agents to see that they received due credit in the newspaper accounts. Others employed guards to protect their property. At the Hoffman House Bar at Thirtieth Street and Fifth Avenue sentinels were posted at every entrance, with special orders to prevent the crusader from destroy-

[4] On February 28, 1901, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New York County, comprising Manhattan Island, adopted resolutions expressing the hope that "Mrs. Nation's work might prosper in the Lord." But the Rev. Phoebe Hanaford, who read the document to the convention, added *sotto voce*, "That doesn't mean that we approve of it." On September 4, 1901, in an address before the convention of the Women's National Auxilliary of Stationary Engineers, Susan B. Anthony, perhaps the most influential woman of her time, said, "If Mrs. Nation had been doing what I consider her duty she would have stayed at home and put down whisky by instructing the women in Kansas, where they have the ballot, how to use it."

ing the famous painting, "Nymphs and Satyrs," which hung above the bar and was said to be worth ten thousand dollars.

Nothing would have brought greater joy to Carry Nation's turbulent soul than a smashing campaign in New York, for she subscribed whole-heartedly to the mid-Western credo that the metropolis was the canker of a continent and the wickedest city since Gomorrah. But she never received even the slightest encouragement from New York prohibition forces, and although she frequently annoyed the metropolitan saloon-keepers by her caustic comment, she never used her hatchet upon their property; she was appalled by the magnitude and power of the eastern liquor traffic, and frightened by the obviously hostile attitude of the police. On this particular visit she was in New York only a few hours, and did not so much as enter a saloon. She was driven from the train to the Hotel Victoria, at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, where she registered as "Carry Nation, Your Loving Home Defender, Kansas," in an ungainly scrawl that filled half a page of the book. She turned from the desk after sniffing the clerk's breath and admonishing him sternly not to smoke, and immediately saw a marble figure of Diana poised gracefully above a fountain in the centre of the lobby. She stopped and covered her eyes with her fingers.

"Look!" she shouted. "She ain't got a thing on!"

She called loudly for the manager. When that functionary appeared, she shook her hatchet at him and cried:

"Look here, my man, you cover up that nasty thing or there'll be a little hatchetation around here!"

A large piece of cheese cloth was hastily procured and thrown over the statue, while the crowd that had pushed

into the hotel to see the famous smasher proffered jocose advice, and Carry Nation went triumphantly to her suite. There she received the reporters, and presented to each a little hatchet inscribed "Carry Nation, Joint Smasher." Then she regaled them with an account of her mission and her exploits in Kansas, and sang them a song of her own composition:

Sing a song of six joints,
With bottles full of rye;
Four and twenty beer kegs,
Stacked up on the sly.
When the kegs were opened,
The beer began to sing,
"Hurrah for Carry Nation,
Her work beats anything."

About eleven o'clock the crusader came downstairs with her reportorial escort, and the entire party clambered into carriages. With Carry Nation and her manager leading in an open barouche drawn by a team of spirited black horses, the parade proceeded gaily down Fifth Avenue, attracting considerable attention because Carry Nation insisted upon carrying her hatchet across her shoulder as if it had been a rifle. Occasionally she brandished it wildly above her head, and whenever she passed a saloon she rose to her feet and shouted, "Rummies! Murderers! Hell-holes!" She had intended to call upon Acting Mayor Guggenheim, but he refused to see her, and the cavalcade stopped at length before Police Headquarters in Mulberry Street, where Police Commissioner Michael C. Murphy was induced to grant her an audience. Entirely surrounded by reporters, she

bustled into his office, leaned over his desk and peered at him intently through steel-rimmed spectacles, and said:

"I've come for an account of your stewardship. Don't you think New York is an awful bad place?"

"No!" replied the Commissioner, sharply. "I don't think anything of the kind!"

"Oh, yes, it is. It's full of hell-holes and murder-shops."

"You don't know what you are talking about," said Mr. Murphy. "You ought to go back to Kansas and stay there."

"Do you think I'm crazy?"

"Yes, I do."

"You say just what the wicked, riotous, rum-soaked, beer-swilled, bedevilled Republicans in Kansas say. And they don't believe it, either."

"Well, I believe it."

"Are you angry with me because I want these rum-holes closed, my father?"

"What the devil do you mean, Madame?" shouted the Commissioner. "I'm not your father!"

"I know it," said Carry Nation. "But you look it. You're old enough to be my father. I'm fifty-five, and you're eighty-five if you are a day. But there is no shame in being old, my father."

The indignant Commissioner, who was a veteran of the Civil War and very proud of his erect and soldierly figure, could only sputter incoherently. She continued:

"Father, don't you think a little hatchetation would be good for New York?"

"If you violate the law here I'll have you locked up!" exploded the Commissioner.

"Now, father." She patted his shoulder soothingly,

and he flinched. "Don't be upset, father. Good-bye, father."

"Good-bye!" shouted the Commissioner. "And don't come back."

Carry Nation left the room chuckling, and in a corridor met Chief of Police William S. Devery, better known as Big Bill, who had just heard that she was in the building and was hurrying to enjoy the discomfiture of his superior officer. She talked to him for a moment, and when she was again in the street she said to the reporters:

"It'll take mighty strong wings to waft those men into Heaven."

A few days before Carry Nation arrived in New York, when her coming was the talk of the bar-rooms, John L. Sullivan had publicly boasted in his saloon in Forty-second Street that "if that old woman ever comes around to my place I'll throw her down the sewer." She now expressed a desire to see the noted pugilist.

"This Mr. Sullivan thinks he's mighty smart," she said. "I don't allow any man to stick me in a sewer hole. Not while I've got my senses."

The reporters joyfully escorted her to Forty-second Street. Sullivan's bulky figure was discerned among the loungers in front of the saloon door when the barouche whirled around the corner from Broadway, but when the vehicle stopped at the curb he had vanished. Carry Nation sent in her card, but the messenger returned with the information that Mr. Sullivan was asleep in his room upstairs and could not be disturbed.

"Well," she said, "you tell him I'll be back, and then we'll see if he'll stick me in a sewer hole."

The driver of the barouche clucked to his horses, and as the carriage rattled away a shutter above the bar-room

slowly opened, and the great prize-fighter appeared at the window, peering with wondering eyes at the martial figure of the crusader. But, perhaps fortunately for John L. Sullivan, she did not look back. She went to a restaurant in Sixth Axenue for lunch, and was greeted at the door by a woman who wore an extremely low-cut dress and almost bubbled over with effusiveness.

"Oh, Mrs. Nation!" she cried. "I am so glad that you have come East to save our boys! I believe in temperance, myself. I really do."

"Is that so?" demanded Carry Nation, glaring angrily at the other's bosom. "Then you ought to go home and put about four inches more of solid cloth on top of your corset cover!"

Blushing, the woman flounced indignantly away and retreated to the sidewalk, where she stood for a moment apparently in deep thought. Then she flung the door open, looked in, and shouted:

"You go to hell, you old fool!"

She ran madly down the street, while Carry Nation screamed with rage, snatched her hatchet from her girdle, and started in pursuit. But she was soon out-distanced, and returned to her meal.

"I'll not go to hell," she remarked, "but that woman will. God will see to that."

She departed early in the afternoon for College Corners, Ohio, calmly ignoring the fact that her manager had booked her for a lecture that night at Ocean City, New Jersey. But she returned to New York on the morning of Sunday, September 1, 1901, and again went to the Hotel Victoria, where the marble Diana had been redraped with cheese cloth in expectation of her coming, and half an hour later appeared in the lobby becomingly

attired in a white piqué frock and cape, and the ubiquitous poke bonnet. A miniature hatchet encrusted with bits of coloured glass was pinned to her breast, but she carried no weapons. Having first fortified herself for the day's labours by attending services at St. Patrick's Cathedral she returned to the hotel and caused great commotion among a group of cab drivers by questioning them closely about their morals. She finally found one who assured her that he didn't drink, smoke, chew, curse, gamble or trifle with women, and engaged this paragon to drive her to the Democratic Club, which a newspaper reporter had suggested as being worthy of her attention. She rolled grandly down the street, bowing regally to the crowd that shouted and laughed about her carriage, while her driver cracked his whip and urged his steeds into a trot. Once at the club she banged the great brass knocker, and when the door was opened she attempted to rush inside. But a servant stopped her, and she was arguing shrilly with him when the manager appeared.

"You cannot come in here, Madam," he said. "This is a gentleman's club."

"I want to hold a Sunday School and a Bible reading in there," said Carry Nation.

"The club was not organized for that purpose," said the manager.

"That's what those rummies need," persisted Carry Nation. "Look at them glaring out the windows and puffing hell-fumes at me!"

But the manager slammed and locked the door, and the crusader turned to the reporters.

"Well," she said, "I'd hate to be in that man's shoes on Judgment Day."

When she returned to her cab she was horrified to see

the driver smoking, and she scolded him so fiercely that at length he put the lash to his horses and galloped wildly down the street, puffing so vigorously at his cigar that long streamers of smoke curled behind him. He seemed to be on fire, and the crowd roared with glee. Carry Nation said that she would trust no more cab drivers, and at the direction of the reporters she trudged across town to Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street, where she saw several men slip unostentatiously into the side doorway of a saloon on the southeast corner. She promptly followed them, but someone blew smoke in her face and she emerged gasping and choking, and thoroughly aroused.

"I'll smash your hell-hole for that!" she screamed.

She charged valiantly, but retreated in considerable haste when a bartender appeared in the doorway and not only threatened her with a bung-starter but puffed huge billows of cigar smoke at her.

"Isn't there a law to close this drunkard factory on Sunday?" she cried. "Those rummies are trying to poison me!"

The reporters urged her to visit other saloons in the neighbourhood, the owners of which had never heard of the Sunday closing laws, but she insisted upon returning to the hotel for medicine to counteract the effects of the noxious tobacco fumes. She had lunch, while the crowd waited patiently in the street, and during the afternoon she again sallied forth and visited the Tenderloin, which comprised, roughly, the area between Sixth and Eighth Avenues and Twenty-fourth and Forty-second Streets. She entered a saloon at Sixth Avenue and Thirty-first Street and scolded several men who were drinking at a table; and invaded another at Twenty-ninth Street, where

the bartender assured her that he sold nothing but lemonade. However, she insisted upon tasting his wares, and when he gave her a glass of beer she shattered it upon the floor. Then the reporters hustled her over to Eighth Avenue, where she aroused the manager of the Apollo Music Garden and denounced him for engaging in such a nefarious business.

"Bring out your woman sinners," she demanded. "Let me save them."

"We have no sinners of either sex, Madam," said the manager.

She received a similar answer at the Abbey Music Hall, and for the next hour she roamed up and down Eighth Avenue, peering into saloons and shrilly predicting eternal damnation for their occupants. Meanwhile the crowd which had trailed her about the city had grown larger and more boisterous, and by five o'clock in the afternoon Eighth Avenue was packed from curb to curb by a jostling mass of men and boys, through which street cars and vehicular traffic were unable to move. And it was probably as enthusiastic a throng as had ever assembled to watch the smasher at her labours, although it might have been expected that a New York crowd would be violently antagonistic, since it was well known almost everywhere that citizens of the metropolis were exceptionally depraved. But on this particular occasion everyone was having a splendid time, and was exceedingly grateful for the diversion which Carry Nation had provided for a dull Sunday afternoon. She was wildly cheered as she bustled busily from place to place, but when she was arrested at 5:30 o'clock for blocking traffic, the cheers gave way to roars of anger, and there was much talk of rescuing her. A policeman took her in custody at

Eighth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street and started to the West Twenty-third Street Police Station, but the crowd was so turbulent and threatening that in half an hour he had gone but three blocks. He finally reached Twenty-fourth Street, where he released Carry Nation on condition that she return immediately to her hotel. She boarded a street car, and the mob soon sought other amusement.

That evening Carry Nation lectured in Carnegie Hall and delighted a large audience with a violent attack upon the corset, declaring that wearing it transformed a woman's heart, liver, lungs and intestines into a single and very solid lump. Next day she went to Coney Island, where James E. Furlong,[5] who had arrived from Rochester to assume in person the management of his protégé, had arranged for her to lecture twice daily at Steeplechase Park.[6] She made the trip to the resort on the steamer *Pegasus,* of the Iron Steamboat Company's fleet, and broke the monotony of the voyage by chasing the waiters about the deck whenever they appeared with trays of beer. And so adept was she at this sport that presently they made their rounds in threes — one to carry the beverages and the others, armed with bung-starters, to repel the smasher. She contented herself, thereafter, with holding her nose when they passed and commenting

[5] According to newspaper accounts Mr. Furlong both smoked and drank, but before entering the presence of Carry Nation he always prepared himself by using large quantities of cloves and other breath-sweetening herbs.

[6] On September 3, 1901, the New York *World* editorially denounced the promoters "who have made this woman's misfortune a source of side-show profit," and declared that she was the "irresponsible victim of her own violent fanaticism and of the unenviable publicity into which her mistaken zeal has brought her. She should be restrained . . . as one not realizing the mischief, disorder and humiliation attendant upon her course."

upon their empurpled faces, which, she confided loudly to the other passengers, was the inevitable result of swilling beer. She was an attraction at Coney Island for ten days, and what time she was not lecturing she was scurrying around snatching cigars and cigarettes, and annoying the managers and bartenders of saloons and open-air beer gardens. It was her custom to step into one of these places and inquire, pleasantly:

"How many souls have been murdered in this drunkard factory today?"

She was repulsed and disarmed when she attempted to smash the bar in the Steeplechase Auditorium, but on September 7th she made a successful attack upon Charles Wallenstein's cigar stand at the end of Steeplechase Walk. During the early afternoon she stood near the stand and watched with glaring eyes while several men bought cigars, lighted them and strode away puffing. At length she approached Mr. Wallenstein and said:

"Young man, don't you know that tobacco is an abomination to the human race?"

He stammered uncertainly, and she screamed:

"Answer me, you rummy!"

She had no hatchet, but she raised her satchel high above her head and brought it down upon the cigar case with a resounding smash, shattering the glass top. When a policeman arrived she bestrode the ruins like a skirted Colossus, plucking cigars from the broken boxes and tearing them to bits while a huge crowd howled in delight—and pocketed as many cigars as possible. In Coney Island Police Court her trial was postponed and she was remanded to jail, but when told to enter a patrol wagon she resisted so strenuously that a policeman, whom she described as "purple and bloated from beer drinking,"

became enraged and struck her with his nightstick, breaking a bone in her right hand. She cried:

"Never mind, you beer swelled, whisky-soaked, saturn-faced man! God will strike you!"

And later she wrote in her autobiography:

"In six weeks from that time this man fell dead in the streets of Coney Island."

The police finally handcuffed her, flung her into the wagon, and took her to jail, but she was soon released on bail furnished by George C. Tilyou, manager of Steeplechase Park. Next day she was found guilty of disorderly conduct, but sentence was suspended when she paid Mr. Wallenstein one hundred dollars for the damage done to his property, and she left the court room denouncing the magistrate and the policemen as snakes and vipers. She remained at Coney Island a few days longer, but her engagement was not a financial success. Despite the attention she had attracted, the audiences which heard her diatribes against liquor and other evils were small, even after the price of admission had been reduced from fifty cents to twenty-five cents.

4

Throughout her career Carry Nation displayed an astonishingly vindictive animosity toward President William McKinley, based principally upon the fact that he was the head of the Republican Party and of the government which granted Internal Revenue licenses to the Kansas jointists. In her editorials in *The Smasher's Mail,* and in her speeches, she frequently vituperated him as the friend and protector of the liquor traffic, and accused him of renting his property in Canton, Ohio, for saloon purposes. And, as she had done in her first smashings at

Kiowa, Kansas, she continued to envision his downfall whenever she swung a hatchet against a bottle or a bar fixture. He was shot in Buffalo on September 6, 1901, by the anarchist Leon Czolgosz, and two nights later, while Carry Nation was lecturing at Coney Island, someone cried:

"What about the President now?"

"I have no tears for this McKinley!" she retorted. "Neither have I any for his assassin. I have no sympathy for this friend of the brewers."

A chorus of hisses and cat-calls interrupted her, and within a minute the audience was stamping and yelling angrily.

"Shut up, you sots!" shrieked Carry Nation. "My loyalty to the homes of America demands that I denounce such a President!"

Several men shouted "Lynch her!" and others hurled bags of popcorn and peanuts, wads of wrapping paper, and other missiles, many of which struck her. But she brushed them aside, and instead of attempting to escape leaned over the edge of the platform and screamed:

"You sots and hell-hounds! You'll all go to hell! God will strike you!"

The crowd surged forward, but suddenly turned and rushed into the street, and dispersed after giving three cheers for McKinley. But inside the hall Carry Nation continued to clamour denunciation and invective, and insisted upon finishing her speech, although the seats were empty. She was hissed again the next afternoon, and whenever she appeared on the streets she was jostled by threatening throngs. Her contract with Steeplechase Park was cancelled, and that night her manager, fearing serious trouble, induced her to leave Coney Island and

New York. About a week later, after President McKinley had died in Buffalo, she went to Rochester, New York, to fill a lecture engagement, and was hooted and booed by an unruly crowd that met her at the railroad station. But she paid no attention to the uproar, and although the police advised her to remain in her hotel, declared that she was not afraid and insisted upon speaking as advertised. Her audience was large, and very restless, and when she mentioned McKinley's name, though not disparagingly, a man leaped to his feet in the rear of the hall and shouted:

"You ought to be lynched, you old wretch!"

"Sit down, you drunkard!" screamed Carry Nation, but others took up the cry, and a score of angry men left their seats and began running down the aisles, while throughout the house men and women yelled threats and curses. Her face contorted with rage, Carry Nation shrieked at them for a moment, but when several stones hurtled from the crowd and crashed against the platform at her feet, she abandoned all thought of resistance and fled out the back way. She was standing uncertainly in a doorway, bewildered and afraid, when two policemen appeared and led her up the street, while the mob surged tumultuously behind them, throwing stones and yelling "Lynch her!" and "Get out of town, you old hag!" The situation became increasingly dangerous, and after struggling through the crowd for half a block the policemen sought refuge in a bar-room, despite Carry Nation's fierce struggles and her vehement shouts that she would rather die than accept the protection of a saloon-keeper. Once inside, she attempted to wreck the bar, but was restrained, and the door was barred and locked. But the mob attacked the windows, and when a large panel of

plate-glass was smashed the policemen rushed the crusader through a side entrance into an adjoining hotel, where they locked her in a room on the second floor and mounted guard at the head of the stairs. Unable to find its prey, the mob soon dispersed, and Carry Nation was escorted to the railroad station by a detachment of policemen armed with nightsticks and drawn revolvers. She was greatly upset, but neither then nor later did she retract what she had said about McKinley. When she wrote her autobiography she declared that "William McKinley was no martyr," and described him as "the Brewers' president, who did their bidding."

The crusader appeared in several upstate New York towns during the few weeks that followed her disturbing adventure in Rochester, and although she was not again in actual physical danger, she was frequently hissed. Her final lecture in that part of the East was delivered in Buffalo on October 27th. She also attended High Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral, and thus described the experience:

One of the priests, Mr. Percell, was taking up the collection. He came to where I was sitting, but the smell of cigarette smoke was so strong about him that I could not refrain from a rebuke. So I said:

"You smell so bad from cigarette smoke."

He said: "Who?"

I said: "You."

He said: "You are a liar."

I said: "No, I am not. You do smell bad."

He said: "I will have you put out of this church."

I said: "I dare you! You are the one that should be put out!"

He passed on, and after Mass I went into the house of the priests and asked for him. He could not be found, but two priests tried to make excuses and treated me well. They said they smoked. I told them God said for them to cleanse themselves from all filthiness of the flesh. That they were making provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof. I said, "What a shame for a man to dress like a saint and to smell like a devil!"

Carry Nation was again in Kansas in November, 1901, and returned to Medicine Lodge for the first time since her departure for Wichita in December, 1900. The suit for divorce brought by David Nation was tried late in November, and although Carry Nation was exonerated of the charge of cruelty, the court held that desertion had been proven. On November 27th David Nation was granted a decree, and gratefully retired to private life. He died on October 3, 1903, whereupon Carry Nation remarked, "Well, I shall meet him 'at that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.' I am glad God is our judge." Their property was about equally divided, but Carry Nation failed to receive a share of his pension. He took a parcel of land near Medicine Lodge, and she received the home in Medicine Lodge, where they had lived together for so many years, and in which she had received the divine call to go forth and smash. A year or so later she sold it for eight hundred dollars.

"I will not put any of this money in fines," she said. "I will lay it up in Heaven."

THE FINAL YEARS

CARRY NATION'S travels and adventures during the remainder of her life differed only in detail from those of the six months which had followed her debut upon the lecture platform. She continued to attack Masonry and all its works; to snatch cigars and cigarettes and vehemently berate the debauched puffers of noxious hell-fumes; to condemn corsets and long skirts; to advocate equal suffrage, and to invade the strongholds of rum. Her onslaughts upon the saloons, however, were mainly verbal, for bartenders had become thoroughly acquainted with her methods, and she no sooner darkened their doorways than they threatened her with bung-starters, fully-charged seltzer bottles, buckets of water, and other deterrents. But time could not wither nor custom stale her infinite variety, and wherever she went and whatever she did she aroused excitement and commotion. Before the infirmities of old age had compelled her to retire to her farm in Arkansas, and thereafter to make only occasional public appearances, she had instigated a score of riots of varying degrees of seriousness, she had been beaten by a dozen saloon-keepers and other enemies, she had scandalized politicians high and low by attempting

to investigate the personal habits of the President of the United States, and she had been arrested no fewer than twenty-five times, principally for causing unruly crowds to collect, in New York, Denver, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington; Scranton, Pennsylvania; Bayonne, New Jersey; Wheeling, West Virginia; Nebraska City, Nebraska; Hot Springs, Arkansas; and even in England and Canada. And she was also locked up again in Wichita and in Topeka, where she was already familiar with every nook and cranny of the jails and police stations. She was arrested seven times in Washington, thrice in Pittsburgh, and twice in Scranton. Her last arrest in Pittsburgh occurred on May 26, 1908, when she pointed to a man with a Masonic pin in his lapel and shouted to a woman companion: "That man is wearing a symbol of heathenism and idolatry. He has a worshipful master and belongs to an oath-bound fraternity, who swear to have their tongue cut out, their throat cut across, their heart torn out and given to the beasts, and their bowels taken out and burned to ashes. These oaths originated in hell and are blasphemous, and unman every one who takes them." The Mason resented her strictures, a crowd gathered, police reserves were summoned, and she was fined twenty-five dollars.

But all of Carry Nation's conflicts with the law were merely spectacular interludes in an astonishing itineration that kept her on the move for almost ten years. She was fervently welcomed everywhere by the more radical elements of the temperance and prohibition societies, but her eccentricities, the shrewdness with which she appraised local conditions, and the devastating frankness with which she discussed them, embarrassed and irritated many of the solid citizens who controlled the churches,

and she found it increasingly difficult to obtain permission to speak in a house of worship, while ministers of the Gospel who had formerly hailed her as a chosen instrument of the Lord began to proffer adverse criticism, and to avoid her as one demented. Instead of resenting their changed attitude, she calmly remarked that "the Devil has his agents in the churches," and whenever religious edifices were not available, she spoke in secular halls, in vacant lots, and on street corners; and often delivered her message from atop an empty beer keg provided by a kind-hearted saloon-keeper, who thereafter used it to draw trade — it was handsomely adorned with ribbons, appropriately placarded, and prominently displayed upon the bar. For several years such kegs were very popular bar-room decorations throughout the Middle West.

Eventually, however, Carry Nation abandoned even the remnant of dignity which this method of spreading her propaganda permitted, and became frankly a freak attraction. She first appeared at county fairs, street carnivals and amusement resorts in the summer of 1902, and on November 17th of that year, attired in a becoming white silk dress, she made her debut upon the professional stage, lecturing during the final act of a burlesque show at Springfield, Massachusetts. She learned to tolerate, though never to approve, the ribaldry of the performances and the abbreviated costumes of the chorus girls, and thereafter, especially in the winters, she frequently obtained engagements in the lower class theatres, and sometimes toured the country with travelling troupes. "I got hundreds of calls to go on the stage before I did," she wrote. "Gradually I saw the light. This is the largest missionary field in the world. No one ever got a call or

was allowed to go there with a Bible but Carry Nation. The door was never opened to anyone but me. The hatchet opened it. God has given it to me. I take my Bible before every audience. I show them this hatchet, which destroys or smashes everything bad and builds up everything that is good. I find the theatres stocked with boys of our country. They are not found in the churches. They need me most. They are as brands to be snatched from the burning." Late in 1902 she began to write her autobiography, "The Use and Need of the Life of Carry A. Nation,"[1] but she was so impressed by the facility with which words flowed from her pen, and by her graphical delineation of situation and character, that she laid the work aside for a year and wrote a temperance play which she called "The War on Drink," meanwhile taking daily lessons in acting from a Topeka elocutionist. But she failed to find a producer, and began another drama, "Hatchetation," which was never completed. The title, however, was used for a special version of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," in which she opened at the Lyceum Theatre at Elizabeth, New Jersey, on November 10, 1903. She played the role of Mrs. Hammond, the heart-broken mother who finds her son carousing with evil companions in the Sickle and Sheaf. The play had been rewritten to include a saloon-smashing scene in the fourth act, and so thoroughly was Carry Nation at home in the part that at her first performance she destroyed forty-four goblets and twenty-nine bottles, and overturned three tables and four chairs. The surroundings in which she found herself during this period of her career were

[1] The first edition of this work appeared late in 1904, and the last in 1909. According to the head of her publishing firm, F. M. Steves of Topeka, Kansas, fifty-six thousand copies were published.

very distasteful, but the work was profitable; her salary ranged from fifty to three hundred dollars a week, and she thriftily increased her income by selling souvenir hatchets and buttons before the curtains rose and between the acts. By the end of 1902 she had saved sufficient money to pay the final installments on her Topeka fines with which she was in arrears, and to erect a large brick building in Kansas City, Kansas, which she sold when the Salvation Army declined to accept it for a mission. With the money she received for it, and the eight hundred dollars obtained from the sale of her house in Medicine Lodge, she made the first payment of $5,500 on the Home for Drunkards' Wives and Mothers, which was also established in Kansas City. The Associated Charities, incorporated for the purpose, took possession of the Home in December, 1903, and operated it successfully until 1910, when it was closed for lack of occupants.

Even when she appeared as a star in plays wherein every line pointed a moral, Carry Nation delivered one or more temperance speeches during the progress of the show. But the brands which she was so eager to snatch from the burning caused her much trouble, especially in the burlesque and variety houses, where they were overwhelmingly pro-liquor. To combat their freely expressed antagonism, she developed a highly specialized and effective technique of lecturing. She was never dismayed by the hostility of an audience, nor was she at a loss for words, for she always spoke extemporaneously, and, as it was put in the expressive argot of the period, her tongue was hinged in the middle and loose at both ends. When hecklers annoyed her, and made organized attempts to drive her off the stage with hisses and cat-calls, she stood her ground angrily, her shrill voice rising high

above the tumult and flooding the auditorium with such a crackling stream of abuse and vilification that her tormentors were left gasping and amazed. She simply outscreamed them. And when this method failed to get their attention, as occasionally happened, she leaned over the footlights and began talking in a low, earnest voice to persons in the front row or in a box. Her opponents usually subsided, unable to withstand their own curiosity. They enjoyed baiting her, but they were also eager to hear what she had to say.

But her extraordinary performances, not only on the stage but wherever she appeared, bore their natural fruit of discredit and derision. Despite her early success in influencing legislation and law enforcement in Kansas and elsewhere, by the end of her first year's lecture tour she was a fallen idol. Her notion of indiscriminate violence were no longer accepted, save by those whose own peculiarities impelled them always to follow in the train of a fanatic, as a possible solution of the rum problem; she was ridiculed and reviled from coast to coast; she was looked upon almost everywhere as a meddlesome, cantankerous and demented old woman; and she was the prey of unscrupulous reformers whose interest in her cause was wholly mercenary, and who manipulated her sincerity and obsessions for the benefit of their own purses. Although she remained the darling of the extremists, she was never again able to summon to her banner even a modicum of the impressive following which had kept Kansas in an uproar for two months, and had augmented temperance zeal all over the United States. Nevertheless, until the day of her death she was one of the great driving forces in the onward sweep of prohibitionary sentiment, and continued to promote the most

important and far-reaching phase of her crusade. Because of the bizarre quality which she imparted to every undertaking, her activities were always of great interest to the newspaper reporters, especially to those who fancied themselves as humorists. Few believed in her, and nearly all jeered and poked fun at her, but they never failed to chronicle her doings. And since publicity for Carry Nation meant also publicity for the liquor traffic, the net result of her fantastic exploits was to keep the worst features of the saloon constantly before the public eye, and to encourage the anti-liquor organizations to greater political aggressiveness, although few admitted, or even recognized, the basic source of their inspiration.

2

Carry Nation began her 1902 campaign during the early spring with a series of speeches in Nebraska for the Red Ribbon Alliance, a militant temperance society which was very active in the local option campaigns that then engaged the attention of the Nebraska voters. She attempted to smash a saloon in Nebraska City on April 8th, but was repulsed by the bartender, who struck her repeatedly with his fist and then dragged her into the street. "But the Lord was with me," she wrote, "and I didn't get a bruise." She was arrested, but was soon released and went to Lincoln, capital of the state and the home of William Jennings Bryan. There she spoke a few days before the election in which the local option forces were defeated by the scant margin of sixty votes. Bryan refused to see her, and also declined to assist in the fight against the saloon, although in later years he became an implacable foe of the liquor traffic and the hero of many great reform movements, in some of which his methods

strikingly resembled those of Carry Nation. In her autobiography she wrote of him, "If he, the man who poses as a friend of the people, had opened his mouth against the saloon he could have made this great cause more than sixty votes. From that time forth I knew that Bryan was for Bryan and what Bryan could get for Bryan."

The crusader returned to Topeka early in May for trial upon another of the warrants which had been sworn out against her after the raids of February 17, 1901. This particular one accused her of smashing saloon fixtures which had been stored in a livery stable in East Sixth Street. She was convicted of malicious destruction of property, and on May 16th Judge Hazen of the District Court fined her one hundred dollars and imposed a jail sentence of thirty days. She was pardoned and the fine remitted by Governor Stanley on June 2nd, and a few weeks later she startled her friends by announcing that she had at last found a religious creed which was worthy of her allegiance — she had become a disciple of John Alexander Dowie,[2] self-styled Elijah III, and had been appointed his official proselyting agent in Kansas and adjacent states. She was convinced that his prayerful intercession with the Almighty had cured her of various illnesses, and that she herself had been endowed with the divine gift and authorized to practise faith healing. But every attempt she made to check the ravages of disease by prayer and the laying on of hands was unsuccessful, and within a few months she was bitterly denouncing Dowie as a spawn of Satan and his teachings as the

[2] Founder and First Apostle of the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion, and of Zion City, Illinois, on the west shore of Lake Michigan. His followers revolted in 1906, accusing him of peculation and of practising polygamy, and he was deposed with the assent of his wife and son. His creed is extremely fundamentalist, and places much stress on faith healing.

hell-born brother of Masonry and Christian Science. Sh resumed her lecture tour in July, and late in August wa again in New York. Her presence in the metropolis, how ever, was unknown to the newspapers until Septembe 4th, when, on a Hudson River ferry-boat bound for Hobo ken, she approached a young man whose face was sus piciously swollen, and who moved his jaws rhythmicall and with evident pleasure. She watched him intently fo a moment, with rising indignation, and then demanded

"What foul thing have you in your cheek?"

"Foul me eye," he replied. "I've got a swell chew."

"You hell-hound!" she cried. "Poisoning yoursel right before my eyes!" And while he wriggled and choked in ineffectual protest, she placed a hand on either side of his face and pressed so vigorously that the tobacco popped from his mouth.

"There!" she cried, triumphantly. "I've saved you!" And so she went on to Hoboken, where with great diffi culty she was restrained from smashing a few of that city's innumerable saloons and beer gardens.

A few days later she told reporters that she had re solved to cancel some of her lecture engagements and concentrate upon the salvation of the boys in secular colleges and universities throughout the country. She was very much concerned about the morals of these bright and promising lads, and frequently deplored the fact that they lacked the wise guidance and counsel of the preachers who were constantly on guard at the religious institu tions,[3] prepared to combat any tendencies toward worldly

[3] Some of the Roman Catholic Schools, however, were not included in this category. "One thing I have noticed," she wrote, "is that the Catholic schools taught by the Brothers are saturated with vile tobacco smoke. I would not like to send a son to such a place for that reason alone. There are many things I like about the Catholic Church, but why, oh why, is it

usts and pleasures. She had already visited several mid-Western universities, and had been tremendously flattered and impressed by the enthusiastic receptions which had been accorded her, and by the wild cheers that had greeted her rousing tirades against liquor. At the University of Missouri, at Columbia, she lectured in January, 1902, under the auspices of a group of students headed by W. B. Burrus, now a prominent business man in Kansas City, Missouri, but then significantly known as Bottle Bill. According to University tradition, Mr. Burrus and his enterprising associates spent their considerable profits for champagne, although Carry Nation had understood that they contemplated making a substantial donation to the W. C. T. U. The Woolley Club of the University of Michigan gave her a banquet at Ann Arbor, and the function was such a success that the members of the club became her especial pets. "It gave me new life," she wrote, "to look at such men of intellectual and moral force. Oh! For such men to be the fathers of the rising generation! One cannot help but compare the tobacco-smoking, dull-brained, sottish students with these giants of moral and physical manhood. These young men are the greatest argument for prohibition. God will bless the Woolley Club of Ann Arbor and their kind."

But she failed to find any other young men who measured up to the exacting standards set by the extraordinary Michigan students, and her anxiety for their welfare was greatly increased when she began to receive letters from college boys who implored her to visit various schools and rescue them from the morasses of debauchery into which they had unwittingly been plunged. They wrote

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o silent as a general thing on the liquor traffic? Why are so many of its members in this devil's work?"

that saloons operated brazenly upon the very campuses that intoxicating liquors were served in copious quantities upon their food, that professors not only urged them to smoke but even supplied tobacco, and that the curriculum were permeated with the insidious and demoralizing doctrines of Masonry. One boy at Yale, which Carry Nation always regarded with particular aversion, declared that the brandy poured upon his victuals in the college dining-room was so strong that it made him dizzy and accounted for his low class standing. Another complained that if he rejected such infernal fare, as he wished to do in memory of his mother, he would starve, as there was nothing else to eat. A third, who neglected to sign his name, wrote:

Dear Mrs. Nation: — As an ardent prohibitionist and an enemy of the liquor traffic, I feel obliged to bring to your notice some of the things that are served to the young men at Yale Dining Hall by the college authorities. [Enclosed were several menus, on which were such items as Claret Wine Punch, Cherry Wine Sauce, Apple Dumpling and Brandy Sauce, Roast Ham and Champagne Sauce, and Wine Jelly.] You will see how many of these dishes are served with intoxicating liquors as sauces. Yale is supposed to be a Christian College, but to give these poisons by consent of the college authorities is nothing more or less than starting them on the road to hell! Please give this matter your earnest attention and see if you cannot stamp this serpent out.

Determined to do whatever she could to abate the nuisance, Carry Nation journeyed forthwith to Yale, arriving at New Haven during the afternoon of September

29, 1902. She went directly to the office of Mayor Studley, where she found his secretary, C. E. Julin, himself a Yale graduate, smoking a cigarette. He had no inkling of her presence until she clapped him upon the shoulder and cried:

"Throw that nasty thing away!"

He stared at her in amazement, and she snatched the cigarette. He finally convinced her that the Mayor was powerless to save the Yale boys, and she hurried to the University campus, escorted by members of an undergraduate club called The Jolly Eight, and followed by a throng of yelling students. She attempted to make a speech from the steps of Osborn Hall, but whenever she opened her mouth the boys burst into prolonged cheering, and when they tired of that they sang, impartially, drinking ballads and such temperance songs as "Good-bye, Booze," and "Down with King Alcohol." Nothing that Carry Nation said could be heard above the uproar, and she finally turned angrily to a student and asked:

"What's the matter with these rummies? Don't they want to hear me?"

"They're drunk," he replied. "They had ham with champagne sauce for lunch, and they haven't got over it yet."

Seething with indignation, Carry Nation rushed to the university offices and sought an interview with the President of Yale, Dr. Arthur T. Hadley. No record of this important conversation exists, but she wrote in her autobiography: "I asked him about these things, and he said he thought the intoxicants were 'fruit juices!' I spoke of the smoking. He said he used to think it was wrong, but when he went to Germany he saw they smoked there. He was taught it was wrong in America, but when he saw it

in Germany he thought better of the vice and is now teaching it to our boys. What a shame to have professors in our schools aping the vices of foreigners. People ought to demand another faculty or refuse to patronize such school. There should be an investigation, and that quickly. Students are crying for it. At Yale students are pleading for a moral faculty. The distillers and brewers dominate the Republican party, and they are the controlling party at Yale, and will desolate and enslave our darling boys."

But the University authorities declined to revise the school's culinary system, and during the remainder of the afternoon Carry Nation marched back and forth about the campus, followed by an enormous crowd of boys who cheered her so vociferously that, although she tried repeatedly, she was never able to deliver her message. The technique that had been so successful in burlesque theatres was useless at Yale. The Jolly Eight finally took her into Mori's Restaurant, a noted undergraduate resort, and induced her to pose for a photograph. She stood beside a table, with one hand outstretched and the other holding a large glass of water, while a dozen students were grouped behind her. Just before the shutter of the camera clicked the boys produced mugs and bottles, held them aloft and assumed positions of drunken abandon. When the picture finally appeared on the campus the glass of water in Carry Nation's hand had been miraculously transformed into a beaker of foaming beer, and a cigarette dangled from her fingers, so that she appeared to have been participating in a drinking orgy of singular depravity. Copies of the photograph were in great demand, and although efforts were made to suppress them, a few survived. One is now a prized possession of the Yale Club in New York.

When Carry Nation returned to New York next day she declared that the Yale boys were "the toughest proposition I have ever met," and described the University as a "school of vice to a great extent." She feared that she had accomplished little by her trip to New Haven, and the fear became a certainty when, a few weeks later, she received another letter from a Yale student who signed himself, "Alone, But a Friend of the Temperance Cause":

Dear Mrs. Nation:—Although it pains me deeply, I feel it my duty to inform you that after your soul-stirring address of warning and reproof, the Devil still grins at Yale Dining Hall. The enclosed menus tell the story. The hateful practice of serving intoxicating liquors has not ceased. Capt. Smoke holds open wide the gates of hell. Oh, this is terrible! Satan loves to shoot at brightest marks. Here are eight hundred shining young souls, the cream of the nation's manhood, on the broad road which leadeth to destruction. God Help us. Assist us, Mrs. Nation; aid us; pray for us. Let the world know of this awful condition and rouse the public indignation until it has ceased. Publicity will do it. Let the world know that Yale is being made a training school for drunkards, and Capt. Smoke will never dare to serve liquors again.

The crusader remained in New York long enough to smash a few bottles in a saloon at First Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, near Bellevue Hospital; and to swoop down upon a crap game on a Park Row sidewalk, where she confiscated the dice and a dozen pennies which she promised to lay up in Heaven. Then she departed for the South, arriving at Austin, Texas, site of the State

University, on October 16, 1902. Several students met her, and she led them into Alderman Bill Davis's saloon at Congress Avenue and Fifth Street. Davis promptly ordered her to leave.

"Do you know who you're talking to?" she demanded. "I'm Carry Nation, and I was never known to leave a saloon until I got good and ready."

"It makes no difference who you are," said the Alderman. "You'll have to get out."

She drew her hatchet and advanced belligerently. Davis seized her by the neck and an arm and hustled her into the street, where she stood before the saloon door and began speaking. But the Alderman poked the horn of a phonograph through a window and played his scratchiest, most raucous record with his loudest needle, and she was overwhelmed by a tremendous volume of horrid sound. The police finally pushed through the crowd and stopped the unequal contest, and Carry Nation was escorted to the University campus by more than a hundred cheering undergraduates. There she began speaking from the steps of one of the buildings. But she had not talked more than a few minutes when, according to her own account of the adventure, an official of the University came up "white with excitement," and said:

"Madam, we do not allow such."

"I am speaking for the good of the boys," Carry Nation replied.

"We do not allow speaking on the campus," he said.

The students set up a mighty shout, and a horse attached to a passing mail wagon, ordinarily a sedate and incurious animal, became frightened and bolted. The postman was thrown out, letters and papers were scattered in all directions, the horse dashed madly against a

telephone pole, the wagon was demolished, and there was great excitement. And in the midst of the uproar Carry Nation boarded a train for the North. About a month later, on November 14th, she spent two hours at Harvard University, where she found the boys quite as unregenerate as at Yale; for they were compelled to partake of the same sort of intoxicating provender, and were constantly under the influence of cigarette-smoking professors. A thousand undergraduates were at lunch in Memorial Hall when she appeared in the doorway, surrounded by a grinning committee, and shouted:

"Boys! Don't eat that infernal stuff! It's poison!"

The students promptly abandoned their food and escorted her in a body to Randall Hall, cheering madly and singing "Good Morning, Carrie," a popular song with which she was greeted throughout the East. During the noisy parade across the campus the boys crowded about her, pressing cigars and cigarettes into her hands and pretending great surprise when she wrathfully flung them to the ground. Once inside the hall she was urged to make a speech, but she had proceeded no further than "I ask you, boys, ain't it a shame—" when her audience began to sing:

> Ain't it a shame, a measly shame,
> To keep your baby out in the rain?

They sang it over and over, and Carry Nation became so enraged that she ran about the room slapping faces and grabbing cigarettes and pipes, meanwhile crying that everyone at Harvard was a hellion. She finally left Randall Hall, but the students swarmed about her and swept

her downtown to the Sanders Theatre. The doors were closed, so the boys smashed their way in and triumphantly bore Carry Nation to the stage. She again attempted to speak, but was continually interrupted by cheers and snatches of song. At length she quit in disgust and abandoned the Harvard boys to their fate, which she firmly believed would be quite as horrible as that to which the Yale lads were destined. Indeed, she could discern no hope for the students of any secular school in America, excepting, of course, the moral and physical giants of the University of Michigan.

Carry Nation returned to New York from Harvard, and on November 20th attended the Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, the swankiest social event of the season, which was graced by the presence of the flower and chivalry of the metropolis. There were also present a few persons who were really interested in horses. Followed by a swarm of eager newspaper men, the crusader stalked through the aisles rebuking the society ladies for the scantiness of their attire; and finally, at the whispered behest of a reporter, she stopped before Reginald C. Vanderbilt's box, which was occupied by his fiancée, Miss Cathleen Nelson, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt. Mr. Vanderbilt was, at the moment, stretching his legs in the cleared space before the railing. Carry Nation pointed a menacing finger at Mrs. Vanderbilt, and in a shrill voice that penetrated every corner of the Garden, demanded definite information as to how many of the Vanderbilt millions had been devoted to rescuing the slaves of the saloon.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Vanderbilt, nervously. "Please write to me and it will be attended to."

"You think you're well dressed!" Carry Nation shouted. "But you ought to be ashamed of yourself for wearing such disgraceful clothes. Take them off at once and dress yourself more modestly!"

She continued to shriek scathing criticism, meanwhile waving a handkerchief and gesticulating wildly, unmindful of the tumult of laughter which arose from the crowd. Mrs. Vanderbilt and Miss Nelson were greatly distressed at finding themselves involved in such an extraordinary adventure, and in adjoining boxes ladies began drawing cloaks about their gleaming shoulders and hastily moving toward the exits. Attendants and servants came running from all parts of the Garden, but they were so horrified at the mere thought of such a scene interrupting the even tenor of the Horse Show that they were quite unable to do anything about it until Mr. Vanderbilt bravely took the initiative. Bracing himself against his box, he pushed her with considerable vigour. She turned upon him indignantly, but the lackeys now knew the correct procedure, and they closed about her. Uttering such stinging reprimands as "Really, Madam, you must go away!" and "My good woman, you really mustn't!" they shoved her along an aisle and finally into the Garden Café, where scores who cared for neither society nor horses sat drinking at tables. Just inside the doorway Carry Nation met George Kessler, a noted wine agent, and scolded him until he pushed through the crowd and escaped. She then rushed screaming among the tables, overturning several, breaking bottles and glassware and causing a great commotion among customers and waiters. Policemen finally led her into the street, where they put her on a street car and told her that she would be locked up if she returned to the Garden.

"I'm not coming back," she said. "Those half-naked women make me sick."

Early in December she was back in Kansas, and on the 5th was arrested in Topeka when she went into several drug stores and tried to empty the kegs of prescription whisky. On January 9th, 1903, she was fined fifty dollars by Judge Charles A. Magaw of the Police Court, who imposed a similar fine upon the Rev. Dr. J. T. McFarland for shouting in the court room, "This is an infernal shame!" A few weeks later Carry Nation made her first trip to the Pacific Coast. She appeared at a Los Angeles amusement park called "The Chutes," and was arrested for violating an ordinance which regulated advertising. She was also locked up in San Francisco when she tricked a saloon-keeper who had given her a bottle of whisky and asked her to smash it against the floor in the presence of reporters. Instead, she hurled it among the bottles and decanters on the sideboard, breaking a great number. She was released after two days in jail and went to Sacramento, the state capital. The Legislature did not invite her to speak, so with the connivance of a page she hid behind the Speaker's stand in the Assembly, and when that body had adjourned she jumped upon the rostrum and shouted:

"Just a moment, men! I've got something to say to you!"

The surprised legislators stopped in the aisles, and Carry Nation immediately launched into a stirring temperance speech. Visitors and members of the Senate came in, and within a few minutes the chamber was packed. Then she drew from her satchel an anonymous letter which she had received the day before, and slowly read it aloud:

Dear Madam:—I wish to call your attention to the flagrant violations of the law under the dome of California's Capitol. In the bill filing room is a place where liquors are kept; also in the sergeant-at-arms' room in the Senate Chamber, behind a screen, are stored beer and whisky; in room fifty-six there is a safe where bottles of beer and whisky are kept. These unlicensed bars are patronized by the members, and with their full knowledge and consent.

When she had finished she fixed the blushing legislators with a grave and sorrowful eye, and said:

"Now, gentlemen, this must be a slander, and I want you as a body to rise and deny this outrage."

But there was not the indignant outcry she had expected from the maligned statesmen. There was, in fact, only dead silence.

"Certainly there must be some mistake," continued Carry Nation. "Is it possible that the law-makers of this state are the law-breakers? If so, then who is capable of punishing the criminals? Is there not one of you who will deny these outrages?"

But still none volunteered. Later she wrote, "It was certainly a sight to see the faces of these men. They looked at each other grinning and looking silly, some heartily enjoying it, reminding me of a lot of bad boys that were caught stealing watermelons. But was not this a shame? This is but a sample of the legislatures of the states."

She remained in the West for two months, but her tour was not a financial success, and late in March, 1903, she started eastward. She was in Salt Lake City on April 5th, and asked Joseph Smith, head of the Mormon

Church, for permission to speak in the Mormon Tabernacle. He refused and asked curiously:

"Do you wish to become a Mormon, Madam?"

"No," she replied. "I want to see a polygamist. Show me one and I'll brand him with my hatchet."

3

When William McKinley died Carry Nation transferred her political hatreds to Theodore Roosevelt, and inveighed against the new President at every opportunity. She objected to his family coat of arms as "in violation of every principle of American citizenship"; she accused him of being a Mason, a Red Man, and a member of the Order of Eagles, "the strongest liquor organization in the United States"; at her lectures she invariably exhibited a whisky flask bearing his picture "in the most appropriate place I have ever seen it," and she denounced him as a friend and patron of the brewers and distillers. "I have it from three eye-witnesses that Roosevelt smokes and did smoke cigarettes," she wrote. "And when he came to Topeka, Kansas, he outraged every loyal citizen of the state by bringing into it a dive in his private car and all who wished an intoxicating drink could get it by tipping the waiter. He ought to have been arrested as any other dive-keeper. I am so true a daughter of the Revolution that such a President as Theodore Roosevelt is an insult to my sires. Oh, shades of American heroes! Look down and condemn this outrage to your ashes!"

She went to Washington on November 19, 1903, with the avowed intention of inducing the President to mend his ways, or at least to forswear cigarettes and resign from the fraternal orders. At the White House she was denied

an audience, but she refused to leave, and for more than an hour moved restlessly about the anterooms, to the great annoyance of Mr. Roosevelt's secretary, William Loeb. Presently a delegation of pompous political personages emerged from the President's private offices, and Carry Nation promptly accosted them.

"Will you gentlemen tell me something?" she inquired.

"Certainly, Madam," replied one. "What can we do for you?"

"What is the difference between the Republican and Democratic parties?"

"Why — er — that is — ahem!" he cleared his throat and hesitated.

"Is it possible," asked Carry Nation, sternly, "that you do not know?"

But the politician "looked silly and said nothing." Finally Mr. Loeb came to his rescue and said:

"Madam, we do not wish any questions on that subject."

"It's a civil question," retorted Carry Nation. "It ought to have a civil answer."

The political gentlemen took advantage of the diversion to hasten away, and Carry Nation began yelling that they were rummies and scoundrels, whereupon Mr. Loeb summoned a White House policeman and ordered him to conduct the crusader to the nearest exit.

"If I was a brewer or a distiller I could have an interview with the President!" she shouted. "As a representative mother I ought to be received."

When the policeman gently nudged her elbow she screamed:

"I am going to pray for a Prohibition president, young

man, and we will have one. One who will represent th people and not the distillers and the brewers."

But Mr. Loeb was adamant, and she was "taken ou side in a very orderly manner, something unusual, for am hustled and dragged generally." She attempted sev eral times to re-enter the White House, but was re strained, and finally went to the Capitol, where she cam upon Francis M. Cockrell, United States Senator fro Missouri, walking through a corridor. She stopped hi and asked his views on the liquor question.

"I want no one to mention that subject to me!" h cried.

"It is strange to me," said Carry Nation, "that yo do not want to converse on the greatest subject befor the American people."

The Senator shouted at her, and she shouted at th Senator. Then the Senator became indignant and stampe his foot, and Carry Nation became even more indignan and stamped both feet. Senator Cockrell presently be came aware that they were surrounded by laughing sight seers, so he turned and fled down the hallway, while Carr Nation screamed after him:

"Down with your treason! Down with your saloons You are sent here to represent the interests of th mothers and children, and you insult a representativ mother because you are representing the interests of th brewers and distillers!"

She strode triumphantly through the corridors, fol lowed by a curious crowd. But she found no more Sen ators, many of whom had locked themselves in their pri vate offices when they learned that she was in the building At length she wandered into the Senate Gallery. Ther she watched in silence for a few moments while the few

members at their desks nodded and the clerk droned through a pension bill. Suddenly she jumped to her feet and shouted at the top of her voice:

"Anarchy! Conspiracy! Treason! Discuss those!"

The sleepy Senators blinked in amazement as she leaned over the gallery railing and shook her hatchet at them, but before she could say anything more guards hustled her into the street and sent her to a police station under arrest. She was asked her occupation, and replied loudly:

"Servant of God!"

But the obtuse policeman wrote merely "servant," and refused to change it despite her vigorous protests. Thereafter, when she was asked the question, she refused to answer. She acted as her own lawyer in Police Court, contending that she had merely turned in a fire alarm, or at least that the principle was the same. The Judge said that he sympathized with her, but that he was nevertheless compelled to impose the maximum fine of twenty-five dollars, which she paid from a huge mass of bills that covered the bottom of her satchel. "I have had just such sympathy as this from all Republican judges," she said. "It's the kind of sympathy that a cat has for a mouse when she crushes its bones between her teeth."

Carry Nation went to New York from Washington, and on December 18, 1903, she invaded Tammany Hall and attempted to break up a dance given by Chuck Connors, the most notorious of the white parasites who infested Chinatown. She rushed upon the dance floor, knocking cigarettes from girls' lips, bowling over dancers and sweeping bottles and glasses from tables, and then clambered upon the stage and began to read a letter, which she said was from a distracted mother whose erring

daughter frequented such social functions. But she ha read only a few lines when a red-haired girl known a Pickles flung a bottle at her and yelled:

"You get out of here, or in a minute I'll push you nose through the back of your neck!"

Pickles' aim was poor, and when the bottle smashe against a backdrop Carry Nation drew a hatchet from he satchel and, shrieking with rage, chased Pickles aroun and around the dance floor. In a moment great excite ment prevailed. The orchestra played wildly, ladie screamed and several men blew police whistles, whil others who nursed private grudges were inspired to seek their enemies and engage them in combat. Serious rioting threatened, but Chuck Connors finally quelled the dis turbance by ejecting the crusader and setting his entir force of bouncers upon his guests. Pickles was then give a drink and crowned Queen of the Ball.

Carry Nation journeyed westward after this memo rable adventure, and during the spring of 1904 made two trips to Canada. In May she toured the border provinces and "was never received so cordially in my life, selling all the hatchets I had in three meetings." A month late she was arrested at Sydney, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, for attempting to smash a bar in the Hotel Bel mont; and spoke before the Parliament of Prince Edward Island at Fredericton, where she coined her famous political *bon mot,* "Government, like dead fish, stinks worse at the head." In Chicago a few weeks later she called upon Lucy Page Gaston, founder and president of the Anti-Cigarette League of America,[4] with whom she

[4] The extent of Miss Gaston's work is indicated by the fact that in 1899 when she founded the League, three billion cigarettes were annually smoked in the United States; but when she resigned in 1921 this number had increased to only fifty billion. She died in 1924.

had much in common. But she was amazed to find a picture of Theodore Roosevelt decorating the wall of Miss Gaston's private office.

"My dear Miss Lucy," she said, "why do you have that picture in here? Don't you know he is a cigarette smoker?"

"No!" said Miss Gaston, aghast. "I didn't. Are you sure?"

"I have it from three eye-witnesses," said Carry Nation. "Let me tear that picture up!"

But Miss Gaston demurred. It was impossible for her to believe such a statement about the President of the United States. At last Carry Nation said:

"If you will write to Mr. Roosevelt and get his statement that he does not nor ever did smoke cigarettes, I will give you fifty dollars for your work."

So Miss Gaston wrote to the President, and his secretary, Mr. Loeb, replied that Mr. Roosevelt had never, in all his life, used tobacco in any form. "She sent this letter to me," wrote Carry Nation, "but of course I was not to be caught with such chaff. I suppose Mr. Roosevelt got his minister to write what he dared not."

However, she paid the fifty dollars.

4

A saloon-keeper named G. R. Neighbors broke a chair on Carry Nation's head on July 22, 1904, at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, and she was so severely cut and bruised that she was compelled to retire from public life for a period of recuperation. She delayed her recovery by frequently getting out of bed and crawling about on her knees, "thanking God that I was counted worthy to suffer"; and she was still indisposed early in September,

when she received the following remarkable letter from Mrs. Lucy Wilhoite, who had been such a tower of strength to her during the Wichita smashings of 1901:

During a severe illness last July the Lord appeared unto me and revealed many wonderful things concerning our work. . . . My life was despaired of by my friends, and I knew I was very near the borderland, and as I lay on my bed of suffering in the still hour of midnight, God showed me the awful desolation which our thirty-eight saloons and five wholesale liquor houses were making in the homes of Wichita and surrounding country. The sight so overwhelmed me, I cried unto the Lord and said, "Oh my God! Have I done all I could during this life of mine to dam up this fearful tide? Show me, Lord, what this means." Immediately a great cloud of human souls came rolling down a steep decline, and as my eyes followed them, I saw them rolling on and on until they finally fell into a pit from whence fire and smoke were ascending. Then my eyes were turned again up the ascent from whence the souls were coming. When lo! I saw the National Capitol, with its Senate and Congressmen. I saw the Legislative Halls, and our Educational Institutions. I saw our churches with their educated ministry, and their secret societies, and our public libraries, and reading rooms, our National, State and Local W. C. T. U.'s, all of them right in the track of this awful tide of human souls, yet they still rolled on and on until they reached the pit. Then I cried again unto the Lord and said, "Oh! Why do you show me these horrible things, when I am on the brink of the grave?" And still the picture or vision remained before me, growing more and more vivid until I struggled to my knees and said, "Oh, God, if I can do

anything to dam up this fearful tide just heal this body, and let the healing be the seal that I can do something to help, and I shall do it if it costs my life." Then a deep calm and soul rest settled over me, and I sank into a deep sleep, and when I awoke I realized the pain was gone, and also the fever. I lay there, looking up to God, and I said, "Now, Lord, show me what you want me to do." Immediately, like a great scroll reaching across the sky, these words appeared, written in letters of gold, "Spill it out!" Then He showed me the very place I was to attack — Mahan's Wholesale Liquor House.

Mrs. Wilhoite added that she proposed to carry out God's plan as soon as practicable, and urged Carry Nation to hasten to Wichita and lead the expedition against the brothers Mahan, who had already undergone severe punishment at the hands of the Kansas crusaders. For not only was their property, the Hotel Carey, the first to feel the weight of Carry Nation's anger when she arrived in Wichita from Medicine Lodge and Kiowa, but only a few weeks before Mrs. Wilhoite's vision Mrs. Myra McHenry, the noted Elk County smasher, had made a successful foray against one of their saloons at Derbe, a few miles south of Wichita. One of the Mahans and Sam F. Amidon, the County Attorney, drove down to Derbe in the latter's new automobile to arrest the raiders, but the motor was soon chugging rapidly northward again, liberally bespattered with eggs hurled by infuriated women who had waylaid them at the outskirts of the village.

Carry Nation disliked to cancel her lecture engagements "because of disappointing the people and entailing a great financial sacrifice," but she was even less minded

to disobey the clear command of the Lord. So she notified Mrs. Wilhoite that she was coming to do all she could "to smash the works of the devil, and if need be to die," and fixed September 28, 1904, as the date of the attack. As the fateful day approached she dispatched this stirring call to the Topeka *State Journal:*

I ask all women over the state and elsewhere to meet me at Wichita on September 28th. Bring your hatchets with you. I will pay the railroad fare of those not able. Now, this appeal is made to the gentle, loving, brave Christian women whose hearts are breaking with sympathy for the oppressed.

Carry Nation herself, however, did not arrive in Wichita until the afternoon of September 28th, and accordingly the raid was postponed for twenty-four hours. She was disappointed at not finding the city filled with armed women from all parts of Kansas, but was pleased to learn that the state convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was in session. She fully expected to recruit from the ranks of the delegates as formidable an army as had followed her in Topeka, for she clung tenaciously to the belief that she was still regarded as the temperance Messiah. On the morning of September 29th she filled a large gunny sack with stones and sharp hatchets and went to the Methodist Episcopal Church, where she addressed the convention. The reception accorded her was an excellent indication of the extent to which her popularity had declined. The church auditorium was packed with women who listened politely and cheered her denunciatory references to the liquor traffic, but when she asked for volunteers to accompany her, only four

stepped forward. And they were all battle-scarred veterans of the liquor wars — Mrs. Wilhoite, Mrs. McHenry, Miss Lydia Muntz; and Miss Blanche Boies, who, on March 24, 1902, had enhanced her renown by invading the private office of Mayor Parker, where she accused him of protecting the joints and lashed him several times with a horsewhip. Having rebuked the W. C. T. U. women for their indifference, Carry Nation distributed arms to her faithful followers, and they set forth, followed by a crowd that rapidly grew larger and noisier. When they reached the warehouse they found three armed men on guard, and Carry Nation greeted them pleasantly.

"We are going to destroy this den of vice," she said, "but first we would like to go in peaceably and hold gospel services, so we can ask God to save your souls and give us strength to smash this soul-damning business. So please stand aside."

Strangely enough, the guards refused to do so, and Carry Nation cried:

"Women, we will have to use our hatchets!"

She flung a stone through a window, and Mrs Wilhoite smashed a panel of a door. The guards seized them, the crowd surged forward, and once more the streets of Wichita seethed with excitement. The women were severely cuffed and pummelled. Carry Nation was knocked down several times, and a man who ran from the crowd strove earnestly to dash out Mrs. McHenry's brains with a piece of gas pipe. But whenever he swung his weapon she dodged, and finally he dropped the pipe and grabbed her by the shoulders, shaking her vigorously. She shouted:

"Help! I am being shook to pieces!"

"Bite and scratch!" shrieked Carry Nation, and, by following this sage counsel, Mrs. McHenry was soon free. But by this time the police had arrived, and Carry Nation, Mrs. Wilhoite, Mrs. McHenry and Miss Muntz were hustled into a patrol wagon. Miss Boies escaped, smashed two windows of the warehouse with her hatchet, and fled to Mrs. Wilhoite's home. "We were driven through the streets," wrote Carry Nation, "amid the yells, execrations and grimaces of the liquor element. I watched their faces, and could see that Satan was aroused in them beyond their control, making diabolical faces and sticking out their tongues! There never was such a sight. Angels wept and devils yelled with diabolical glee." They were locked up at Police Headquarters, and next day Miss Boies was arrested when she called to see them. They were not allowed to have visitors, and when a score of their friends gathered outside the building and began to sing hymns and pray, the police dispersed them by hurling buckets of water from upper windows. "It was so ordered," wrote Carry Nation, "that there was a Bible, and as we were not in stocks we had far more to rejoice over than Paul and Silas, holding a continuous praise and prayer service, reading and repeating the Word of God. Sunday morning we squeezed the juice out of some grapes some kind friends had sent us, and, reading for our lesson where Jesus washed the Disciples' feet, partook of the sacrament. Sister McHenry sprang to her feet after partaking of the emblems, and said she saw the most beautiful cross on the wall, surrounded by a divine halo, and exclaiming, 'Now I know what it is to have a vision. I thought it might be imagination.'"

The crusaders were transferred to the Sedgwick County Jail on Monday, and on the following Wednes-

day, October 6th, they were taken before Judge Alexander in Police Court for a preliminary hearing, warrants having been sworn out charging them with malicious destruction of property. County Attorney Amidon appeared in person to prosecute them, while they acted as their own lawyers, with Carry Nation as senior counsel; and their extraordinary interpretations of the law, their attempts to substitute the Bible for the Kansas statutes, their calm disregard of the court's rulings, and their hostility toward Mr. Amidon, which they concealed not at all, soon had the crowded court room in an uproar. Carry Nation refused to permit the County Attorney to examine his own witnesses, and when Judge Alexander suggested that she sit down and await her turn, she shouted:

"Young man, don't you dare tell me to sit down! I'm old enough to be your mother!"

And whenever Mr. Amidon attempted to enter an objection, which he did frequently because of the nature of the questions which Carry Nation asked on direct and cross examination, she shook a finger at him and cried:

"Hold your tongue! Hold your tongue!"

She went on the witness stand herself after a while, and was asked by Mrs. Wilhoite:

"Have you any malice toward Sam Amidon?"

"If it were possible," she said, pausing and clearly intimating that it was not, "I'd rescue Sam Amidon from the burning brands of hell!"

A few minutes later the crusaders were unable to find one of their documents, which they said was an important affidavit by a brewer. They pointed to the County Attorney and began shouting:

"He took it! He took it!"

"Now, ladies," admonished Judge Alexander, "Mr. Amidon wouldn't steal your papers."

"Ah," said Carry Nation, "you don't know him like we do."

When order had been restored Mrs. Wilhoite produced a Bible.

"Now," she said, "I'll read from Ecclesiastes."

"Is there anything in Ecclesiastes about this case?" asked Mr. Amidon.

"Shut your mouth, you perjurer!" cried Carry Nation. "We're trying this case by divine law, not by Kansas law!"

But Judge Alexander finally convinced her that he would be compelled to base his decision on Kansas law, and Ecclesiastes was reluctantly abandoned. Presently J. P. Mahan, president of the warehouse company, testified, and Carry Nation asked him who paid taxes on his building.

"I presume the owner does," he replied. "We only rent it."

"Oh, well," she said, "it doesn't matter. It's all a farce, anyhow."

"It's all bug-house!" shouted a man in the rear of the court room, and the audience roared with laughter. Scandalized bailiffs ran wildly about trying to find the disturber, but he crawled along the floor and popped up far from his original seat, and watched innocently while the court attendants prowled suspiciously through the crowd. There were several more such interruptions, and Judge Alexander finally stopped the proceedings and held the smashers for trial in the District Court. They were tried and convicted on April 14, 1905. Carry Nation was fined two hundred and fifty dollars and sentenced to four

months in jail; Mrs. McHenry received a prison term of two months and was fined one hundred and fifty dollars, and Mrs. Wilhoite was fined one hundred and fifty dollars and sentenced to twenty-five days. The jail sentences, however, were suspended during good behaviour, and the crusaders were never imprisoned, for thereafter they let Wichita severely alone.

5

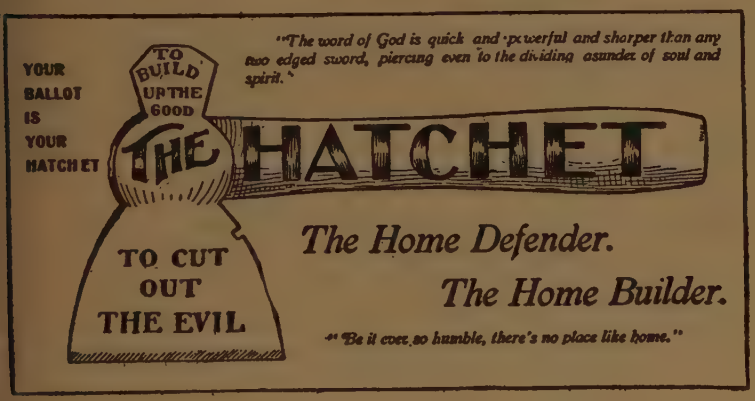
Carry Nation returned to Medicine Lodge on February 15, 1905, to lecture and refresh her soul and body in the inspiring atmosphere of her early victories. But no one met her, and she had scarcely climbed into the station bus, an old-fashioned herdic with a door at the end, when "a man reeking with the smell of liquor rushed in, cursing, took my head in his two hands, and threw me out of the door, using profane and indecent language." She accused Bill Hall, the bus driver, who was tried before a jury a few days later and acquitted. "They said that Bill Hall was right," she wrote, "because I snatched a cigar from his mouth. I did not even see one. This reminds me of a case where one would bring suit for an injury in Hell, where the Devil was the judge, and expect to get a verdict. This Republican, rum, God-defying set of Medicine Lodge was glad to resent my exposure of them in my book, and they would inflict any outrage upon me and my cause."

A few months after this encounter with her old enemies, and following her trial at Wichita for the Mahan smashing, she removed to Oklahoma, which was in the throes of a stirring battle over the question of including a prohibition article in the proposed constitution under which the territory was to become a state. She established

her headquarters at Guthrie, later the state capital, and spent the remainder of the year touring the territory, making speeches and forming branches of the Prohibition Federation. This was her own organization, and its objects, as set forth in the constitution and by-laws, were "to oppose in every way the use of intoxicating liquors, making it a crime to manufacture, barter, sell, give away, export or import the same into the United States for any purpose; to take charge of the local elections, seeing that only those who will oppose the liquor traffic in such manner as stated above shall be nominated; to demand constitutional prohibition and woman suffrage; to secure the election of a prohibition President; to recommend compulsory education; to see to the strict enforcement of all laws relating to Sabbath observance, making it a misdemeanor to play any public games on the Lord's Day; to make it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to use blasphemous language in any public place; to make it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to manufacture, sell or use cigarettes; to examine the petitions of all saloon-keepers as to their compliance with the statutes, seeking to revoke those that have not complied, and in every way seeking to prevent them from obtaining licenses." This ambitious program appealed strongly to the women of Oklahoma, and the Federation soon became very powerful; it worked in close harmony with the W. C. T. U., the Anti-Saloon League and other similar societies, and had much to do with the final victory in 1907, when a prohibitory amendment to the constitution was adopted at the same election at which Oklahoma voted to enter the Union.

During the late autumn of 1905 Carry Nation purchased the Harvest Home Mission at Guthrie, installed

the press on which she had printed *The Smasher's Mail,* and began the publication of a new paper, a monthly which she called *The Hatchet.* She was assisted in preparing copy and editing the journal by Harry C. Turner, her new manager, who had published a temperance magazine at Mexico, Missouri. In make-up and editorial policy *The Hatchet* resembled *The Smasher's Mail,* but it contained fewer letters and more articles and Biblical quotations, and the front page of each issue was adorned by a large


"The word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit."
YOUR BALLOT IS YOUR HATCHET
TO BUILD UP THE GOOD
THE HATCHET
TO CUT OUT THE EVIL
The Home Defender.
The Home Builder.
"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

picture of the founder. The subscription price was only twenty-five cents a year, but production costs were low, and as the official organ of the Prohibition Federation it soon had a circulation of some fifteen thousand copies. The venture was profitable, but whatever money Carry Nation received from this and other sources quickly slipped through her fingers, for Oklahoma fairly swarmed with professional reformers who found her extraordinarily gullible, and pathetically eager to contribute to any scheme, however chimerical, for the downfall of the saloon. She also gave freely to the various national

anti-liquor movements; and to the temperance papers, losing her money when they suspended publication, as they invariably did; in one alone, *The Home Defender,* of Chicago, she sank two thousand five hundred dollars. She presently found herself in straitened circumstances, scarcely able to pay the expenses of her daughter, Charlien, who required much medical treatment and special care. Although she continued to publish *The Hatchet,* she was compelled to sell her building, which was purchased for ten thousand dollars by Shewnate & Laughlin, wholesale liquor dealers, and to resort again to the lecture platform to replenish her depleted purse. And her troubles were increased late in June when she was notified by the post office authorities at Washington that the July, 1906, issue of *The Hatchet* had been denied mailing privileges, and a warrant issued for her arrest, because it contained "a letter to little boys in which I warned them against the vice of self-abuse, telling them the consequences of such a dangerous practice." She was lecturing in Texas when this blow fell, and when she refused to return to Guthrie and surrender she was taken into custody at Clebourne, Texas, by United States Marshal R. M. Walden, of Dallas. "And," she wrote, "I was never arrested in as respectful and elegant a manner as by this Mr. Walden." She appeared before a United States Commissioner in Dallas the following September, and was promptly discharged when the United States Attorney declared that the article complained of was not obscene, and that there was no cause for prosecution.

During the interim between her arrest and trial Carry Nation lectured in the West. She arrived in Denver on the morning of August 18, 1906, and announced in the newspapers that she would lead a hundred women

through the red light district that night. The entire population, it seemed, wanted to see the famous smasher, and when she appeared in Market Street at the head of her crusaders, who numbered about twenty instead of a hundred, a crowd estimated at more than five thousand packed the thoroughfare. "There were people of all classes," she wrote, "the high and low, the Salvation Army, the gambler, the drunkard, the half-dressed harlot, the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, all eagerly listening for something." Nor were they disappointed. Singing a hymn at the top of her voice, Carry Nation pushed through the crowd and entered a house of prostitution. She was promptly ejected by policemen whom she described as "dogs barking for vice." Then she attempted to hold gospel services in the centre of the street, and was set upon by hoodlums who bombarded her with stones and brick-bats. But there were many persons in the crowd who sympathized with her, and they promptly attacked her assailants. Within a few minutes all that part of Denver was in an uproar. Scores of fighting men and women swept along Market Street, and several were slightly injured before police reserves stopped the rioting and dispersed the yelling throng. Carry Nation was hustled into a patrol wagon and taken to a police station, where a policeman said:

"Some of these days you will get into jail and never get out."

"And some of these days," she retorted, "you'll get into hell and never get out."

She was accused of inciting a riot, but was released next day by order of the Mayor. In October she was again in Colorado, and at Trinidad, on the 13th, Charles Aiello ejected her from his saloon with such force that

her false teeth were knocked down her throat. She finally coughed them up, but before she could close her mouth they fell into the gutter and were broken. For several weeks she could eat nothing but liquids. When new teeth had been fitted, and she had regained her strength through proper nourishment, she went to Texas, and on December 30th invaded Houston and wrecked a saloon which the proprietor, emulating Joseph Sauerburger of St. Louis, had brazenly named the "Carry Nation Bar." This was her second visit to Houston within a year; on January 1, 1906, she had attempted to smash several saloons, had publicly scolded a preacher whom she saw smoking, and had been thrown out of a tea-room called "The Ladies' Saloon," the name of which had misled her.

6

Early in 1907, Carry Nation returned to Guthrie with the intention of remaining in Oklahoma until the battle had been won and prohibition had been woven into the basic law of the new state. But in the silent watches of a night in early spring she heard once more the musical voice which six years before had whispered in her ear at Medicine Lodge and had changed the whole current of her life. Then the command had been "Go to Kiowa!" Now it was "Go to Washington! On to Washington!" Although she knew at once that another divine injunction had been laid upon her, she did not understand its meaning; for she had been in Washington, and had accomplished little or nothing. So, as was her invariable custom when decisions were to be made and cryptic messages interpreted, she invoked the oracle of bibliomancy. Opening her Bible at random, she closed her eyes and poised a quivering finger above the pages spread before her —

and it was directed unerringly to the fifteenth verse of the third chapter of Genesis, " And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head. . . ." As clearly as if it had been engraved upon tablets of gold by the hand of omnipotent God she perceived that Washington, as the head of the nation, was likewise the head of the brazen liquor serpent which had fastened its fangs into the souls of despairing mankind. And it was equally manifest to her that she, and those who followed her and were, in a manner of speaking, her seed, had been chosen to bruise the head of the serpent. " It came to me," she wrote, " that we have been cutting off the tail of the serpent long enough. We must smash the viper on the head. It is in Washington City. There is where the mischief began, there is where the mischief continues, and there is where the mischief must be stopped."

She left her publishing and other affairs in the hands of her manager, and forthwith started for Washington. But Satan had not been idle. No sooner had she determined upon her course than events were set in motion to swerve her from the path. She had arranged to lecture in several towns on the direct route to the capital, for most of the money she had received from the sale of her Guthrie property had been used to pay pressing debts and to purchase potentially valuable real estate, and her funds were low; but just before she left Oklahoma she was offered, by telegraph, large sums to appear in cities remote from her destination. Some of the offers, notably one from the manager of the Eldorado Theater in Atlanta, Georgia, were as high as five hundred dollars for one week's engagement. Had she accepted them, she would have earned enough to solve her financial problems, but

she would have been delayed several months. She was sorely tempted, but her duty was plain; and she rejected all offers with identical messages:

"The Holy Ghost leads on to Washington, and to Washington I am going."

She arrived in Washington early in April, 1907, and announced in the newspapers, and by handbill, that she would begin bruising the serpent's head by giving a series of free lectures. To her great gratification, but not to her surprise, for she had already discerned the hand of God in the expedition, representatives of temperance and religious organizations who had ignored her on her previous visit now called upon her and offered their assistance. After four days of preparatory fasting and prayer she spoke in Convention Hall to an audience of more than six thousand persons. She received a tremendous ovation, and although no admission had been charged the collection was sufficient to pay for the rental of the auditorium and leave a balance of thirty dollars. Next day an Ohio Representative gave her a five-dollar note, and she was invited to speak before the local chapter of the W. C. T. U. At one of her later meetings Mr. Don Sanford, a wealthy retired business man, was so impressed that he offered her a furnished apartment at No. 217 D Street free of rent for five years. She accepted, and on April 20, 1907, announced that she would thereafter make her home in Washington. She removed *The Hatchet* to the capital, increased the subscription price to fifty cents, and continued to publish the paper for another year.[5]

[5] While she lived in Washington, in 1907, Carry Nation made her will, disposing of an estate of approximately $10,000, consisting of real estate in Guthrie and Shawnee, Oklahoma (she had not then acquired her land in Arkansas); a bank account of one thousand dollars in Alexandria, Virginia, and a life insurance policy. To the W. T. C. U. of

Soon after her arrival in Washington Carry Nation went to the White House, accompanied by two friends, one of whom was General Mobley of the Gospel Army, to call upon Theodore Roosevelt. She particularly wanted to discuss with the President the future of his daughter, Miss Alice Roosevelt, now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, whose public cigarette smoking had aroused a fearful hullaballoo in reform circles throughout the United States. But again the crusader was denied an audience with the President. She was not even permitted to see Mr. Loeb. Before she reached the entrance to the White House a guard hastened down the steps, stopped her and said:

"Mrs. Nation, your business is closed with this office."

"Who told you to tell me that?" she demanded.

"Never mind," said the guard. "You cannot come in."

"I suppose that door is closed against me, a representative woman and mother," she cried. "Any thief, cigarette fiend, brewer, distiller or gambler can go in there, but a representative of America's mothers and homes is shut out. That house does not belong either to Roosevelt or to Loeb. I have some important questions to ask Mr. Roosevelt. It is common talk that his daughter, Alice, smokes cigarettes, and we American women object to being represented by such a character."

"Please, Madam," said the guard, "do not make a lecture here."

Kansas she bequeathed the rights to her autobiography; to her daughter, Mrs. Charlien McNabb, sixty dollars a month so long as she was not confined to an insane asylum; to Mrs. McNabb's children, five hundred dollars each; to the Free Methodist Church of Oklahoma, in the event of Mrs. McNabb's death, three lots and a house in Guthrie. The residue was given to the Home for Drunkards' Wives and Mothers, in Kansas City, Kansas, for the purpose of establishing a home for children.

"I have free speech," replied Carry Nation, "and shall express my views."

The guard did not reply, and she turned to go, firing this parting shot:

"I suppose you have the same motto here that they have in the saloons, 'All Nations welcome except Carry.'"

She made no more attempts to enter the White House, but during the hot summer months she tormented the saloon-keepers of the capital with such industry and perseverance that they flinched every time their doors swung open, fearing that at last the crusader had arrived to carry out her frequent threats to feed their property to her three new hatchets, which had been presented to her by a Washington hardware dealer, and which she called Faith, Hope and Charity. She pursued a well-planned, and to the liquor men nerve-wracking, campaign of intimidation. On her first visit to a saloon she merely walked about, holding her nose and commenting upon the vile odours of beer and whisky; on the second she cornered the owner or a bartender and informed him that he was surely going to hell and would take thousands of honest men with him; but the third time she stalked to the bar and arranged her hatchets in a row. She pointed in turn to Faith, Hope and Charity, and then said, in gloomy, sepulchral tones:

"Beware! Thy doom approacheth!"

Then she picked up her hatchets and walked out. She was arrested twice during the summer for participating in disturbances that naturally grew out of such extraordinary tactics, and was fined small amounts by Police Court judges. Her third arrest of the year, and her fourth in Washington, occurred on a rainy afternoon about the

middle of September, when she snatched cigarettes from several men who were standing on the porch of the post office, and then talked back to a policeman who ordered her to move on. In Police Court next day she would not sign a bond to keep the peace, and was fined twenty-five dollars. She refused to pay, and was sentenced to seventy-five days in the workhouse. She served five days, and then paid her fine with money sent by the Holiness Association of Evansville, Indiana. She left Washington almost immediately on a lecture tour, and early in November was in Muskogee, Indian Territory, where she met Bud Ledbetter, a famous United States Marshal and one of the most efficient killers of desperadoes who ever enforced the law during the rough days of the South-west.[6] The meeting between the man-killer and the saloon-smasher was arranged by Shannon Mountjoy, now of Columbia, Missouri, who was then a reporter on the Muskogee *Times-Democrat*. Mr. Mountjoy wrote in his diary:

November 10, 1907—. . . Mrs. Nation thoroughly believes in her mission. She is a harmless paranoiac ani-

[6] Ledbetter, who is now more than eighty years old and owns a vegetable farm on the Arkansas River near Muskogee, possessed tremendous influence throughout that part of the United States. In 1912, after Indian Territory had become a part of Oklahoma, he was appointed special sheriff of Muskogee County to enforce the state liquor laws, and his first official act was to distribute squares of cardboard inscribed:

BOOTLEGGING AND GAMBLING
IS HEREBY ENDED.
BUD.

The proclamation was immediately effective. Booze joints everywhere in the county disappeared within twenty-four hours, and all gambling paraphernalia was trundled over to the oil towns of Sapulpa, Kiefer, and Tulsa, at that time a muddy village.

mated by a compelling obsession. She does not impress me as a fanatic. The word "zealot" best describes her. Dumpy in figure, plain but neat in dress, the possessor of a soft, melodious voice, she seems to be the incarnation of motherly benevolence.

November 11 — I took Mrs. Nation to the United States Court House to see Bud Ledbetter. The famous man-killing marshal is as timid as a girl. He looked at Mrs. Nation with curiosity, and she looked at him with awe. Mrs. Nation wished to know if Bud's commission as a dive-smasher came from God.

"No, from Washington," said Bud.

At this juncture W. E. Johnson, special enforcement agent for Indian Territory [afterward the celebrated Pussyfoot] entered the corridor, and I introduced him to Mrs. Nation. Johnson is the real dive-smasher. Unlike Ledbetter, he does not carry a gun, and he has never even shot at a man. Johnson invited Mrs. Nation to see him raid the C. drug store tomorrow night.

November 12 — Mrs. Nation and I stood on the corner of Third and Okmulgee at nine o'clock tonight while Johnson smashed the contents of the C. drug store to tiny bits. The raid was an old story to me, but it stirred Mrs. Nation to ecstatic enthusiasm.

"God's work! God's work!" she repeated.

From Indian Territory Carry Nation went to Cleveland, Ohio, where on November 21st she debated with Mike Goldsmith, walking delegate of the Bartenders' Union. The proceeds of the meeting were three hundred and twenty dollars, but the crusader refused to divide with Mr. Goldsmith, saying, "The Lord hath need of this." She did, however, give him a copy of her "Four

Rules for Longevity," which she now made public for the irst time:

1. If you would live long walk by twenty saloons a day.
2. If you must pour liquor pour it down the sewer.
3. Do not chew tobacco unless you prefer to take your ood predigested after forty.
4. Drink all the water you want whenever you want it.

She left Cleveland after publicly smashing a case of eer which an anonymous jester had sent to her hotel, nd ended her tour in Hot Springs, Arkansas, where she vas arrested for causing disturbances in gambling houses. But I was released," she wrote, " and the Mayor wrote ne a note saying that if I would attend a sale of lots next lay he would send a carriage for me and give me fifty ollars for a fifteen-minute talk. I accepted this, and e gave me fifty dollars, and I sold sixty dollars worth f hatchets to the crowd." When she returned to Wash-ngton she was notified by the State Department that her ousin, the son of her aunt, Mrs. Hope Hill, was insane n Mexico. She immediately went to Mexico, brought im to Missouri, and placed him in a state institution at t. Joseph, where he was cared for " near by his mother's rave, that dear mother who died from anxiety over a runken son."

7

The sheath gown appeared in American fashions dur-g the spring of 1908, and Carry Nation promptly added er voice to the storm of ministerial condemnation which reeted the bold pioneers who first slithered about the reets imprisoned in this extraordinary garment. She

caused a flurry of apprehension among the society ladies of Washington by publicly announcing that, "the first time I see a woman with one of those things on I'll tear it off her back," but there is no record that she ever did so; and she soon forgot the sheath gown in the excitement of the national convention of the Prohibition Party, at Columbus, Ohio, which she attended as a delegate from Washington. There she met Mr. E. Scryngeour, of Dundee, Scotland, who was in America studying the progress of the anti-liquor movement. He suggested that she visit the British Isles, and she arranged to begin a campaign in Scotland in the following autumn under the banner of the Scottish temperance societies, agreeing to pay her own expenses and take two-thirds of the proceeds of her lectures and other public appearances. She sailed from New York on the steamship *Columbia* on November 22, 1908, accompanied by her niece, Miss Callie Moore of Kansas City, Missouri, who told reporters that she was ambitious to follow in the footsteps of her illustrious aunt.

"I'm preparing," she said, "and as soon as I get a little more courage I hope to smash something in a saloon."

The crusader had a pleasant voyage, smashing a mirror in the bar and interfering considerably with the flow of intoxicants, but when the *Columbia* docked at Glasgow the ship's officers and the remainder of the passengers appeared to be unaccountably nervous and irritable. Carry Nation's first lecture abroad was delivered in Glasgow before a large and enthusiastic audience, and on December 17th she was honoured by forcible ejection from a Scottish bar-room. Thereafter, for about three months, she toured Scotland, England and Ireland, carry-

CARRY NATION AND HER NIECE,
MISS CALLIE MOORE

CARRY NATION WHEN SHE SAILED FOR EUROPE
ON THE STEAMSHIP COLUMBIA IN 1908

ing on in precisely the manner that had distinguished her American career, and attracting much attention from the British press, especially from the comic magazines. But throughout Great Britain she was cordially received by the temperance and prohibition organizations and, as in the United States, she was deluged with letters, both laudatory and viciously reproachful, and with poems. One of the best of the latter, which she reproduced in her autobiography and credited to "a gentleman in England," concluded with this verse:

Hail, all hail, hope's joyful morning! see the symbol in the sky,
The sign of love made manifest, for all who drink defy.
But, look you! threatening thunder-clouds for those who still deny
The wondrous evolutions in creation.
Sing aloud then, and rejoice! send the children out to play,
For the Lord has heard the pleadings of the righteous of today.
Yes! His messenger predestined to lead and clear the way!
The dauntless, Heaven-appointed Carry Nation!

After spending about a month in Scotland, during which she lectured at Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Dundee, Perth and other cities, Carry Nation crossed the border into England. She was arrested at Newcastle-on-Tyne for smashing the fixtures in a public house, but was released with a warning and went to Cambridge University, where she spoke to students, bewildering them with her accent and her amazing vocabulary. Late in January,

1909, she invaded London, appearing at the Canterbury, Paragon and other music halls. Her audiences were large, but they were also very antagonistic, and she was frequently driven from the stage by showers of vegetables and rotten eggs. She was also arrested in London, when she borrowed an umbrella from a fellow-passenger in an underground train and broke the glass over a cigarette advertisement. For this she was fined five shillings and costs, which were thirty shillings more. Mobs hooted and jeered her in Dublin, and early in March she sailed for home on the steamship *Baltic*. There was much drinking on this vessel and when she found that many of the women passengers were imbibing freely she complained to the captain. "We had quite a little quarrel," she wrote. "The result was that there was no more carrying of liquor by the stewards to the women." For a tip she gave her own steward a small hatchet encrusted with glass ornaments. She landed at New York on March 22, 1909, and in the newspapers announced several important discoveries relating to various phases of life in the British Isles:

Fogs are God's judgment on tobacco users.

Britain is cursed with the House of Lords. To call it the House of Frauds would be more truthful.

It is universal in England that women black the men's boots and shoes.

I never saw such nervous women in my life as there are in Britain. Their conversation is affected; their voices are high and they use the rising inflection. I believe the reason of this is the tea drinking. Nearly every man, woman and child is a tea fiend in Britain. It is nothing for them to drink three or four cups of tea at a meal.

There is one thing I wish America would imitate England in. People do not chew gum there.

Scotchmen appear so much more genuine than Englishmen; they are more respectful to their wives, and to women generally.

Several small parcels of Oklahoma real estate, which Carry Nation owned, had greatly increased in value during the period of development that followed the state's admission into the Union; and when she sold them, soon after her return to the United States, she had sufficient money to purchase a large tract of Ozark Mountain land in Boone County, northern Arkansas, a few miles from the village of Alpena Pass. In April, 1909, she began the construction of the modest cottage which was her home for the remainder of her life. "I have always desired a home in the country," she wrote, "where I could have the vegetables, flowers and animals that were the companions of my youth; and where I could look at the rocks and the trees and drink the water from the springs. The secular press is reporting the fact that I have gone into retirement to enjoy the money I have accumulated. This is a mis-statement, as I have a more active campaign for the summer [of 1909] than I ever had before. From the first of July to the last of August I have been secured for thirty Chautauqua lectures by S. M. Holloday, of the Midland Bureau of Des Moines, Iowa." She had also promised to visit Great Britain again in the autumn, but she decided to forego the trip and curtail her activities to the extent of resting during the winter months. "I now feel," she wrote, "that this great wave of prohibition which is sweeping over the whole land, propelled by a mighty power of public sentiment, will go

on and on until national prohibition will be the ultimate outcome; and seeing that younger people are taking up the work I can, with a good conscience, retire for the winter to my mountain home."

She delivered the thirty lectures, most of them in mid-Western towns, but instead of going to Arkansas when her contract had expired, she turned her face once more, and for the last time, toward the Atlantic seaboard. She was in New York early in November, and on the 6th she was arrested and fined ten dollars for invading the Knickerbocker Hotel Bar and other Broadway drinking places, and causing such a crowd to gather that traffic was blocked for more than a half hour. A few weeks later she went to Washington. There, on December 8, 1909, she stormed into the bar-room at the Union Station and, ablaze with her old-time fury, wrought havoc among the fixtures and glassware. She was arrested, her three hatchets, Faith, Hope and Charity, were confiscated by the police, and in court she was fined one hundred dollars. She paid this sum in currency, but gave her lawyer a check. It was eventually cashed in a saloon, the owner of which promptly hung out a sign:

WE CASH CARRY NATION'S CHECKS.

The crusader was in Washington for several days, but she remained quietly at the home of a friend until December 15th, when she appeared in the Visitors' Gallery of the House of Representatives. She attempted to duplicate her exploit of 1903, when she aroused the dozing Senators with her shouts, but she had been carefully watched, and guards led her away before she could speak or otherwise create a disturbance. Newspaper photographers

awaited her when she was escorted into the street, but before they could take her picture Mrs. Myra McHenry, who was in the East lecturing on prohibition and woman suffrage, rushed up and greeted her effusively. But Carry Nation turned her back and deliberately snubbed her old companion-in-arms.

"That woman's no smasher," she said to reporters. "She never threw anything heavier than a paper ball in her life."

From the capital Carry Nation travelled westward, and on January 26, 1910, in Mrs. May Maloy's Dance Hall and Café in Butte, Montana, she ended her smashing career as she had begun it in 1900 at Wichita — she attempted to destroy a painting which she considered pornographic. But Mrs. Maloy, a young and powerful woman, defended her property with great vigour, and after a brief but fierce struggle the defeated and dishevelled crusader withdrew. She went almost immediately to Arkansas.

8

Carry Nation never again raised her hatchet. She was now in her sixty-fourth year, and although her mind was as clear as ever, the hardships and sufferings which she had experienced throughout her life, and especially during the ten years in which she had waged unremitting warfare against the saloon, had begun to take their toll of physical health. She essayed a short speaking campaign in the summer of 1910, but her feebleness increased, and her lectures were little more than pathetic parodies of the rousing tirades to which her audiences had been accustomed. She was soon compelled to abandon the tour and retire to the seclusion of her cottage in the mountains;

the cycle had been completed, and she had returned at last to the rural peace and quiet wherein she had spent the few happy years of her life. But she was worn and tired, and soon it was with great difficulty that she read her Bible; for her vision had blurred and her powers of concentration had declined, and she was more and more oppressed by the lapses of memory which had so terrified her in earlier days. She knew that her days were not long in the land, but with indomitable courage she determined, during the winter of 1910, to make a final foray against the liquor traffic. She spoke at several towns in northern Arkansas, and on January 13, 1911, she made her last public appearance at Eureka Springs, in Carroll County, near the Missouri border. For a few moments she spoke clearly, then her words came haltingly. At length she stopped. Bewilderment and suffering glazed her eyes, and she raised her hand uncertainly to her forehead. And then, in a slow, painful whisper, she spoke her valediction:

"I — I have done what I could."

She turned to leave the platform, and collapsed in the arms of a friend. Next day she was sent to the Evergreen Hospital at Leavenworth, Kansas. There she lingered for five months, but her mind had failed, and she lay apathetic and listless. She smiled gently when told that the end was near, and on June 2, 1911, she died peacefully, with no one at her bedside save her doctor and a nurse. She was buried beside her mother at Belton, Missouri. A few years later her portrait, and a hatchet which the police had taken from her, were placed in the archives of the Kansas State Historical Society at Topeka, and a memorial fountain was erected on the spot where she was first arrested in Wichita. But her grave remained unmarked, and it was not until 1923 that the sloping mound

was discovered in a tangle of grass and underbrush in the Belton Cemetery. The people who had been her friends and neighbours subscribed sufficient money to erect a granite shaft, and on May 30, 1924, the monument was dedicated by the Carry A. Nation Monument Association. On it was inscribed:

CARRY A. NATION

Faithful to the Cause of Prohibition.
"She Hath Done What She Could."

And not long afterwards Prohibition enforcement agents discovered, on her father's old homestead near Belton, one of the largest moonshine stills that had ever been found in that part of Missouri. It was manufacturing whisky with water drawn from the spring at which Carry Nation had slaked her thirst, and beside which she had strolled with her lover, the young physician whose tragic death had been a compelling factor in the development of one of the most extraordinary characters in American history.

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